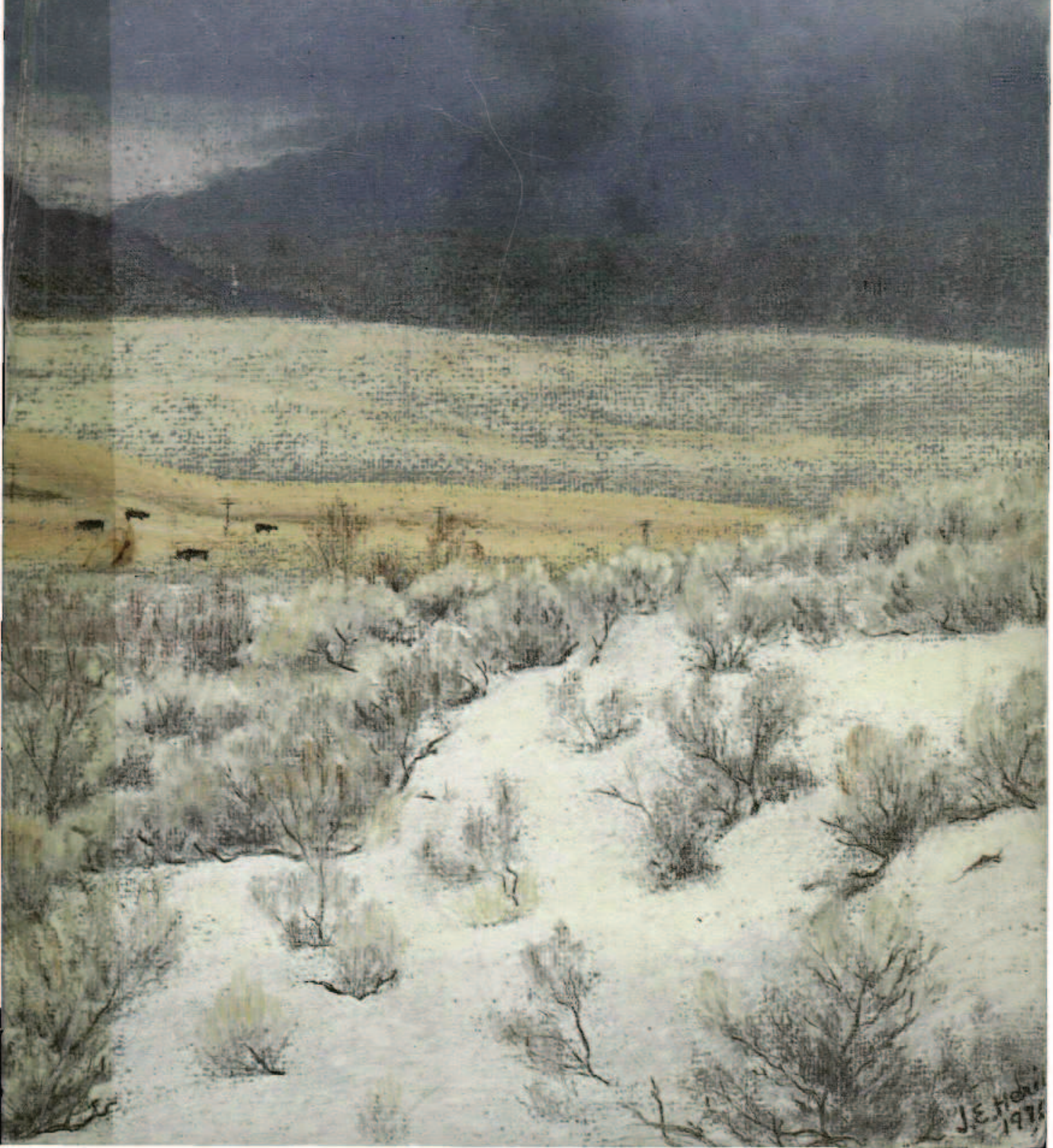


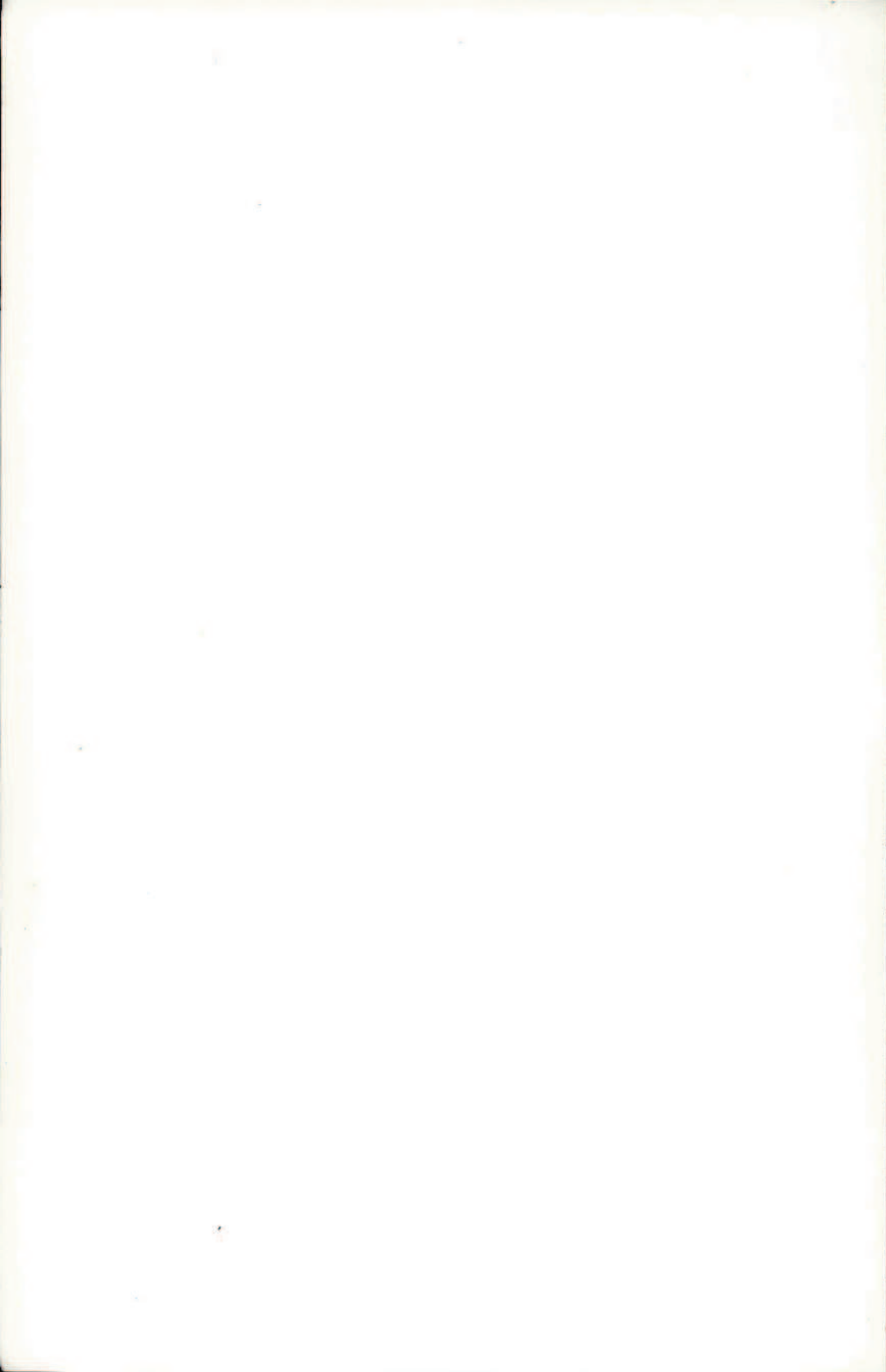
# OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Forty-seventh Report



J.E. Hobb  
1976







# ERRATA

## 46th Report of O.H.S., 1982

- Page 3 — Branch Directors to Parent Body:  
at "Oliver-Osoyoos" delete "Harry Weatherill", add "Don Corbishley".
- Page 4 — Branch Directors to Parent Body:  
at "Oliver-Osoyoos" delete "Harry Weatherill", add Don Corbishley".
- Page 12 — Picture of Rescue Team:  
Change to read "left to right: Evett Burk, Frank O'Connell, Fred Savincoff, Victor Wilson."
- Page 28 — Picture of Tobacco crop, 1912:  
Change "Cawston Avenue" to read "Harvey Avenue"
- Page 73 — Third and fourth lines of Editor's Note to read:  
**Canadians Behind Enemy Lines**, by Roy MacLaren. During World War II, Major H. J. Legg was the Commanding Officer . . .
- Page 87 — under "Award of Merit":  
Add: "News item: Sept. 21, 1982."
- Page 200 — under Life Members:  
at "Lewis": change "Dorothy" to read "Dorothea."

### NOTE:

- Page 45 — The author notes a lacuna in the records of the Vernon Jubilee Hospital Nurses' Training School for the years 1912 - 1921 and concludes that training was discontinued during those years. Since the story was published the names of several nurses trained between 1912 and 1921 have been supplied, among them that of my mother, Florence Ann Browne (nee MacDonald). Fortunately, Mrs. Wamboldt's story was written while knowledge of that period was still recoverable.

Editor







# FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

ISSN-0317-0691

of the

# **OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 4, 1925

COVER PHOTO

"The Old Richter Pass"

by

Joan Heriot of Vernon.

In pastel.

(This picture is in a private collection and is used with kind permission of the owner.)

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# **FORTY-SEVENTH REPORT OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

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## EDITOR'S FOREWORD

In preparing for publication the 47th **Report of the Okanagan Historical Society** I have followed fairly closely the arrangement of recent years. Categories imposed on diverse materials can never be more than approximate. Some submissions fit with equal validity in several sections. Occasionally articles which complement each other have been clustered as with the Battle Drill sequence.

Our "Biographies and Tributes" illustrate the heterogeneity of the Okanagan settlers, the differences in background, education and capabilities. But I think that all those whose stories are told have one thing in common: each came to terms with the environment into which he moved and to some degree helped to shape it. Each, when he died, left behind a community which felt it had been enriched by his presence.

The Obituary Section, which during the past few years has occasioned some editorial soul-searching, has undergone a change which is explained in the introductory note. Unfortunately changes sometimes have deleterious aspects as well as advantageous ones.

History in "Tales and Reminiscences" is often implicit rather than explicit. However, nowhere in the **Report** do we find more of the colour of life in former times. It is common to think of "local" or "nearby history" as the raw material from which professional historians fashion a more sophisticated historical statement. We are apt to forget that our records are also the metal from which a literature may be minted. How gratifying it would be to know that we had supplied the realistic detail for a Canadian novel or play!

Before closing I wish to thank the Branch Editorial Committees, particularly their Chairmen; my Assistant Editor, Dorothy Zoellner; Anne Wight of Oliver for her help in preparing the copy for the printer; and, above all, the writers upon whose efforts rests our whole enterprise.



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Each year the Oliver Legion sponsors a special dinner for the veterans of Vimy Ridge and the First World War. On hand for the occasion in April, 1982 were eight local veterans. Front left to right: Clarence English, Frank Venables, Ted Dickson, and Ben Clarke. Back left to right: Bob Allan, Jim Mitchell, Charles Parke of Penticton, Dave Whittet and Legion President Bill Kreller.

*(Picture by courtesy of Oliver Chronicle)*



# HISTORICAL PAPERS AND DOCUMENTS

## THE GRANITE CREEK FISH HATCHERY

by Helenita Harvey

In about 1900 the Federal Government established a fish hatchery at Tappen. This was the second one to be installed in British Columbia with the first one being at Port Mann. The Granite Creek Fish Hatchery was on a small piece of land immediately north of the mouth of Granite Creek which empties into the northwest corner of Tappen Bay. David (Scottie) Mitchell was appointed manager of the project and remained to its closure in 1916. About 200 feet from the C.P.R. tracks, about half a mile north of the Kualt Mill a large two story frame building was erected to house all of the hatchery's activities. Granite Creek ran right through the hatchery. Salmon eggs were gathered by a government steam boat from weirs around the lake on the Seymour River, at Anstey Arm and Scotch Creek and wherever a creek or river of any size emptied into the lake. These were delivered to the hatchery and there they were allowed to develop in wire meshed baskets especially made for the purpose.

Trout eggs would be collected at the same time as the salmon roe. The young trout would be put into milk cans, loaded onto the train at Tappen station and distributed by rail or by forestry trucks to little lakes all over the mountains. The forestry crews hated it when these cans of fish were brought to them in the spring. They would be required to take them as far as they could by truck and then carry one of these cans perhaps as far as five miles! This was not an easy task for there were no special carrying packs in those days. The cans full of water and fish might weigh as much as 100 pounds and half a dozen of them could be destined for the same lake. There were as many trips in as there were cans. Two men carrying one can suspended from a pole "... would have to go to beat the band ..." as the fish had to be dumped into the lake before they used up their supply of oxygen.

While it existed, this hatchery was a going concern. Around the main edifice there were several outbuildings that housed the manager, his helpers and a variety of supportive equipment. Along one side of the principal building a canal was dug to facilitate the passage of boats right up to it.

Inside this structure there were troughs each about fourteen feet long placed end to end in two rows on either side of a fairly wide aisle in the centre, but the aisles between the side rows were barely wide enough for a person to walk between them. There was a little bit of a slope to the floor, just enough to keep the water running through the baskets.

The salmon eggs were red and the ones that were spoiling always turned a light colour. As soon as they had a white spot on them they were picked out by hand.

As the little fish grew to fingerling size they were let out into the lake. If they were ready in the winter time a hole would be cut in the ice to pour them



into. Ling living in the lake would devour them but the men would spear the ling, open them up and dump the still living fry back into the hole. It is said that the dead ling would be piled like cordwood alongside the holes where, no doubt, they would be found and taken away by Chinamen who considered ling a great delicacy.



Shuswap Lake

Re the old place names along the north shore of the Salmon Arm of Lake Shuswap.

The main sockeye runs have since time immemorial returned up the Fraser and Thompson Rivers to Shuswap Lake and its tributaries to spawn.



Shuswap Lake is shaped somewhat like an H with the four arms joined at the Narrows. Every autumn all of its tributaries were teeming with the red fish spawning before the advent of the white man in this western-most province. The southeast arm of the lake was named after the Salmon River which flows into the head of the arm at the toe end of a boot shaped bay with the town of Salmon Arm beside its mouth. Tappen Bay and Tappen settlement are located at the heel.

When old timers reminisce they often speak of how the farmers would take their wagons and hay forks to the river, load up with salmon and bury them to fertilize their fields and young fruit trees.

The rock slide at Hell's Gate, occasioned by the construction of the Canadian National Railroad in 1913 and the subsequent one in 1914, effectively blocked the returning salmon from making their way up to spawn on the very strips of sand and gravel where they were born and from which they had begun their long journey to the sea four years earlier. Not until the fish ladders were built in the 1920's did the great migrations begin to build up again.

Everyone who recalls the hatchery and the social activities which took place there remembers Scottie Mitchell. He was an educated, capable Scot whose interests and occupations covered a wide range of subjects. Each year he wrote "sessional reports" on the undertaking that were published by the Federal Government. He planted a beautiful garden around the hatchery and in the open field beside the facility many picnics and sporting events were held. These continued on into the 1930's after the closure of the project in 1916.

During most of its active years about a dozen men were employed year-round. Spring and summer were the busiest times although operations continued throughout the winter.

After the enterprise was abandoned, the buildings were demolished and the lumber re-used. The Annala home which stands just south of the railway overpass at Tappen was built with lumber from there. Today, all that remains is a crumbling concrete foundation and around it some lilac bushes.

This article has been written with reference to Mr. Jack Wilson's notes and collected documents as well as to interviews with him, his wife Peggy, Mr. Robert Carlin, Mr. and Mrs. Claire Morrow and Mr. William Laitinen. I must also give credit to Mr. Kevin O'Neill who interviewed these people and subsequently produced a comprehensive report.

## TWO LETTERS WRITTEN BY DAVID SALMOND MITCHELL

Scottie Mitchell's interest in fish conservation lasted long after the closing of the Granite Creek Fish Hatchery in 1916. He was particularly concerned about the depredation of salmon stocks by American canning companies. His concern grew during the 1920's when Canada and the United States were negotiating a treaty to govern the fishing of Fraser River stocks.

On May 14, 1925 he wrote a 15-page letter (in a copy-book hand) to Judge F. W. Howay of New Westminster. Excerpts are quoted below:





David Salmond Mitchell "Scottie"

Dear Judge Howay:

I am taking the liberty of sending to you a paper written about 1918.

**Salmon and Shuswap**

A story of the Fraser River's great Salmon Runs and their loss. Please excuse its worn condition. Since written it has been in circulation among the old timers, and others around the Shuswap Lakes.

\* \* \*

On page 47, ninth line: writing of the Fraser Sockeye situation, I have "She could even be stocked with fish (salmon) that would not get into American traps". Several have asked me why I didn't say more about that, and explain fully how it could be done. My reason for not going fully into that subject, is that I believe it should not be made public knowledge.

Its value to B.C. is greater if known only to the smallest circle possible.

Many of the Fraser's canneries are only branches of big American corporations that would care nothing for B.C. after they got all they could out of her. They are well satisfied that their American plants should get the first chance at the Fraser's salmon.

My ideas are a scheme by which the salmon bred in the Fraser River system could return to their native streams without interception by American canners and fishermen.

Letters to Federal Ministry officials and their replies are written in full into the letter. Scottie Mitchell continues:

\* \* \*

I also wrote to the Minister again giving him some details of the American interception of Fraser River salmon.



I referred to the scheme again and repeated the question "What reward would the Government give for such a scheme after having proof of its practicability and moderate cost?"

Correspondence shows something of an impasse as the government would not commit itself to rewarding Mr. Mitchell until they knew more of his scheme and Mr. Mitchell would not divulge his scheme without the government's assurance of a reward. The letter continues:

The Fraser has been in need of such a scheme for 25 years and mine has been standing at their door for about seven.

\* \* \*

Twenty-five years ago the American canners of Puget Sound started canning Fraser River sockeye salmon captured while they were passing through American waters on their return home to spawn in their native Fraser River streams.

By the year 1899, the American canners had caught up on the Canadians in the business of canning Fraser River sockeyes.

I shall here give the American precedence, as they get the first chance at the Fraser River's salmon.



Scottie's flowers at the Hatchery



## Fraser River sockeye salmon.

1899	Americans	499,646 cases
	Canadians	480,485 cases
1901	Americans	1,105,096 cases
	Canadians	928,669 cases
1909	Americans	1,005,120 cases
	Canadians	585,435 cases
1913	Americans	1,664,827 cases
	Canadians	736,661 cases

For the last 17 years (from 1908) the Americans have held precedence, canning about 2/3rds of the Fraser River sockeye salmon pack: the Canadian canners putting up one third (1/3) of the pack, from the fish that had escaped the Americans.

The Americans secured from \$18.00 to \$20.00 per case for their 2/3rds of the Fraser River sockeye pack in 1924 while the Canadians only got from \$12.50 to \$13.00 per case for their 1/3 of the Fraser River's sockeye pack.

Then, there are other salmon in addition to the sockeye species: there are Spring salmon, Coho salmon, Pinks, Chums, and Steelheads.

\* \* \*

I have written far too much. I hope you will have time to look the paper over.

After a couple of weeks you could return it to me.

Respectfully Yours,  
David Salmond Mitchell

In addition to the letter quoted above, Mrs. Harvey has furnished us with a Mitchell letter written in 1938, the whole of which is printed below. The letter is in that elegant calligraphy which distinguishes earlier letters. However, the grisly postscript obviously has not been re-copied. Still the writing is neat and completely legible.

Ed.  
Salmon Arm, B.C.  
12th July 1938

P. Gorse Esq.  
Salmon Arm, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Dr. Dawson gave the name Bastion Range to the mountains along the North Shore of the Salmon Arm of Lake Shuswap.

It was not the habit of Dawson to give names to the individual peaks of a range.

A summit had to stand out conspicuously to be given a name and then he never turned down the millennial Indian name if it was at all pronounceable.





Scene near Salmon Arm, September 1900 by D. S. Mitchell

The Bastion Range is in two main divisions, the East and the West.

In pre-white-man times the Indian village of **Has-aist-kn** lay at what is now called **Sunny Brae**.

The mountain overlooking it was anciently and still is called **Mount "Hup-ant"**: with the accent on the ant.

Its summit is 4,040 feet above sea level.

The eastern part of the Bastion Range has always been known as **Quil-eel-quila** meaning **Green Mountain**.

Its summit is 5,360 feet above sea level. Anciently Quil-eel-quila was covered with grass.

It is on Quil-eel-quila that rows (of) tower-like prominences suggested to Dr. Dawson the name of "Bastion" for the range.

Dr. Herald's farm was the McKargar place for long years, and the creek was known as **McKargar's Creek**.

The Indian name for it was **Skit-tchich-ily-mioustn**. Where the deer swim across the lake.

The next creek further East is **Noo-hool-whelchtin**, meaning, where the stones fall down.

The land at the mouth of Noo-hool-whelchtin Creek was homesteaded by **Carl Olsen** a Norwegian, who, on his death at about 90 (he would only drink the lake water) left his place to his old chum Wm. McKargar, who had homesteaded West of him, "where the deer swim across."

McKargar, overtaken by old age sold the two places to Reinecker, who was on a visit from the United States, and who soon returned after turning over the two places at a profit.

It was during the short occupation of Reinecker, that people newly arrived at Salmon Arm, after visiting the Falls on McKargar Creek, referred to them as Reinecker.

McKargar was an old placer miner from California, a gentleman, and bounteously hospitable. He and Olsen had travelled together and worked



together for some years before they settled down on the North shore of the Salmon.

To make a grub stake they ran a boarding house during C.P.R. construction at the 1st tunnel west of Sicamous.

"**Canoe Point**" (on the map) at the easterly extremity of the North Shore had for ages, probably thousands of years, been called "**Tallus-ess-ullh**" meaning built up with stone (like a wall).

The engineers saw an old dugout canoe there and in their notes called the place after the drift canoe instead of after the cyclopean stone wall.

It may have been adrift again the same day, and who knows that they did not name Canoe Creek, 5½ miles away, on the opposite side of the lake after the same old dugout canoe.

People should have to undergo an inspection and take out a license before being permitted to call places names, or build a boat without authorized plans.

Tallus-ess-ullh was homesteaded by **William Watson**, a Scotsman from Dumfries, during and after construction and was said to be the strongest man in the company's service.

Yours Truly,  
D. S. Mitchell

P.S. Carl Olsen (Charley) was frozen to death, and buried at Noo-hool-whelchtin.

Some years later, newcomers to the Salmon Arm District discovered his grave and noting unmistakable evidence of something having been buried there (the ground had settled) something probably of great value: placer gold?

Their fertile imaginations took charge and within a month they could envision a great chest full of pieces of 8, and golden candelabra: the spoils of Mexican and California missions.

In the dead of night they dug poor Charley up.

The member of the party whose enthusiasm had secured for him the lion's share of the picking and digging gave me a detailed hair-lifting account of the whole affair. "At last I got down to the great chest and broke a hole through the rotten lid with the pick.

I rolled up my sleeve, and getting down on my knees in breathless excitement inserted my hand. O Gawd!"

My fingers instead of closing on a candlestick of Gold: closed on a thigh bone" (violent shudder) "I could feel it in the underwear drawers."

That north Shore has quite a history.



'The Start', swimming race Tappen, B.C. with fish hatchery in the background.



## BATTLE DRILL TRAINING — WORLD WAR II

### THE BATTLE SCHOOL ON COLDSTREAM RANCH

by Walker MacNeil

I was born in Westfold, Nova Scotia, and I was employed in a coal mine until Canada declared war in 1939. In September I joined the Pictou Highlanders and spent six months with them.

In the early spring of 1940 the North Nova Scotia Highlanders were being formed in Amherst, and a company of Pictou Highlanders went up to join them. The North Novas were in the Third Division, Ninth Brigade, and our company was A Company. We came from Pictou County, the other companies were from around Truro, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. Headquarters were made up from these groups, and we trained for a whole year around Amherst, before sailing overseas in July, 1941. We spent the next couple of years training in the Old Country, and in the spring of 1943, 125 senior non-commissioned officers were picked from different Canadian Regiments and sent back to Canada as instructors. I remember the day we were all lined up and the Brigadier told us where we would be going. He called my name out and told me I would be going to the Pacific Command in a place called Vernon. After he passed me I turned to the fellow next to me and asked him, "Where the heck is Vernon?"

At that time I was a Sergeant and later became a Sergeant-Major. I came out with seven other fellows to this battle school. We landed in Vernon the first day of June, 1943, and after a short course with the people who were already running the school, we took over the instructing.

The battle school was situated in the Coldstream Ranch, on the south side of the highway and the main gate was almost opposite where the mills now are. We were under canvas, summer and winter, in tents with wooden walls. The camp was under Major Nutter, from Boulton Sweet and Nutter and his regimental sergeant-major was Paddy Lilburn. He was the first person I met when I got off the train, but he had little to do with us because we had our own staff-major, RSM and so forth. Larry Carrier was our RSM, and the rest were sergeant-majors and instructors. We had three platoons with three or four instructors to a platoon. A class lasted a little over three weeks, with a week off for us to recuperate.

We were instructing officers, mostly lieutenants and captains. The object was to find out who would make good officers, what they could take physically and mentally. It was not like an ordinary military camp, with drills and parade square. It was a training centre for officers, which taught everything a commando was taught, in other words how to kill.

They would all be lined up, wearing coveralls, and we would be wearing shorts, a light shirt and helmet. We were allowed a certain number of casualties, and we used live ammunition, in four different areas, including the BX and the Dixon Dam areas.

We would place a couple of men in a bunker up there and we'd fix their Bren guns on a certain distance and fire at them, over their heads.

We had another "scheme" the other side of Lumby at Shuswap Falls. There was a bridge there and we used to take a platoon in a truck and drop



them off a mile this side of the bridge, and another platoon a mile the other side of the bridge, and we'd see which platoon could reach the bridge first. Whoever did would take it and the other platoon would try to recapture it from them.

Everything from the time our watches were synchronized was on the double. That summer was a terrifically hot summer, and I remember two of the men actually had froth coming from their mouths, we drove them that hard.

Two "villages" were built on the Coldstream Ranch, one of them on the way to Deep Lake, with seven or eight houses, where the men could practice street fighting. We had people in the houses firing at people attacking, but of course that wasn't live ammunition.

Some of the officers thought we were driving them too hard. We could do or say anything we wanted, curse them up and down, call them yellow cowards, just to see how they would take it. I'm only five foot five-and-a-half inches but in those days I was in wonderful shape, and I could run up over those hills like nothing.

One school in August was nothing but colonels and brigadiers. That was something, because my old colonel was there, too. At that time he was a brigadier. Old Colonel Murdoch, from Truro. But we were told to ease off on them, because most of them were in their fifties. So we did.

Live ammunition included two and three-inch mortars, and some mortar bombs were never picked up, causing death and injury to people long after the war.



*Photo courtesy of Doug Kermode*

Officers of the Canadian Battle Drill Training School 1942

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Fred Scott (centre back row) and members of the original staff of Coldstream Battle Drill School.



I helped the army here search for bombs after the war, and we found some in the Cosens Bay area. We used to do a lot of firing to the south and I knew there were a lot of duds there. When we fired and they didn't go off you knew they were duds, but they would probably be buried in the soft dirt and moss and we didn't have time to pick them up.

At one place in the Coldstream we had a simulation of a mother ship for practicing what we did on D-Day. There were ladders to climb up and the men would come down the net and get into the boat or landing craft. This gave them an idea of what they had to do. The poles were greased, and this was where we were allowed a certain percentage of injuries to people. If they slipped off they could break a rib. There was a wall to be scaled, creeks to be waded, fire pits to be climbed over and other hazards, and we were pushing them all the time, with a Bren gun firing over their heads. One of the assault courses was located on the Coldstream Ranch, on the north side of Highway 6, in the field where the ranch kept its bulls.

Training at the battle school was something like the training we took in Scotland in the winter. It was cold up there and if you fell off the rope into the creek — 25 feet or so — it was pretty miserable. There were none of the comforts of home there, because we were in a big estate with no central heating — just fireplaces, and you had to dry yourself and be ready for the next morning.

Since we were to be assault troops on D-Day, our whole regiment was at the battle school in Scotland.

One of the first things they taught us in Vernon was to catch rattlesnakes on the range at Rattlesnake Point. We had a big wooden barrel and in that barrel we usually kept five or six rattlesnakes. We did a lot of roaming around these hills with our units and many of the boys didn't even know what a rattlesnake looked like or what he sounded like.

The men were from all over Canada, since there was no other school like this in the country. It was supposed to be the second best in the British Empire. The school was going before I arrived, and continued after I left, I think for another year. But the training was mostly in preparation for D-Day.

We used to have parties at the Coldstream Chalet, we'd have a bar and dancing. I think the army built the chalet, it was there before I came. Everyone in camp lived in tents, but I lived in town because I was married and my wife had come out with me. That's how I got back to Vernon after the war. I said if I ever get back home I'm not going back to that coal mine.

I was at the battle school from June to December 1943. After our tour of duty in Vernon we all travelled back to Debert, Nova Scotia, where we spent two months and then we were shipped overseas and I went back to the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. I was back in time for D-Day and from D-Day on I fought in France, Belgium and Holland. I was wounded October 13, 1944, and that ended my fighting. I spent two months in a convalescent hospital before coming back to Canada, and eventually to Vernon.

## **THE CANADIAN BATTLE DRILL TRAINING CENTRE COLDSTREAM RANCH**

by Colonel David F. B. Kinloch

During the First and Second World Wars the Vernon area became well



known across Canada as a military training centre, and soldiers from the Maritimes to the Pacific remember with mixed feelings the time they spent at Vernon Camp. They remember the heat and the dust and the rattlesnakes; the long marches through the hills and the long hike up Mission Hill from the town to the camp, in time for "lights-out." They also remember the good times they had and the warmth and friendliness of the Vernon people.

There is a special group of World War II veterans whose memories are more concerned with what was probably the toughest experience of their lives, and this took place, not in Vernon, but at near-by Coldstream Ranch. At the Ranch, in the summer of 1942 was established Canada's first and only Battle Drill School. It was set-up to train officers and NCO's in the rigours of modern warfare, under realistic battle conditions so that they could return to their various units and introduce the new Battle Drill concept.

The concept of battle drill was first put forward by Field Marshall Sir Harold Alexander in 1940, presumably as a result of the overwhelming success of the German "Blitzkrieg" tactics in Europe.

It became obvious that the type of infantry training in effect amongst the Allied troops did not fit them to cope with the rapid movement and fluidity of modern warfare. The requirement was to provide training to enable small formations of Platoon size to fight as self-supporting units if required, without having to rely on Company and Battalion organizations.

"The year 1941 saw the inception of this new and much more realistic type of training. This was known as Battle Drill and Battle Drill Training. Battle Drill was the reduction of Military tactics to bare essentials which were taught to a platoon as a team drill with clear explanations regarding the objects to be achieved, the principles involved and the individual task of each member of the team. Battle Drill Training . . . was more comprehensive. It comprised special physical training, fieldcraft, battle drill proper, battle discipline and "battle inoculation"."<sup>1</sup>

Battle inoculation called for simulation of actual battle conditions and involved the use of live ammunition fired over the soldiers' heads and simulated mortar fire and shelling by the use of "thunder flashes" and buried electrically-fired explosives. Complete fitness was imperative for this type of training. The purpose was to teach soldiers how to behave under fire and also to develop the kind of mental and physical toughness necessary to cope with the ruthless brutality of the enemy.

As a result of the concept, in 1941 the first Battle Schools were developed by the British Army. The first Canadian unit to participate was the Calgary Highlanders, who, after having instructors trained by the British, set up their own Battle School. Their example was shortly followed by every Canadian Infantry unit in Britain.

Early in 1942 Lieutenant-Colonel J. Fred Scott, E. D., the Commanding Officer of the Calgary Highlanders, along with a staff of instructors from his Regiment, was returned to Canada to introduce the new training method. At this time Lt. Col. Scott, a Calgary lawyer and Kings Counsel prior to the war, and a Militia soldier for many years, was considered one of the foremost Battle Drill experts throughout the Empire.

On May 1st, 1942 "A31 Canadian Battle Drill Training Centre" was "placed on Active Service", with Lt. Col. Scott in Command. The first location of the Centre was Courtenay, B.C. The staff got on with their task quick-



ly with the result that they were able to run their first course from June 6th to 27th.

Although the location at Courtenay appeared excellent for training, a problem arose with fire hazard which would inhibit the use of live ammunition necessary for battle inoculation. In the meantime someone on staff discovered the Coldstream Ranch which contained excellent training areas. Mr. Tom Hill, the ranch manager, agreed to allow training to be carried on throughout the 11,000 acres, including use of the pastures, fields and timber, without remuneration to the Ranch.<sup>2</sup> Subsequently the entire ranch was declared a manoeuvre area by Order-in-Council.

On the 27th of July, 1942, Lt. Col. Scott and his staff moved from Courtenay and set up their Headquarters at Coldstream Ranch. Instructors and Staff and demonstration platoons entered their new home, and with great enthusiasm proceeded to alter the face of a large part of Coldstream Ranch. They built a log village for street fighting, constructed a full scale obstacle course and blasted a trench in the rock on the hillside where sections would experience overhead fire from all platoon weapons. A dam was built on Coldstream Creek to provide for river crossing drills, also concrete "pill-boxes," slit trenches, barbed wire entanglements and many other projects aimed at creating realistic battle conditions. Also areas were selected where all platoon weapons, from rifles to mortars, could be safely fired.

Based on experience gained at the British Battle School at Barnard Castle, Lt. Col. Scott set a very high standard at A31 BDTC. The emphasis at all times was on physical fitness and mental and physical toughness. Col. Scott's version of the theory of Battle Drill as defined in the School Training Manual is enlightening. He introduces his subject with a quotation from Field Marshall Alexander:

"As a nation of game players we all know the necessity of teaching young people the orthodox techniques of sport . . . Surely a soldier on the battlefield, beset by fear and doubt, is far more in need of a guide to motion than any games player at . . . Maple Leaf Gardens. Better to know instinctively some orthodox line of conduct than to be paralyzed by the uncertainty of what to do.

Let us therefore study and draw up lines of conduct . . . so that we may ensure that our soldiers when faced with problems on the battlefield, will have an answer to them."

Then Lt. Col. Scott outlines his procedure:

### **THE PLAN**

1. To take each movement of war and analyse it . . . break it down to its essentials.

2. Work out an ideal plan

3. Drill

4. Teach variations

Emphasis will be on 1. Drill 2. Speed — great powers of physical endurance, training guts and organization, qualities of leadership.

ALL Battle Drill is therefore tough — at all times **AT THE DOUBLE**.

In October 1942, A31 Training Centre was upgraded and became "S10 Canadian Battle Drill School", and as such it continued to operate until October, 1943, at which time it was disbanded on the formation of "S17 Canadian School of Infantry", with headquarters in Vernon Camp. From then on



Battle Drill became one of the Training Wings under direct command of S17, and once again it was renamed, becoming "S17 No. 2 Battle Wing". The first commander of the new School was Brigadier Milton F. Gregg V.C. The Wing remained at Coldstream Ranch and carried on the same type of training.

During its time of operation, the School, as A31 and S10 Canadian Battle Drill School, conducted a total of 16 regular three-week courses and six 'Senior Officers' courses lasting 10 days each.

In all, a total of 1,902 men received Battle Drill training.

S17 School of Infantry remained in operation until the summer of 1945. The Battle Wing training program was revised in 1943 to meet the many changes in battle conditions that occurred as the war progressed. Duration of the Battle Drill courses was extended from three weeks to six.

The primary object of the Battle Drill School in all its various phases was to indoctrinate Officers and NCO's who could return to their units qualified to introduce and teach Battle Drill Training. Candidates came from the Maritimes to the Pacific Coast. There is no question that the School fulfilled its aims and objects and that the type of training given was of great value to the Canadian Infantry Units as well as to the candidates who survived the courses, although they might not have thought so at the time. Certainly those who eventually faced actual battle did so with a considerably increased chance of survival, thanks to the excellent training they received at Coldstream Ranch.

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> "Six Years of War" Volume I, by Colonel C. P. Stacey, Director, Historical Section, General Staff.

<sup>2</sup> Coldstream Ranch. The official version of the move to the Ranch gives credit to Mr. Tom Hill, the manager, for permitting the use of land and facilities without remuneration. Credit should also have been given the owner, the Lady Catherine Macdonald-Buchanan. While managers of the Ranch have always had considerable autonomy, it is doubtful that such a commitment could have been made without full approval of the owner. (Lady Catherine was the heir of James Buchanan, Lord Woolavington, who purchased the ranch from Lord Aberdeen.)

Apparently the Coldstream Ranch received neither remuneration nor compensation for damage. They did, however, acquire all buildings left by the Battle Drill School.

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- Major B. F. Baker, Okanagan Centre, Staff of "S10"
- Major D. W. Mitchell, Vernon, Instructor "S17 No. 2 Battle Wing".

### EXCERPTS FROM WAR DIARY OF A.31 CANADIAN BATTLE DRILL TRAINING CENTRE

**Editor's Note:** The following text is printed with the permission of the Public Archives Canada, Ottawa, the custodian of the War Diaries. Typewritten entries were made daily and initialed by the Camp Adjutant, Capt. W. E. Nutter M.C. The final entry for each month is followed by the signature of the Commanding Officer who, for the most part, was Col. J. F. Scott E.D.



21-07-42 Weather Hot. Arrived in Vernon. What a hell-hole after Courtenay. Not one bit of shade on the camp ground and the students will have to travel miles in order to get suitable training areas, which we had on our doorstep at Courtenay.

22-07-42 . . . All being bitten to death by mosquitoes. Feel sorry for the students of the next course if this heat keeps up.

24-07-42 Weather Extremely Hot. Getting straightened around. The trouble is, we will have to do it all over again within a month when our permanent camp is ready.

2-08-42 Weather — Hot. Platoon schemes carried out by students. Mr. T. Hill, Manager of the Coldstream Ranch invited Col. Scott, Capt. Nutter and Capt. Christie to one of the lakes for a fishing trip Sunday. Very successful day. We are receiving real co-operation from Mr. Hill. The entire 11,000 acres are at our disposal for training purposes.

4-08-42 First casualty at Vernon, Lieut. R. F. MacKay of Pictou Highlanders shot in heel. Weather — Hot.

20-08-42 Rattlesnake shot on Coldstream Ranch. No one hurt. Gordon Root of the Province Newspaper here for a story and taking pictures.

23-08-42 Half the camp moved to new location.

27-08-42 Total of 138 Officers and N.C.O.'s for 4th course which makes us short 10 students. 4 not in fit condition for course and returned to units.

8-09-42 Col. Ten Broche visited training centre and watched two platoons on the assault course. He was very much impressed with our training area on the Coldstream Ranch. This course is a real tough one and anyone who goes through it is in real good shape on completion. . .

12-09-42 Training as per syllabus. Hallday. Some of the boys helping out with apple picking. Very little help available for the growers and our help is appreciated.

16-09-42 Mess Dinner — Invited guests, Col. Cotton of the W.L.I.'s, Rev. Mackie. Very pleasant evening.

17-09-42 Checkout of Students.

20-09-42 Most of the lads out picking apples. . .

25-09-42 Lt. Jukes hurt by Thunderflash. Apparently . . . defective as it exploded in his hand blowing the tip off his index finger.

27-09-42 Sunday. Number of men allowed to go apple picking. Mr. Hill of Coldstream Ranch had to fire the Japs he had working on apple picking as they were bruising the apples by thumb pressing.

30-09-42 . . . Preparing buildings at Coldstream Ranch.

10-10-42 Weather — Very cold in morning and some of the category men are feeling it. The M.O. parade gets longer each day. Living in tents without a stove is hard to take even in the best of conditions.

21-10-42 Meeting of all O.C.'s with General Pearkes. He favors Battle Drill being introduced into Basic Training. One Hundred percent co-operation from General Pearkes, who, we feel, appreciates the value of our school.

23-10-42 Checked over new location at Coldstream Ranch. Engineers have most of the tent floors and sides up. . .

2-11-42 Sgt. Hanson . . . instructor . . . hurt with Thunderflash.

6-11-42 Snow Flurries. Getting camp ready at Coldstream. This makes our fourth move. Hope we light somewhere soon. At the Ranch we will have much better accommodation than at present but we still lack a permanent camp.



20-11-42 Getting settled in new camp. Weather — Cold.

22-11-42 Col. Scott shot his first deer. Capt. Nutter and his son Douglas of the Merchant Navy accompanied him. We'll have venison for the mess dinner on Thursday. Weather — Beautiful day.

24-11-42 Balance of students arrived making total of 105. Pretty fair looking lot. Gradually getting things in shape. The marquees with wooden walls and stoves far superior to the bell tents. . .

26-11-42 . . . Mess dinner. Tom Hill, manager of Coldstream made honorary member. Mr. Peters of the Okanagan Electric was present together with Col. Husband, Major McDonald of the Engineers, the Padre and Lt. Atkins. Very pleasant time. Weather — Fine and Cold.

30-11-42 Ten day course for Sr. Of. — Brigadier Martin, five Lt. Col.'s, eight Majors, the balance of 30 made up of Captains and Lieutenants.

1-12-42 Ten day Senior Officers' Course started off with a bang. Brigadier Martin, Col. Cotton and Col. Beattie taking everything and liking it. Others feel it is a little tough but admit it is real training. Lots of snow all over the ground and they all came in tired out after the first round. Weather — Fine and cold.

4-12-42 . . . Sally Ann giving a moving picture show for us tonight at Coldstream Hall.

8-12-42 Obstacle Course; — No casualties. The seniors went over it — some walking; others running. Lt. Col. Scott, the commandant, went over like a twenty-one year old, followed by Lt. Col. Cotton, Lt. Col. Beattie M.C. Nothing stopped them. They all looked like coal heavers who had been dropped in a lake. Glad to see them all get back with no ill effects. Weather — cold.

9-12-42 All day scheme — for the 10 day course. A few sharp tempers at the close of the day, both with instructors and students. . .

24-12-42 Half day in camp. The residents of this area have been exceptionally generous with their invitations for Christmas dinner and most of the students and staff have been asked out to private homes. . .

27-12-42 Real prairie blizzard with snow two foot high in places.

28-12-42 Students back on the job and had a tough day of it ploughing through the snow. They trained as per syllabus.

31-12-42 Worked all day. The students have been invited out to private houses preceding the dance at the Armouries. Mr. Shultes S.R. is giving a party for the staff officers and their wives. A real time was had.

4-01-43 . . . This is the coldest day yet, almost zero. . . Training as per syllabus under difficulties. Four of the students with frozen feet. We are short of equipment for this kind of weather.

12-01-43 Mr. Taylor of Bank of Montreal and Mr. Skinner Mgr. of HB Co. invited guests. Our old friend Tom Hill was also present. We had a grand time. The Colonel is getting real good at checkers.

16-01-43 Ten Below this morning and we're having a hell of a time trying to keep warm. Why we ever left the Coast area no one knows. We knew what we were up against before we left Courtenay. How we can carry on under present condition remains to be seen. Hot as hell in summer with rattlesnakes and below zero in winter without rum and trying to live in tents. One little stove to each marquee.

18-01-43 . . . impossible to start training in this kind of weather. Twenty



below today.

19-01-43 . . . We have had to bed down the students in the recreation hut and drying room until the weather moderates. One of the batmen had his ear frozen while asleep in a marquee. Lots of nipped fingers and toes. Getting warmer. Fifteen below today.

20-01-43 Here is what one student posted in the officers' mess: "I Suggest That: 1. No students should be allowed to visit the outside urinal unless accompanied by at least three (3) others, all securely roped together and equipped with ice axes. This party should if possible be placed in charge of an experienced mountain climber, well versed in ice work. . . 4. That the name "Sunny Okanagan will be made in future to read merely Okanagan."

21-01-43 30 below

22-01-43 Maj. McDonald, the engineer officer phoned. He had twenty more stoves for us which is appreciated.

26-01-43 The old thermometer ran up today and we had our first day of training. Some of the students felt it but most of them got by. Snow flurries and getting warmer. 12 above zero.

28-01-43 Tough going through the snow. Weather — dull, 20 above zero.

29-01-43 More snow and more frayed nerves, both students and instructors. We'll all be able to go to the Russian front after this course is over.

1-02-43 Weather warming up, 30 above today. Col. Scott left for Pacific Command to discuss permanent buildings. Training as per syllabus.

2-02-43 Bullets and bayonets pretty tough going through the snow but strangely enough we have few casualties and little sickness. Weather — snow flurries.

4-02-43 Snowing again. Will it ever stop? . . . The name of this Centre is changed to S. 10 Canadian Battle Drill School.

10-02-43 Assault Course — We had the worst accident to date. One of the students K45554 A/Sgt. Feusi, A.H. caught his leg in a wire with a charge on the end of it just as it exploded. It blew his leg off above the knee. . . The lad was taken to the hospital in less than half an hour but when they got him on the operating table found internal injuries. The poor lad passed away during the evening.

11-02-43 Inquest held on the death of A/Sgt. Feusi, finding accidental with no blame attached to anyone.

15-02-43 Last day of the 9th Course. All-day scheme and mess dinner. The boys put on a skit which was quite amusing. Wish the O.C. had been here. Beautiful day.

17-02-43 Had our first wedding. Lt. P. Hertzberg married Miss B. Corner. Lt. Hertzberg wanted the wedding at the camp so we turned over the Officers' Ante-Room. Officers' wives were in attendance and we all had a very pleasant time. . . Weather — fine and warm.

26-02-43 . . . We had to stop the school today on account of sickness. Forty-five NCO's had dysentery.

8-03-43 Major General G. R. Pearkes V.C., D.S.O., M.C., Brig. Hodson, Brig. Colquhoun M.C. and Major Firminger spent the day with us. . . We have a real friend in Gen. Pearkes. Before he arrived here we were crying in the wilderness. . .

10-03-43 General Pearkes with us during the morning. He talked to the students for three quarters of an hour and gave a most inspiring address. He



left no uncertainty as to where he stood regarding B.D. and it's the first time since this school started, we have had a clean taste in our mouths and a feeling we had a real man behind us 100%. We gave him three cheers which shook the building and everyone meant it. Obstacle Course in the afternoon. Some good and some bad. . . One major thought a few drinks would do him good before running the course. He was open at both ends after crawling through the smoke pit. Just one unholy sight. Capt. Stutt of the A.16 CITC Calgary broke a leg and Sgt. Filliter, one of the Instructors, hurt his hand with a Thunderflash. Otherwise a pleasant time was had.

**11-03-43** . . . We have sold all of our battle drill books, new issue — 324 this makes a total of nearly one thousand. They sure grabbed on to them after Gen. Pearkes' lecture.

The "books" were detailed training manuals, foolscap size, typed, mimeographed, and bound by the school.

**12-03-43** Spring is in the air and it looks as if it will warm up a bit. It's been a tough winter but we got through it with only one week's delay in our school. . . H. R. Cottingham and G. Watkins called regarding Red Cross drive. . .

**21-04-43** One of the worst wind storms on record. It nearly blew our tents down. Then rain. Training as per syllabus.

**4-05-43** Had our Victory Loan rally. The boys responded splendidly. Our total \$2,950.00 and we haven't finished yet. . . We are giving a demonstration to the citizens of Vernon, B.C. to help the Victory Loan along. . . Quite a crowd to see Battle Drill and from all reports we put on a real show for them.

**5-05-43** . . . We have reached a total of \$4,350.00 in the Victory Loan Campaign.

**10-05-43** . . . 47 observers of the Intelligence spent the day with us.

**17-05-43** Col. Richmond, M.C. of the Small Arms School, Nanaimo, B.C. spent the day with us. Capt. Rennie of the U.S. Army who got into coveralls and enjoyed his two days' stay with us very much, expressed the hope to be able to take the full course.

**19-05-43** A big day for Vernon. His Excellency the Governor General and Princess Alice visited the camp. Officers' wives were invited on the reviewing stand to see the march past with the Governor General taking the salute. Brig. Colquhoun, M.C. gave a luncheon with J. F. Scott our Commandant sitting on the left of Princess Alice. They arrived at our training centre at 1500 hours and the following demonstrations were given as per attached list. General Pearkes V.C. was with them and the entire party got a real kick out of battle drill. A tea had been arranged but Princess Alice was more interested in our teachings than anything else. They are grand people. It is easily understood how the Empire has been held together. Weather fine.

**7-06-43** What a hell-of-a-mess we've been having with the 13th Course. Someone went astray and sent us an additional platoon. No one knows who is in the Carrier Wing as they weren't told nor were we advised. The 19th Brigade is helping us out. Weather — Fine.

**21-06-43** Cold with rain. This 13th Course is the weeds. Will be glad when it is over. More withdrawals than any other course. Men being called back almost daily. It is a good job we started with an overload.

**1-07-43** We started off very well at the Sports Meet, RSM. Ferrier winning the 6-mile race, one mile ahead of the next contestant. . .

**10-07-43** Senior Officers came in, that is most of them. Our revered Adju-



tant is to take the Senior Officers' Course as a salve to his conscience.

**29-07-43** Capt. Nutter returned from 96 hours leave. Hail and Hearty after Senior Officer's Course. He lost 17 pounds all in the right places. Weather — Hot. Two of the demonstration platoon boys — Pte. Zenyk G. and Pte. Hockley V.S. were drowned in the lake at Kelowna. They were down there helping to build the Assault Boat and after work went in for a swim. Hockley's body has been found but no sign of the other.

**2-08-43** . . . In the evening we went to Kelowna, B.C. to see the landing of our Assault Craft. Material given to us by the Kelowna people.

**8-08-43** Beautiful Sunday. Col. J. K. Howard of the U.S. Army arrived to spend a week with us. He appears to be a grand chap.

**10-08-43** Col. Howard and Yank Levy out with school. They are very high in their praise. Levy says our School is the best run in Canada. That's nothing — the Governor General and Princess Alice think we're grand. Wish some of the powers that be would think we were grand enough to give us buildings. Over a year now living in tents.

**13-08-43** Tried to have a pay parade but a big fire at Cosens Bay stopped it. All hands sent out to check it. We noticed smoke coming up from the Cosens Bay area at 1530 hours and immediately sounded the alarm and sent all available men with equipment. As students hit the camp they were dispatched immediately. The Fire Department in Vernon, B.C. was notified at 1600 hours and a truck was dispatched to the fire. Not much could be done by them however as no hydrants are in the vicinity and the bay too far away to pump water. . . The fire was brought under control at 1800 hours, but it will still be a long night of fire fighting. . .

**14-08-43** Fire under control. Tom Hill the manager of the Coldstream not too excited about it but feels we should stop using smoke and flares until the flash season is over. We decided to do this before he had mentioned it.

**15-08-43** Col. Scott left for Calgary and then overseas. He will be greatly missed by all. (Major I. H. Martin A/Commandant)

**6-09-43** Tried out new obstacle course. Few sprained limbs and aching bodies. Looks like a tough one.

**7-09-43** Brig. M. F. Gregg V.C., M.C. arrived back today. He had meeting of the Instructors and explained the function of the Canadian School of Infantry with the Battle Drill School as a wing. He complimented us on our good work telling of the grand part we had played in training. We remain intact and as is. Weather fine.

**18-09-43** Finishing of all night and day scheme. Some out in front, others lagging behind after a 25-mile up hill and down dale grind.

**22-09-43** Still a great turmoil with worried looking Officers with briefcases rushing about. Every tent and marquee seems to have its quota of conferees like a Quebec Conference in miniature. We had Major Bartlett with us for most of the day. A Forty foot flag pole was put up outside the Orderly Room and adds to the camp considerably.

**23-09-43** Today we were honoured by the presence of the C. of G.S. Lieut. General Kenneth Stuart. Accompanying him were Major General G. R. Pearkes V.C., Deputy Minister of National Defence Col. Currie and Lt. Col. C. A. Parker.

**27-09-43** . . . Captain W. E. Nutter left for "up the hill," i.e.: he is officially taking over S.17 as Adjutant and moving up there on the hill above Vernon.



The big machine is slowly getting under way.

4-10-43 The first day of the first course under the new school went as well as everyone could expect.

6-10-43 A very important event today was the arrival of Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, accompanied by Major General G. R. Pearkes V.C., Mr. Moodie Western Superintendent of the C.N.R., Col. Ralston and various aides.

9-10-43 Five officers and two NCO's reported for the course after flying down from Kiska. . . Today is the date of final "Part II", officially disbanding the School on absorption by S.17 Canadian School of Infantry. Last entries in War Diaries are traditionally nostalgic and backward looking, but there seems to be no necessity for that here, as in being part of C.S. of I. we are going forward to bigger and better things in all ways. So ends the separate existence of S.10 Canadian Battle Drill School.

C. R. Clarke Major  
A/Commandant

S.10 Canadian Battle Drill School

## FROM THE WAR DIARY OF BATTLE DRILL CENTRE JULY, 1942

### ODE TO BATTLE DRILL

*"You must go on!" is the endless cry,  
On and on till you drop and die,  
Sweat saves blood! Brains save sweat!  
(Bet we haven't seen the brains as yet!)*

*With rifles up, five yards apart  
We double along with racing heart,  
Legs atremble and lungs aflame —  
Wondering to C . . . why we ever came!*

*Can you think of a greater Hell  
Than to hear some bloody instructor yell —  
As you stumble along 'neath a forty-pound load,  
I'm a live grenade and I'm about to explode!*

*Bang! Bang! Bang! A Bren gun goes,  
And you plough the ground on your bloody nose.  
Down! Crawl! Observe! Fire!  
Up to your neck in the stinking mire!*

\* \* \*

*I could go on but I haven't time.  
I know you'll pardon my little rhyme.  
Of this, my tale, no more I'll give,  
(I'm writing for a transfer to the Armoured Div.)*

T. A Phelps, Lieut., R.M.R.



## VERNON CELEBRATES NINETY YEARS OF INCORPORATION

by Edna Oram

Thursday afternoon, December 30, 1982, people flocked to the Recreation Centre to celebrate Vernon's 90th birthday. The city was the first to be incorporated in the Okanagan Valley, the charter for incorporation being granted December 30, 1892.

They came early, greeted friends, welcomed holiday visitors they hadn't seen for years and settled in for an afternoon of light entertainment by choirs, bands, dancers, and ethnic performers.

Activity for the children was at the outdoor skating rink and the indoor swimming pool but you can swim and skate anytime so the children drifted in and out of the auditorium to watch the colourful swirl of the entertainers. In a corner of the auditorium three pre-schoolers put on a spontaneous dance of their own. People for whom this was a working day, dropped in for a few minutes and lingered on.

In formal dress of the 1890's, Ian MacLean was a great master of ceremonies. Mayor Hanson gave the welcoming address. Good Citizens and Free-men of the city, including 100-year old Guy Bagnall were invited to a place of honor on stage and individually introduced. Winners of the birthday cake contest were announced. The cakes were cut with a piece for everyone and a cup of tea or coffee to enjoy while they mingled with the crowd.

Royce Moore, Chairman, and his Birthday Celebration Committee came up with an afternoon of fun well suited to the multicultural talents and the friendliness of Vernonites.

For the ensuing six weeks, visitors enjoyed displays in the Greater Vernon Museum and Art Gallery, the foyer of City Hall and in a main street display prepared by the Friends of History, showing photographs and stories of the early days. Copies of an illustrated history — *Ninety Years of Vernon* — are still selling well.

The first permanent settler was Luc Girouard who, in 1867 pre-empted land which today encompasses the central core of the city. Other settlers followed, mostly from the British Isles. They brought with them traditions of law and order, culture, sports, pride in themselves and a strong sense of community responsibility that remain the cornerstone of life today.

The tiny hamlet of forty people in 1888 was in the right place at the right time and had settlers with the foresight to take advantage of the coming of the railway to Sicamous in 1885 and to Vernon and Okanagan Landing in 1892. The railways and the development of a connecting boat service for travel south opened the southern part of the valley to settlers.

For years Vernon was the centre of all provincial and federal government services and was a distribution point for movement of people and supplies up and down the valley. Today Vernon is a bustling city of some 20,000 and a distribution and shopping centre for over 75,000 area residents.

A provincial Heritage Trust official says that Vernon has more historic buildings than any other valley city. In addition to the beautiful provincial court house, the CPR railway station, Park and Bearisto School and many private homes, there are eighteen buildings within the central core awaiting historic restoration. There are in business today eight firms founded in 1892, some into the fourth generation of the founding family. Many descendants of



early settlers live in the original homes of their grandparents.

Superimposed on the base of settlers from the British Isles are more residents of varied ethnic background than in any other valley city. Emigrants are coming from uncertain futures in Europe and Asia. Retirees come for the salubrious climate. Young families come to get away from the stress of life in large metropolitan areas. Vernon is truly international.

Vernon has no desire to become a large industrial city. There is no large single employer of labor. There are many low-profile small businesses, craft workers, service industries and ever growing businesses catering to tourists. Volunteer associations provide health, educational, religious, cultural, sport and social services. There is a relatively sound economic base affected only marginally by world events. It's just a pleasant place in which to live and raise a family.

In 1904, on a trip from Manitoba to the coast, Sam Polson stopped over in Vernon, with the result that he wired his family "get ready to move. I've found the Garden of Eden." He is remembered today as the donor of the land for the Vernon Jubilee Hospital and for the park that bears his name. Those born in Vernon take the good life here for granted. Newcomers agree with Mr. Polson.

*VERNON, YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY IN NINETY YEARS!*



O'Keefe's - St. Anne's Catholic Church  
Built in 1886 at the head of Okanagan Lake.  
R. S. Manuel 81



75th ANNIVERSARY  
ST. ANDREW'S UNITED CHURCH  
ENDERBY, B.C.

*They dreamed of a structure strong and true,  
With a steeple that reached for the sky.  
They gave of their substance and talents, too,  
Be they much or little or many or few,  
As they fashioned it wide and high.*

*In 1906 with a right good will  
They laboured for many a day  
With dedication and patient skill,  
With lumber that came from the local mill,  
And bricks from the native clay.*

*The cornerstone was laid that year  
By Mrs. Fortune's hand.  
Her husband, a sturdy pioneer,  
In 1866 ventured here  
To a wild and lonely land.*

*And since that time within its walls  
Has flowed the stream of life,  
And of death and of birth,  
Of tears and of mirth,  
And of marriage of man and of wife.*

*Recalling St. Andrew's history long  
On its Diamond Jubilee,  
We celebrated with praise and song.  
God grant that it nurture a courage strong,  
And a faith that is firm in Thee.*

Sylvia Carlton  
Enderby, B.C.





## ST. GEORGE'S FIRST NINETY YEARS

by Mrs. E. Revel

On April 26, 1981, a special service was held in St. George's Anglican Church, Enderby, to celebrate the church's ninetieth anniversary. St. George's is the oldest Anglican church in the Okanagan still standing where it was built in 1891.

Even before 1891, clergy left records which tell us much about the early life in the area. Most settlers came from England, travelling overland by train and arriving in Enderby via Sicamous and Mara. The records of the first Anglican missionary date from 1883. The clergyman entered every text, sermon subject, the number of people attending and the name of the family in whose home the service was held. The missionary rode to Mabel Lake and preached to a few neighbours gathered there, then on to Lumby where a service was held in Mr. Lumby's home. Then he travelled to Priest's Valley (Vernon) and Grand Prairie (Westwold). He returned to Enderby through Salmon Arm and continued to hold services in homes.

Because families settling in the Valley felt the need of a church, in 1891 they undertook the building of the present St. George's, using lumber from the local mills and lovingly donating their labour. Men and women formed a good choir. A harmonium was donated along with damask altar and pulpit coverings, the latter being decorated with handmade lace and embroidery. A huge wood stove heated the building. Lamps and candles provided light until Okanagan Saw Mills began to generate its own electricity and offered to electrify the church. One member of the congregation donated the first light bulbs. Beautiful carving was done by different men. The members' deep pride in their church strengthened it and inspired Grindrod and Mara to build churches of their own which were served by the resident clergyman from Enderby.

In 1906, when Enderby became a city, Graham Rosoman who was a lay reader in St. George's, became the first City Clerk. A city band was formed and one of its first official functions was to lead a parade of 39 Masonic Lodge Members through the muddy streets to a service in the Anglican Church. Later on, the Knights of Pythias also paraded to a service. At that time, the choir sang Stainer's "Crucifixion" for Easter. Many of the early choir members had received voice training during their youth in Britain and loved good music. This same group of people began an Opera House in Enderby, which was later known as the K. P. Hall, and now is the Enderby Electric building.

Gradually a regular routine of services evolved and a Sunday School was held on Sunday afternoons. In the vestry books, special prayers and services are noted: upon the death of King Edward VII, for coronations, because of fear of war in 1914, for peace. A temperature entry of -42 degrees reveals when the orchards were frozen. Another entry spoke of praying for rain as forest fires burned all around and mills were being destroyed. Another entry stated that Enderby Church was closed by the health authorities in 1920 because of an outbreak of smallpox.

Through the years, rectors have come and gone. Armstrong and Enderby have become one parish as the English community is less prominent and fewer in number. Life has changed. Churches are no longer the hub of social





St. George's Anglican Church, Enderby  
Oldest Northern Okanagan Church on original site.

life. But the small congregation of St. George's is still proud of its history and service to the community through the years.

We ask God's blessing on its continued service and help to people of the future.

### TIME TO PRUNE

*It's time you know,  
Time to cut back the dead growth  
of a relationship.  
I have snapped off a few twigs  
And found them brittle  
With indifference  
No sap of feeling  
Flows through the limbs,  
Even the blight of anger  
Could not survive,  
Time to prune  
Ruthlessly  
Right back to the stock  
So fresh new relationships*

*May push out into bud,  
And yet my pruning shears  
Hesitate  
And I peer closely at the  
Dead  
Blackened  
Brittle wood  
Eager for evidence  
Of any tiny unnoticed  
Green shoot,  
My shears hesitate  
And hesitate  
And hesitate . . .*

by Don Rees

(From *I'll Meet You Under the Light of the Next Star*)



## OKANAGAN AND SIMILKAMEEN ECOLOGICAL RESERVES:

### Elements in a World Program

*Excerpts from "Wilderness: the passing of a dream"*

by Tony Gaston

(Tony Gaston's article was first published in the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee's publication, *Northern Perspective*, Vol. 10, No. 4, June - August, 1982)

The concept of wilderness derives from a world-view which distinguishes two categories of phenomena: the natural and the man-made. According to this view the species *Homo sapiens* is so far removed from the rest of the biological world that its actions must be treated as entirely separate from the interactions of other animals with their environments. Wilderness is the name applied to tracts of land not subject to any human influence and hence totally natural.

\* \* \*

Aside from the emotional arguments, there are also strong practical arguments for the maintenance of wilderness. These have been summarized recently in the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources's **World Conservation Strategy**. This document is concerned with management of the entire biosphere, but some of the arguments apply specifically to wilderness protection. The most important of these concerns the preservation of biological diversity. We use a huge range of animal and plant species for food, medicines, construction, and the production of artifacts. Many of the substitutes for these natural products are fabricated from fossil hydrocarbons, which constitute a rapidly diminishing resource. We are reducing our future options by allowing animals and plants which might be of value to us later to become extinct.

We can try to maintain representative animals and plants in zoos and gardens, but this is universally acknowledged to be only a short-term solution. The only way to ensure the survival of a good proportion of the world's present fauna and flora is to set aside areas in which natural ecosystems can maintain themselves. Within a functioning ecosystem, each biological component supports every other within an intricate web of balance and counter-balance. The survival of the system itself is the best guarantee of the survival of individual species.

A second practical argument for the preservation of wilderness focuses on the significance of a narrower range of ecosystems — particularly those which exist in marginal environments. Large areas of the Old World are covered by desert or sparsely vegetated steppe.

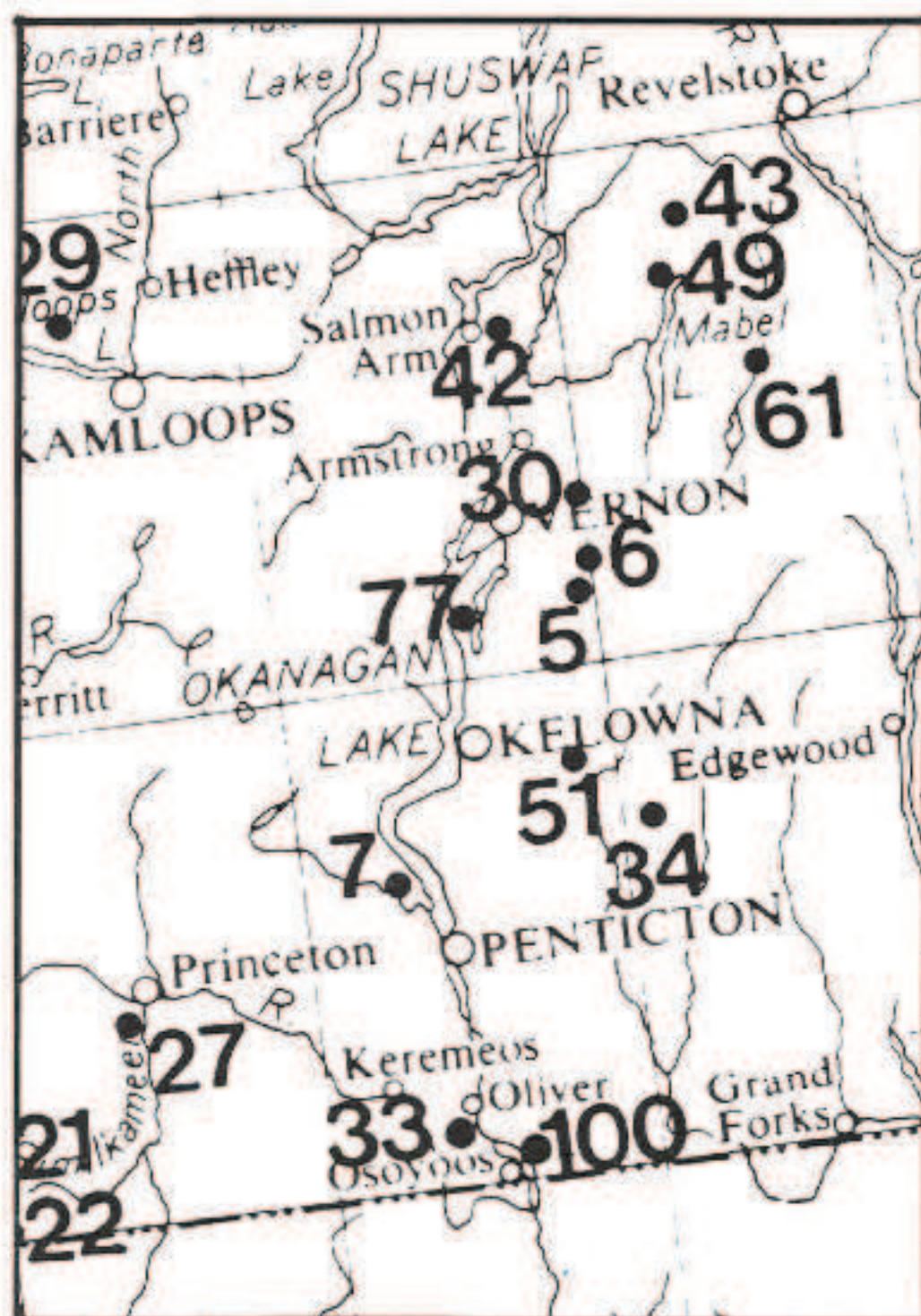
\* \* \*

There is evidence to suggest that the creation of these deserts resulted from the destruction of pre-existing ecosystems which were maintained only as a result of delicate adaptation to a physical environment close to its limit of tolerance. Once the vegetation cover was destroyed, a short period of fertility was followed by rapid encroachment of desert as the soil crumbled and blew away. A similar process took place more recently in parts of the American West (the Dust Bowl during the Great Depression).

A second class of marginal ecosystems is that of watershed forests on the



steep mountain slopes that stand at the headwaters of most of the world's major rivers. Destruction of these forests, which has taken place on a large and accelerating scale in this century, leads to rapid erosion of soil, siltation of rivers and reservoirs, and increased runoff of rain that causes flooding as well as lower water levels during droughts. In both of these cases, it is in the best long-term interests of everyone to maintain the natural vegetation intact. If the vegetation is intact, then the preservation of the associated fauna should be relatively simple.



\* \* \*

In some ways, the destruction of wilderness can be compared with the current squandering of fossil fuel resources. Both are being expended without thought for future generations.

\* \* \*

In twenty years, this planet will support six billion people, half as many again as there are today. The energy to sustain this multitude must come almost entirely from the sun, through the chemical factories of plants. Look around at the world and where you see a leaf, cherish it. Every leaf is a tiny trap to catch the energy of the sun and channel it into the cycle of life that forms the biosphere. We must all become gardeners, with the whole earth our garden. We must tend every part of the land. We must shepherd every type of beast, because we are a part of the world, and if the world dies, we cannot survive.



Only small remnants of wilderness will remain by the end of this century, except perhaps in boreal and polar regions, but if we choose these areas wisely and give them effective protection from human disturbance, then we may still hope to preserve a large proportion of the world's fauna and flora. It would be naive to think that we can achieve more than this in the face of the enormous pressure on land for agriculture and silviculture. These Reserves will provide us with reservoirs of biological diversity on which we can continue to draw, and they will also be living museums to show the world as it was before man.

With the fragmentation of wilderness and its relegation to a state of existence on sufferance, I believe that a part of our vision will disappear. The wilderness which I dreamed of in my youth — the vast undisturbed solitude lying quiet under the sky, the forest, like a green sea, stretching from horizon to horizon; the pathless prairie; and the whispering fen — all that is dead. It was dead before I was born. The challenge of the wilderness is no longer to confront and conquer, but merely to track any remaining wilderness down to its last scattered lairs. For better or, more usually, for worse, man has radically altered practically every existing ecosystem. The wilderness was once our master, then our enemy and now, finally, it has become our pensioner.

**From the information sheet ECOLOGICAL RESERVES — BRITISH COLUMBIA published by Ecological Reserves Unit, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria.**

### **The history of Ecological Reserves in British Columbia**

In the mid-1960's Canadian scientists and those of other nations became involved in the International Biological Program. From this is a program evolved to set aside natural areas for scientific research.

In 1971 the British Columbia Legislature approved the Ecological Reserve Act outlining the method and reasons for establishing an ecological reserve. British Columbia was the first Canadian province to give permanent status to these Reserves.

### **What are Ecological Reserves?**

Ecological Reserves are areas of Crown land set aside for:

- scientific research and educational purposes to study nature in an undisturbed environment;
- benchmarks against which to measure the effect of changes created by man or nature;
- banks of genetic materials;
- preserving rare, unique and endangered native plants or animals in their natural surroundings.

Ecological Reserves should not be confused with parks or other recreational areas, nor with wildlife management areas. While casual use is permitted in most Ecological Reserves, they are primarily intended for scientific purposes.

### **How an Ecological Reserve is established.**

Proposals for new Ecological Reserves come from a variety of sources — naturalist clubs, scientists, the general public or other government agencies.

The Ecological Reserves Unit of the ministry is responsible for screening proposals with other interested agencies to resolve any possible conflicts.



An Ecological Reserve is formally established by Order-in-Council and published in the B.C. Gazette.

Casual non-motorized uses such as hiking, photography, birdwatching, etc., are allowed on most Reserves without a permit. Some sensitive Reserves such as seabird islands are closed to the public. Contact the ministry's Ecological Reserves Unit at 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia. Phone: 387-1859 for information if you want to visit a Reserve.

Ecological Reserves are needed to unravel and help understand some of the basic ecological processes. As genetic pools they serve the function of a nature museum. As man continues to modify the surface of the earth, some plants and animals can become extinct before they are even known to science.

Used as benchmark areas against which to measure changes wrought by man, they can teach us how to soften the impact of man on the environment.

## **ECOLOGICAL RESERVES IN THE NORTH OKANAGAN**

by Peter Legg

Ecological Reserves in British Columbia are established under the Ecological Reserves Act, Chapter 16, Statutes of British Columbia, which was passed by the Legislature on April 2, 1971. The purpose of the Act is to reserve Crown land for ecological purposes, including among other things, areas that are representative examples of natural ecosystems within the Province and areas in which rare or endangered native plants and animals may be preserved in their natural habitat. Since the Act was passed, examples of such areas in all parts of the Province have been established as Ecological Reserves and at the time of writing there are 111 of them.

No hunting or fishing or any industrial development is allowed in these Reserves, and generally speaking no access is allowed by any type of motor vehicle, which includes trail bikes, snowmobiles and power boats. The best way to visit a Reserve is to walk in on foot. Thus the visitor has time and opportunity to discover the purpose for which the Reserve was set aside and he can get a flavour of Canada in its natural state, or at least as close as we can get to it in this age.

In the North Okanagan, if we can stretch the Okanagan north to within 16 kilometers of Three Valley Lake, there are nine Reserves. Starting from the north and progressing southward we have:

**No. 43 established in September 1972.** This is an area of 1,376 hectares at the north end of Hunters Range, stretching from the summit of Griffin Mountain at 2,124 meters down the steep eastern slopes of the mountain to the valley bottom at Wap Creek. It is sub-alpine in the upper reaches changing to forested slopes lower down the hill. The Reserve conserves an area representative of the transition zone between the dry interior and the Columbia wet belt. Access to the lower levels is by the power line access road running from Kingfisher east of Enderby to Three Valley Lake.

**No. 49 established in June 1973.** A Reserve of 1,441 hectares at the headwaters of Kingfisher Creek and again in the Hunters Range area. At elevations above 1,600 meters it lies above any merchantable forest and is generally sub-alpine meadowland with marshy areas at the creek sources. This Reserve also is in the transition zone between the dry interior and the interior wet belt, and plant species found there are typical of such habitats. Ac-



cess is by the old forestry road to the look-out on Mount Mara which is now in very rough condition and passable only with four-wheel-drive vehicles. After about five kilometers of rough track one parks the vehicle and takes off for a cross-country hike of some two and a half kilometers to the ridge which lies to the east of Mount Mara. Mary Woollam of Enderby worked for many years to have a part of Hunters Range preserved.

**No. 61 established in May 1975.** This Reserve, 69.6 hectares in size is situated athwart the Shuswap River about 40 kilometers north of Sugar Lake. It preserves a stand of mature Western Red Cedar together with an understory of vegetation typical of the interior wet belt, and it contains some fine old cedar trees, of which there are not many left. At the present time, with lumber markets at the poorest they have been for years, cedar still commands premium prices and lumber companies are combing the woods for what little remains. Soon stands such as this one will be all that is left for observation and study of the species. Access to the Reserve is by the logging road running north from Shuswap Lake up the valley, and it can be found on the east side of the road, on both sides of the river running north from the 40 kilometer mark for about three kilometers. This Reserve, along with numbers 5 and 6, was originally proposed by Vern Hopkins who was the Forest Ranger for the Lumby District at the time and who was well acquainted with the forest inventory of his District.

**No. 42, Mara Meadows, established in September 1972, of 189 hectares.** Here is preserved a unique calcareous fen with pockets of peat bog transitions, one of the few, and perhaps the only one, remaining in southern British Columbia. Along with plant species found in bogs and marshes with a slightly alkaline water content, this bog is the home of several species of orchids and in particular the Yellow Wide-Lip Orchid (*Liparis loeselii*) which is found in Eastern Canada and in Europe, but which has not been found elsewhere in British Columbia to date. Before this Reserve could be established it was necessary to have the boundaries surveyed and this was done by Gilbert Tassie who had a surveying practice in Vernon for many years, and of whom many Okanagan residents will have fond memories. Gilbert was assisted by members of the North Okanagan Naturalist Club, and I can well recall Jim Grant, Jim Mack, Walter Cowan and Bill Beals with axe and saw clearing lines for Mr. Tassie. Gilbert had retired from his business by then and had volunteered his services for this work. Mara Meadows is the only Reserve in the Okanagan to which access is restricted due to the fragile nature of the meadow. Persons wishing to visit the Reserve must obtain permission from the Ecological Reserves Unit in Victoria, and with permission they will be guided to the Reserve by one of the wardens.

**No. 30, Vance Creek, established in February 1972.** This small Reserve of 48.6 hectares is situated beside the Trinity Valley Road about 6.5 kilometers north of Lumby. It is typical of secondary forest growth in the interior transition zone. Originally used by the Federal Department of Forests, Entomology Branch, which had at that time a station in Vernon, it is now used extensively by schools in the Vernon District as an outdoor classroom for education in the natural science subjects.

**No. 108, Cougar Canyon, established in December 1981, a reserve of 550 hectares.** This is a deep, steep-sided canyon enclosing a series of seven small lakes linked by marshy areas, the whole lying on the east side of Kala-



malka Lake. The power line slash which is clearly visible across the lake is the western boundary. In addition to the marshy areas, which contain, for instance, a pocket cedar swamp with skunk cabbage, the Reserve extends to the top of the canyon wall where there is a narrow strip of Ponderosa Pine, Bunch Grass habitat. Access to the north end of the canyon is through Kalamalka Park which requires a walk of about 6.5 kilometers since there is no vehicle access through the park. Access to the south end from Oyama is through private property where permission is needed. It is about three kilometers from the gate of the private property to the south end of the canyon. We can thank Joan Heriot, a well-known Vernon naturalist for her unceasing work over several years in clearing the way for establishment of this Reserve.

**No. 5, Lily Pad Lake, established in May 1971.** A Reserve of 101 hectares containing an interior highland lake situated in the Buck Hills at an altitude of about 1,400 meters. The lake has been flooded to a meter or more above its natural level by a beaver dam at the outlet, resulting in some marginal tree kill and an excellent example of a floating bog at the position of the original lake margins. The water is rich in pond life and for the past few years has been the nesting site for a pair of common loons. Situated about 16 kilometers south of Lumby and about a kilometer south-east of Nicklen Lake, access is by the Harris Creek logging road which has not been used for some years and is now so rough that it is accessible only by four-wheel-drive vehicles. The lake lies off the road to the east and it is necessary to walk about 1.5 kilometers on a trail recently slashed out by members of the North Okanagan Naturalist Club to reach it.

**No. 6, established in May 1971,** is a small reserve of 16 hectares created to protect a fine stand of mature Western Larch together with associated flora and fauna of the Okanagan Highlands. The trees stand on an interesting rock formation, revealing that the surface of the Highlands in this area is an old lava bed. The reserve lies across the Nicklen Lake Road about a kilometer to the west of No. 5, and about 1.5 kilometers to the north of Nicklen Lake. The reserve was surveyed by John Shephard and Joan Heriot of the North Okanagan Naturalist Club.

**No. 77, established in June 1977,** a reserve of 113.8 hectares situated on the west side of Highway 97 about three kilometers north of Oyama. The reserve lies on a steep hillside, with a southern exposure, overlooking Kalamalka Lake and is representative of the Ponderosa Pine — bunch grass habitats of the dry interior. The reserve contains a rattlesnake den which has been under study recently by scientists studying the ecology of the Pacific Rattlesnake. However, visitors need not be concerned. They are unlikely to see a snake, let alone be bitten, as the rattlesnake is a shy reptile, generally nocturnal in habit and probably resting quietly in the shade during the day. Other creatures which might be seen are the mule deer, coyote and porcupine. This valuable area was donated to the Ecological Reserves Unit by Dr. Hugh Campbell-Brown and his family. Dr. Campbell-Brown practiced medicine in Vernon for many years and was known and loved by many older Vernon residents.

All the Reserves in the Okanagan, and in fact many of the Reserves in the Province are monitored on behalf of the Ecological Reserves Unit of the Ministry of Lands, Parks and Housing, situated in Victoria, by local volunteer wardens. They visit each of the Reserves as often as necessary to see that the



conditions of the Act are complied with. Wardens are able to provide assistance to members of the public seeking information about Reserves. Wardens for the nine Reserves in the North Okanagan are members of the North Okanagan Naturalist Club, Peter Legg being the member undertaking the duty at the present time, with Mary Mack of Enderby having a special responsibility for Mara Meadows.

## ECOLOGICAL RESERVES IN THE CENTRAL OKANAGAN

by J. Stephenson

The Central Okanagan Naturalists Club is warden for Ecological Reserves 34 and 51. Representative warden is Jack Stephenson (Telephone 768-3533).

**Reserve 34, Big White Mountain**, was established March 24, 1972, and was surveyed by V. J. Krujina and Karen Eady. It is located primarily on the north slope of the mountain and a parkland-like forest below. The boundary more or less follows the 6,200 feet contour, and does include the summit of the mountain at 7,603 feet. Total area is approximately 2,350 acres (951 ha.). It features plant associations, and their fauna, of the upper elevations of the E.S.S.F. zone and some alpine plant associations developed mainly in areas with large deposits of snow of long duration. One hundred and thirty-five species of plants and lichens have been identified. It is not fenced and is not accessible by vehicle.

**Reserve 51, Browne Lake**, is located just north-east of Browne Lake, and is accessible from the McCulloch Road, about 3.2 kms, from McCulloch. This Reserve of approximately 307 acres, (124 ha.), was established in 1973, and was surveyed by Mildred Wardlaw. It harbours an exceptional variety of plant life, including sub-alpine meadow (marsh), with several orchids, especially *Cypripedium montanum* and *Calypso bulbosa*. The Reserve is not fenced, but perhaps should be in the future primarily to keep out cattle and hunters, although there has been no evidence of cattle for at least two years.

An E. R. notice is attached to a tree at the south-west corner.

## TROUT CREEK ECOLOGICAL RESERVE NO. 7

by Enid Maynard

Trout Creek Ecological Reserve is located about three miles SSW of Summerland on the edge of Trout Creek Canyon. It is upstream from the Summerland Research Station, and located on the southwestern slope of Conkle Mountain, which is visible from the town of Summerland. The geographical location is: 49° 33' - 33° 30" north latitude, and 119° 42' - 43' west longitude. The elevation is 540 - 840 metres (1800 - 2800 feet).

The Reserve was proposed originally by Dr. Brayshaw, Mr. Keith Wade of the University of British Columbia, and Mr. Doug Fraser, of Osoyoos. The area was proposed to preserve the typical semi-arid Bunch Grass parkland containing Ponderosa Pine and, at higher altitudes, ecosystems within the interior Douglas Fir Zone. It is considered a most interesting area for snakes. Species found here are: wandering garter snakes, common garter snakes,



western yellow-bellied racers, Rocky Mountain rubber boas, bull snakes and Northern Pacific rattlesnakes. In addition many of the typical semi-arid flora and fauna occur, including a generous supply of cactus.

The Reserve was established on May 4, 1971 by Order-in-Council Number 1569 by the Hon. R. G. Williston, Minister of Lands, Forests and Water Resources. It was surveyed by Mr. T. C. Brayshaw, of the B.C. Provincial Museum, and partially fenced by contract with a five-strand page-wire fence.

The Ecological Reserves are managed by the Ecological Reserves Unit headed by Dr. Bristol Foster, assisted by a very small professional staff. Very early, it became evident that the staff could not oversee the Reserves. Because of this concern, a system of local voluntary wardens was established. In 1981, Miss Enid Maynard was appointed warden of the Reserve, and has been active in the appointment ever since. In the spring of 1982, Miss Maynard found that a 100 metre section of the fencing near the canyon, together with most of the posts had been cut out and removed. Later on, together with Lynne Milnes, a member of the Reserves Unit, she organized a work party to replace the missing fencing.

Previously, some difficulty had arisen with local cattle owners because the fence had prevented cattle from having access to water. When the fence was repaired, a small gate was installed which allowed cattle to pass through, but which barred access to wheeled vehicles from the area.

The Reserve is open to hikers and to those undertaking scientific study. Recently a study was made of the rattlesnake population. The study included measurements, sexing and counts. At present, a buffer zone of pasture land borders the eastern border of the Reserve. Recently, a proposal was put forward to build a subdivision in this buffer zone. In the face of objections, this proposal appears to be stalled. It is hoped that the area may withstand the pressures of development.

## ECOLOGICAL RESERVES IN THE SOUTHERN OKANAGAN

by Doug Fraser

The Osoyoos Arid Biotic Zone, one of British Columbia's eleven Biotic Zones, is a very special part of our natural heritage. It is an extension, just into British Columbia, of the Upper Sonoran Life Zone, which extends from northern Mexico, up through the arid parts of the Western States, and runs out in the southern Similkameen and Okanagan valleys.

The zone is characterized by low annual precipitation and hot dry summers, and its typical plants are those adapted to survival in near desert conditions.

The larger plants of the zone are greasewood (*Purshia tridentata*), rabbit bush (*Chrysothamnus nauseosus*) and sagebrush (*Artemisia tridentata*). All have small leaves to reduce transpiration, and the limited moisture is, so to speak, rationed by the growth habit. Each is at a distance from its neighbour. The grasses are bunch grasses and, with the clumps of cactus (*Opuntia fragilis*), are also at a distance from each other.

The greasewood, also called antelope brush, is regarded as the indicator plant of the zone. It runs out in the vicinity of Kaleden, marking the zone's



northern limit. It, rabbit bush and cactus are plants of the southern Okanagan, rather than the Similkameen, where sagebrush is the dominant shrub. This difference is due to a soil difference, not a climatic difference. Sage requires a heavier soil with greater moisture holding capacity. The difference in plant cover is the reason for the southern Okanagan being considered more typical of the Upper Sonoran extension and for the designation "Osoyoos Arid Biotic Zone".

Other distinctive plants are evening primrose, poison camas and phacelia, also adapted for survival in light sandy soil. Where soil is heavier, characteristic plants of the dry interior occur, such as the buttercup, yellow-bell, shooting star, bitter-root, mariposa lily and sunflower.

Wildlife associated with the zone were the sage grouse, burrowing owl, sage thrasher, Brewer's sparrow, jack rabbit and badger, all now gone from the valley as man has taken over their living space for his purposes.

Writers for magazines, with a tendency to the dramatic, have called the zone "Canada's Pocket Desert". While it is an arid or semi-desert area rather than a true desert, it is nevertheless a distinctive part of Canada's and British Columbia's natural heritage, and so it is important that two small areas of the "Osoyoos Arid Biotic Zone" have been set aside as Ecological Reserves before all became orchard, vineyard or residential subdivision.

The two areas near the head of Osoyoos Lake, protected by status as Ecological Reserves, are a four hectare lot on the west side of the valley, known as the "Field Lease", and a one hundred hectare area on the east side of the valley, known as the "Haynes Lease", north of the Indian Reserve boundary. Not all of Haynes Lease is "desert", as it includes both wetlands of the river bottom, and a part of rocky Inkameep Mountain, known locally as Throne Mountain because of the flat bit part way up, resembling a large scale high-backed seat.

The Field Lease was made an Ecological Reserve in 1972. Ten acres behind the Field orchard had been leased from the Southern Okanagan Lands Project by Mrs. Pamela Field and fenced as a personal ecological area several years before the Province adopted a program of Ecological Reserves. As the lease was Crown land, and not greatly in demand for commercial purposes, Pam Field's ecological area became Ecological Reserve Number Thirty-three within months of a visit by an Ecological Reserves study team.

Securing of the Haynes Lease Ecological Reserve took fourteen years of effort by the Okanagan Similkameen Parks Society. The "Osoyoos Arid" committee, chaired by Stephen Cannings of Penticton and later by Douglas Fraser of Osoyoos, was supported throughout by many individuals and conservation groups. One of five founding goals of the Society when it was formed in 1966 was preservation of a representative area of the Osoyoos Arid Biotic Zone. Not until December, 1980, did a part of the Crown land at the head of Osoyoos Lake become an Ecological Reserve.

Fence posts and wire were provided by the Ecological Reserves Unit and members of the Parks Society, the Oliver-Osoyoos Naturalists Club and the South Okanagan Naturalists Club provided the work force to put up the boundary fences. Protected thus from grazing, the Reserve should in time return to and remain in a natural state, a living museum of the past for the future.

Wardens of the Reserves are Joan and Harold King of Osoyoos.



## SIMILKAMEEN

(Editor's Note: Technical description supplied by Dr. Bristol Foster, Co-ordinator, Ecological Reserves Unit, Victoria.)

**Ecological Reserve No. 27, Whipsaw Creek** is a 32.4 ha. rectangle situated southwest of Princeton on the Thompson Plateau. The elevation ranges from 780 m. to 900 m. (2600' - 3000'). Travelling west from Princeton, one can approach the Reserve by a road leaving Highway 3 just before Whipsaw Creek bridge. The Reserve is west of the highway and north of the creek. It is notable as a sample of interior Douglas Fir forest and includes a fine stand of Ponderosa Pine. V. J. Krajina of U.B.C. surveyed the Reserve in conjunction with the Lands Service, Department of Lands, Forest and Water Resources, Victoria. The Order-in-Council establishing the Reserve was passed July 27, 1971 when R. G. Williston was Minister of Lands, Forests and Water Resources. Gail Ross, the head naturalist at Manning Park, oversees this Ecological Reserve.

## HIGH ON SPRING

*Spring does it to me  
The incredible burst of  
Energy  
After a winter of sluggishness,  
The sudden energy of  
Life renewal,  
I'm spaced out  
The colours so bright  
Everything moves so fast  
I have trouble taking it in,  
Peach blossoms before they  
fade and drop  
Flowering shrubs in  
early morning sun  
Moving too quickly  
from pink bud to petal drop  
And I'm the viewer  
at a slide show  
With someone flashing them on the screen  
too fast  
And I want to go back and enjoy the previous slide  
But it won't go back,  
It's too fast  
And all I have is  
Memory  
And a faith in next Spring  
But I'm still high  
and spaced out  
On Spring.*

by Don Rees

(From I'll Meet You Under the Light of the Next Star)



## AN UPDATE ON THE GLACIAL ERRATIC IN THE COLDSTREAM VALLEY

by Terry Lodge

The glacial erratic was reported in the first edition of the **Okanagan Historical Society Report**, a large boulder sitting on a knoll west of the Coldstream Ranch Buildings and 100 yards north of White Valley Road (Highway 6). In 1877 Dr. G. M. Dawson had noted this "remarkable erratic" as sitting on the glaciated surface of a small hill in the centre of the Valley. Its size at this time was 22 feet long, 16½ feet wide and 18 feet high with a volume of 6534 cubic feet. It was made of yellowish, highly calcareous schist, made up of folded interbeds of feldspathic and quartzose rock, each interbed being approximately ¾ inch thick and highly contorted. Such schistose formations are found around Mara Lake and Dr. Arthur Lang theorized that the bolder had been picked up by a large glacier which was creeping southward, scouring out the Okanagan Valley, and dropped on the glaciated granite surface of the



Close-up showing 1935 Okanagan Historical Society Plaque

small rocky hill, where it now rests, when the ice melted — hence the term "erratic".

Another theory is that the erratic was swept westward by glaciation from the Monashee Mountains.

In the early days, it had a fir tree growing out of it but there is strong evidence that this was struck by lightning during a severe electrical storm reported in 1916, in which much damage was done in the area. Along with the tree, a large portion of rock was broken off also, and tumbled down the hill. Measurements at this time were 18 feet long, 14 feet high, and 12 feet wide, or approximately 3024 cubic feet.





Showing Erosion

Today the rock is not strikingly noticeable unless one knows where to look for it. Because of the wastage by erosion, due to the bedding-planes and fissures in which water collects and freezes, thus flaking off large fragments, its dimensions are about one-half the size it was fifty years ago, or approximately 13 feet high, 10 feet wide and 12 feet long, or approximately 1560 cubic feet. It has three large clefts in it, and erosive action is evident by numerous chunks of rock found around the perimeters of the erratic. It is home to a family of yellow-bellied marmots.

A plaque placed at the site in about 1935 by the Okanagan Historical Society, reminds us of its historic importance.

#### Dates

1877	22' long	16½' wide	18' high	=	6534 volume
1926	18' long	12' wide	14' high	=	3024 volume
1982	12' long	10' wide	13' high	=	1560 volume

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"Dancing is now held every Saturday night at the Acrodome in Naramata. Admission is 50 cents per couple. Okanagan Lake Boat Co. runs special ferries leaving Summerland at 8 o'clock. Return trip 25 cents."

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1915  
*The Summerland Review*



## PEACHLAND GLAZED CEMENT PIPE COMPANY, 1910-1921

by Sheila Paynter

The time is 1910. Peachland is a municipality with a Reeve, W. A. Lang, a Municipal Clerk, H. McDougall, a Council and four hundred residents. Some of them are trying to stir up interest in Industry and Progress.

There is already a C.P.R. wharf, C.P.R. Telegraph, the Lakeshore Telephone Company, and irrigation and light systems. Funds are scarce for promoting further development. Men like J. B. Robinson, who foresee fruit-growing as a leading industry, must struggle for funds to advertise in Okanagan and Prairie newspapers.

Already there are young orchards planted with rootstocks taken from the following varieties:

Apples: Ben Davis, Northwestern Greening, Snow (Fameuse), Tomkins, King, and Wagner.

Peaches: Belle of Georgia, Early Crawford, Triumph, and Yellow St. John.

Apricots: Blenheim and Royal

Plums: Burbank, Pond's Seedling, and Tragedy

Cherries: Black Bigarreau, Republican, Tartarian, Governor Wood, Royal Anne and Windsor.

Pears: Bosc, Clapp's Favourite, Howell and Winter Nelis.<sup>1</sup>



Interior of Factory

Water to irrigate these trees flows by gravity from lakes in the hills through wooden flumes and ditches. Much of the water evaporates or leaks away. The time is right for a more efficient irrigation system. Glazed cement pipe may be the solution.

On February 11, 1910 a special meeting of the Peachland Municipal Council is held. Reeve Lang had been ordered to make a trip to Victoria in



the interest of the Municipality. He reports on his mission as follows: Reeve Lang has arranged with the Minister of Public Works for an interim appropriation of one thousand dollars to be spent on the Lakeshore Road with an assurance that this would be supplemented later on. With reference to the location of a factory for the manufacture of cement water pipe, he reports having met a representative<sup>2</sup> of the Pacific Coast Cement Pipe Company at Vancouver and having made an offer to him for an exemption from taxation and for, among other things, free light. He has arranged for the Company to look over the ground and meet the Council to discuss the matter further.<sup>3</sup>

There is a piece of property on the lakeshore half a mile north of the mouth of Trepanier Creek (legal description: Plan 2533 R1773571 30) with no road or electric light lines connecting it with Peachland. There is a sandy hillside backing it with suitable material for making cement. The lake frontage is ideal for a slip for shipping by barge and boat.

In April 1910, after communication back and forth between the Peachland Council and David McNair of the Pacific Coast Cement Company, the latter purchases the land mentioned above and which appears on the tax rolls assessed at \$1181.11. During April, also, the Council refers the matter of electricity charges for public buildings and for businesses to its Fire, Water, and Light Committee. The usual charge is fifty cents per month for one light, fifty cents for a second light and twenty cents for the third and each subsequent light bulb.<sup>4</sup>

In the spring of 1910 Mr. Alexander (Sandy) McKay arrives from the coast via the railhead at Penticton and the S.S. Okanagan. He has been appointed by his cousin, Dave McNair, to manage the construction and operation of the cement works. He hires Mr. Keyes as carpenter-foreman and a crew to build the factory, warehouse, cook-house, office and bunkhouse.<sup>5</sup> He also arranges for the hiring of his engineer, Jack McGregor, and a crew of six



Employees



machinists and labourers, Harold Miller, Alec Seaton, Will Aitkens, Ernest McKay, Sandy McKay, Jack McGregor, and Lorne Shaw.<sup>6</sup>

In June, 1910 the Council instructs the Fire, Water and Light Committee to proceed with the construction of a pole line along the proposed road north of Trepanier Creek to the cement pipe works. The motion has been put by Mr. McCall and seconded by Mr. Vicary.<sup>7</sup> Work is proceeding well on a building fifty feet by seventy-five feet and on an adjoining structure which will serve as a drier for the finished pipe. As the siding for all the buildings is made of shiplap with no insulation the work year will run from March to November only. At first supplies are unloaded at the C.P.R. dock at the foot of Townsite Road (now Beach Avenue) and hauled by team and wagon to the factory site; but soon the C.P.R. builds a slip for on-and-off loading of raw materials and finished pipe. At the start of the season in 1911 the cement plant is in full operation, producing pipe that varies in diameter from four to twenty-four inches.<sup>8</sup>

Minutes of the Peachland Municipal Council for 1910 indicate a discrepancy regarding the tax relief promised by Reeve W. A. Lang and the figures noted later in the assessment rolls. This matter comes up in January 1911. At the first meeting of the year a motion by Jim Elliott, seconded by Mr. Huston reads as follows:

Be it resolved that the clerk be instructed to write the Pacific Coast Pipe Company informing them of the election of a new Council and promising to take up the assessment as soon as possible.<sup>9</sup>

The motion carries. Council believes that taxes for light and land should be imposed. By March this matter has not been resolved and the company has still not paid its previous year's accounts. Correspondence continues through the spring in connection with back taxes. Councillor W. J. Carraway and William Dryden of the Fire, Water and Light Committee meet with Sandy McKay and agree to furnish the plant with ten horsepower at the rate of sixty dollars per month, to be paid monthly. John McLaughlan has been hired to run the electric light station during the day at an added salary of fifty dollars per month, he to furnish any extra help required.

On December 2 an agreement is drawn up and submitted to the voters as By-law 27. Norman Pope is appointed returning officer at a remuneration of five dollars for the day. Voting takes place on December 20 and the Cement Company Agreement is accepted. The Reeve and his Council are happy to come to terms with their new industry for they have other contentious matters to debate, matters which have a familiar ring seventy years later. Dogs are running at large. There are complaints of noisy parties. Young men are racing, in this case horses, up and down Main Street. To celebrate a successful year, after the last meeting in December, the Council Members are invited to "partake of their Reeve's hospitality by sitting down to an oyster supper at Mrs. Ferguson's Boarding House."<sup>10</sup>

The year 1912 is the high point of production for the Peachland Glazed Cement Pipe Company. By the end of April the company is using forty dollars' worth of electric power per month. Mr. Arnold Ferguson is hired at the Power Plant at a salary of sixty dollars per month. In August of the same year Mr. Ferguson expresses concern about the pressure of use on his machinery and asks, in view of the fact that lights for the evening use by the general



public have to be turned on by six-thirty, that the cement company be asked to run their overtime in the morning instead of the evening to allow his machinery to cool off.<sup>11</sup>

Other Okanagan communities are becoming aware of the Peachland industry. **The Vernon News Special Holiday Number** for 1912 reports:

There is also located here (Peachland) a cement pipe factory which is turning out a large amount of pipe with an ever-increasing demand. It is probable that the capacity of the plant will be doubled next year. This cement pipe is doubtless to be used for drainage purposes, as drainage becomes necessary through this irrigated country.

1913 sees a regular flow of pipe going to new plantings in the dry belts of British Columbia.

The plant is still in full production during the first week of November 1913 when an incident occurs which is to be the first of three disasters that eventually put the company out of business. **The Kelowna Courier** for November 4, 1913, carries the following story:

On Tuesday evening, November 4th, 1913, a collision occurred near the Penticton Dock between the S.S. Castlegar and the ferryboat "Skookum" which was towing two barges loaded with cement pipe down to Penticton. The "Skookum" was sunk almost immediately — no lives lost. Both the Captain and engineer had broken legs and other injuries. The crew of the ferry stated the C.P.R. tug was so hidden by the two large barges she was driving along that no lights were visible and the big tug was on top of the "Skookum" before anyone realized any danger. The incongruous feature of the accident is that the "Skookum" had just been equipped with properly certified officers and complete life-saving fittings according to an edict from federal authorities. She had been running for years previously with an ordinary Skipper and engineman and haphazard equipment and never even had her paint scraped. The owners will soon have another boat to replace the well-known "Skookum" but her loss during the busy days is particularly unfortunate.

Fred Topham Jr., a longtime Peachland resident, remembers the incident. He says that he and his father watched the rescue searchlights flashing over the waters south of Squally Point. He adds that Alec Seaton, a cement plant employee travelling with the barges, broke his hip in this accident.

In the spring of 1914 another accident happens. According to Kathleen Aitken's **History of Peachland** it concerns the Jim Miller family on Miller Flat in Trepanier. They had put in a pipeline from storage water in Miller's Lake (now Silver Lake) across Trepanier Flat and up to their property. When the water was turned on the cement pipes blew up. The Peachland Glazed Cement Pipe Company had guaranteed the pipeline would carry the pressure and, if not, then Mr. Miller would owe them nothing. The cost of putting in the pipe and cementing each two-foot length was tremendous and the loss forced the company into bankruptcy. During the litigation Sandy McKay and his brother Ernest took on the job of disposing of the large stock of completed pipe on hand.<sup>12</sup>

Events in Europe put an end to the now-struggling company. When World War One breaks out, hundreds of young men, many of them English, leave their farms and join up. There is no market for glazed irrigation pipe.



When his own brother enlists, Sandy McKay resigns and is replaced by Mr. Hayes. Mr. Tomlin acts as caretaker until 1921. Mr. Bob Iverson of Oliver remembers living in the bunkhouse with his family. Mr. Tomlin rents the cement slab one hundred feet long and sixty feet wide as a skating rink each winter that is cold enough for the making of natural ice. In the 1920's it is also used as a tennis court. In the 1930's Mrs. Marion McIntosh makes it the site of Trepanier Bay Cottages, later owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Moore. At the present time the land is subdivided for residential use.

All that remains of the Peachland Glazed Cement Pipe Company are souvenirs like the bell-type elbow and a double barge-load of finished pipe at the bottom of Okanagan Lake south of Squally Point.



Two bell-type elbows with two of Sandy McKay's great grandchildren  
L. Travis Paynter, R. Nigel Paynter

#### FOOTNOTES

- <sup>1</sup> Memo from Dr. Maurice Welsh, District Agriculturalist, Summerland, 1981.
- <sup>2</sup> David McNair, later one of the first sales managers of B.C. Tree Fruits.
- <sup>3</sup> Minutes of Peachland Municipal Council, 1910.
- <sup>4</sup> *ibid.*
- <sup>5</sup> Letters of Sandy and Dorothy McKay.
- <sup>6</sup> *ibid.*
- <sup>7</sup> Council Minutes, 1910.
- <sup>8</sup> Kathleen Aitkens, *History of Peachland*.
- <sup>9</sup> Council Minutes, 1911.
- <sup>10</sup> Council Minutes, 1911.
- <sup>11</sup> Council Minutes, 1912.
- <sup>12</sup> Peachland Museum files on "The Concrete Industry in Peachland."



## THE BRICKYARD

by Ettie Adam

An interesting piece of Kelowna's history should not be lost to future generations. It is the story of the brickyard started in 1905 by Messrs. Harvey and Jackman. It flourished for many years almost in the heart of the old town. It was situated at the foot of Knox Mountain where Knox Mountain Metals is presently located. There are still remnants of the old kilns to be seen in the walls of some of their buildings. There were three kilns each turning out about one hundred thousand bricks every two weeks.

In 1910 my father, Charles Clement, rented the business and later bought it with Mr. Herman Riggs as his partner. Mr. George Goldsmith who had been foreman for the previous owners stayed on for about a year and when he left, Mr. Lee Oakes arrived with his family from Nova Scotia to take over the job.

From 1911 to 1914 business boomed and bricks were supplied for several business blocks in town as well as schools, churches and private homes. A number of these can be seen scattered throughout the city. The two on Borden Avenue were built by Dad himself in 1912. The one on the corner of Ethel Street and Borden Avenue was for his partner and the one near the Buddhist Temple was for himself. He built a barn, too, which was turned into a house many years ago, but at that time was occupied by a beautiful team of heavy horses which he used in the business.

These two houses with the barn were the only buildings on the street at that time and it was like living in the country. At the height of this activity we often went with Dad to check on the progress of the brickmaking and the great blasting furnaces were always a fascinating sight to us children. Digging the clay from the bank above was a hot, hard job and we didn't envy the men working with pick and shovel in the sweltering heat of a long summer's day.

The evening was the time we liked best to go with Dad as the kilns glowed like fiery furnaces in the dark.

In 1914 World War I was declared and the building bubble burst. There was no alternative but to snuff the fires and let the kilns grow cold. This however was not the end of Kelowna's brickyard. The yard was re-opened about 1919 by Mr. George Ward and Mr. Arthur Baldock and once more Kelowna bricks were on the market. These two men carried on for several years and then sold out to W. Haug and Sons who ran it in conjunction with their building supply business. Under their management with new and more up to date machinery and with increased volume, many types of brick and tiles were made available to builders. Mr. Charles Goldsmith, the son of the first foreman, was now in that position and stayed till the permanent shut-down of the business sometime in the late thirties. As time went by new materials were invented and bricks went out of favor with the general public. Today they are making a come-back but seem to be used more as decoration than for complete buildings.



## ARMSTRONG CHEESE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION

1939 - 1961

by Mary H. E. Blackburn

First settlers in the Armstrong district undoubtedly had cows, for milk, for butter and for meat. The area lent itself to the keeping of dairy herds. As early as 1902 settlers organized to build a creamery, money to be raised by the sale of shares. The Municipal Council of the time was asked to support the project, but turned it down. Later, the Council was asked to help by way of exemption from taxes on the building to be erected. This assistance also was refused. Despite these setbacks, the settlers persevered and a creamery was built and equipped and a buttermaker hired. The first buttermaker was a Mr. Hughes and later Mr. Alfred Slater took over full control of the venture which prospered under his management. By 1923, the creamery, which was situated on Davis Creek, just north of the city, was producing 12,000 lbs. of butter per month. In 1924, after a great deal of controversy, the business was sold outright to Pat Burns and Company, who took over on July 1, 1925.

On Saturday, September 3, 1927 a fire completely destroyed the plant of the Okanagan Valley Co-operative Creamery, as it was then called. The Vernon City Council lost no time in giving Pat Burns and Co. large facilities and concessions to centre the creamery business at Vernon and, as no such inducements or co-operation was forth-coming from the Armstrong City Council, the creamery located in Vernon and Armstrong dairymen had to ship to Vernon or Salmon Arm or go out of business. Armstrong lost one of its most vital industries.

This is the background to the establishment, in 1938, of a cheese factory in Armstrong. The farmers, most certainly, and many of the businessmen of the time felt very keenly the loss of "their dairy" as an outlet for their milk and as a viable business for the community.





In 1937 Mr. Charles Busby, a cheese maker of good repute, moved to Armstrong. He could see the possibilities of starting a cheese plant in Armstrong and, after much talking, planning and organizing, the idea was accepted. Money was very scarce indeed and they managed with considerable difficulty to raise, by sale of shares of \$10.00 each, enough money to cover the cost of construction of the first plant. Messrs. Geo. Bawtinheimer and A. E. Warner loaned money to pay for the machinery. There were many difficulties to overcome as this was the only cheese factory in the province making cheese on a large scale. The lack of working capital made things extremely difficult. The project was also hampered by wild, unfounded speculation and rumour, as is often the case when new things are attempted. In spite of all this, the cheese factory commenced operation on Tuesday, February 1, 1938 with Charles Busby as cheesemaker, with A. P. Slade of Vancouver as promoter and with the entire output to be purchased by Slade and Stewart of Vancouver. Some of the interim Directors during the planning period were: Stan Noble, A. E. Sage, E. A. Norman, Donald Graham, Geo. Bawtinheimer and Ed Rochester.

The Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Association was formally incorporated in 1939. Its first Board of Directors were:

President:	A. E. Sage
Secretary-Treasurer:	J. W. (Jack) Evans
Board Members:	Edgar Dockstader
	A. E. Warner
	E. A. Norman
	H. W. (Bert) Pritchard

Mr. Evans served as Secretary-Treasurer until 1942. Then Mr. Pritchard took on this office and served until 1945.

In 1941, Mr. A. P. Slade, on behalf of the Board of Directors, hired Mr. Joe Mullen of Didsbury to take over as cheesemaker to improve the quality of the product. Mr. Mullen had eleven years of experience with Burns and Company and was most highly recommended by the chief produce grader, who was in the best position to know the quality of the cheese Mr. Mullen was producing. It is an interesting side-light that, in the letter to Mr. Mullen offering him the position in Armstrong, two of the inducements listed were that Armstrong boasted seven churches and also had running water. Mr. Mullen accepted the position, sight unseen, and he and his wife Blanche moved to Armstrong in November 1941.

Joe Mullen arrived to find the following situation:

On the positive side of the ledger:

1. There was plenty of milk available
2. He was offered excellent co-operation from the producers of the area

On the negative side:

1. The financial affairs of the Association were in poor shape because at the time of the original borrowing some funds had been borrowed at an exorbitant rate and these debts could not be retired until later borrowings, at a lesser rate, had been repaid. This meant that the young Association was carrying a very heavy load of debt.

2. There was inadequate space in the building for the proper manufacture of cheese and for the curing and storing of the finished product.



3. Very little credit was available from the local banks and this meant that the Association had to proceed very slowly indeed. Their only source of funds was the Producers' Reserve Fund, a fund created by holding back a small percentage from payments to producers for butterfat shipped. This fund was the only money available for capital expenses, except for some very small borrowing as the business gained in assets. Later, a small Dominion Government grant was available to assist in the building of a cheese storage facility.

In 1941 the staff of the Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Association was as follows:

Joe Mullen - Cheesemaker — His contract called for him to supply and pay for all the help required in the manufacture of cheese. In return he was to be paid 10¢ per pound on the cheese manufactured.

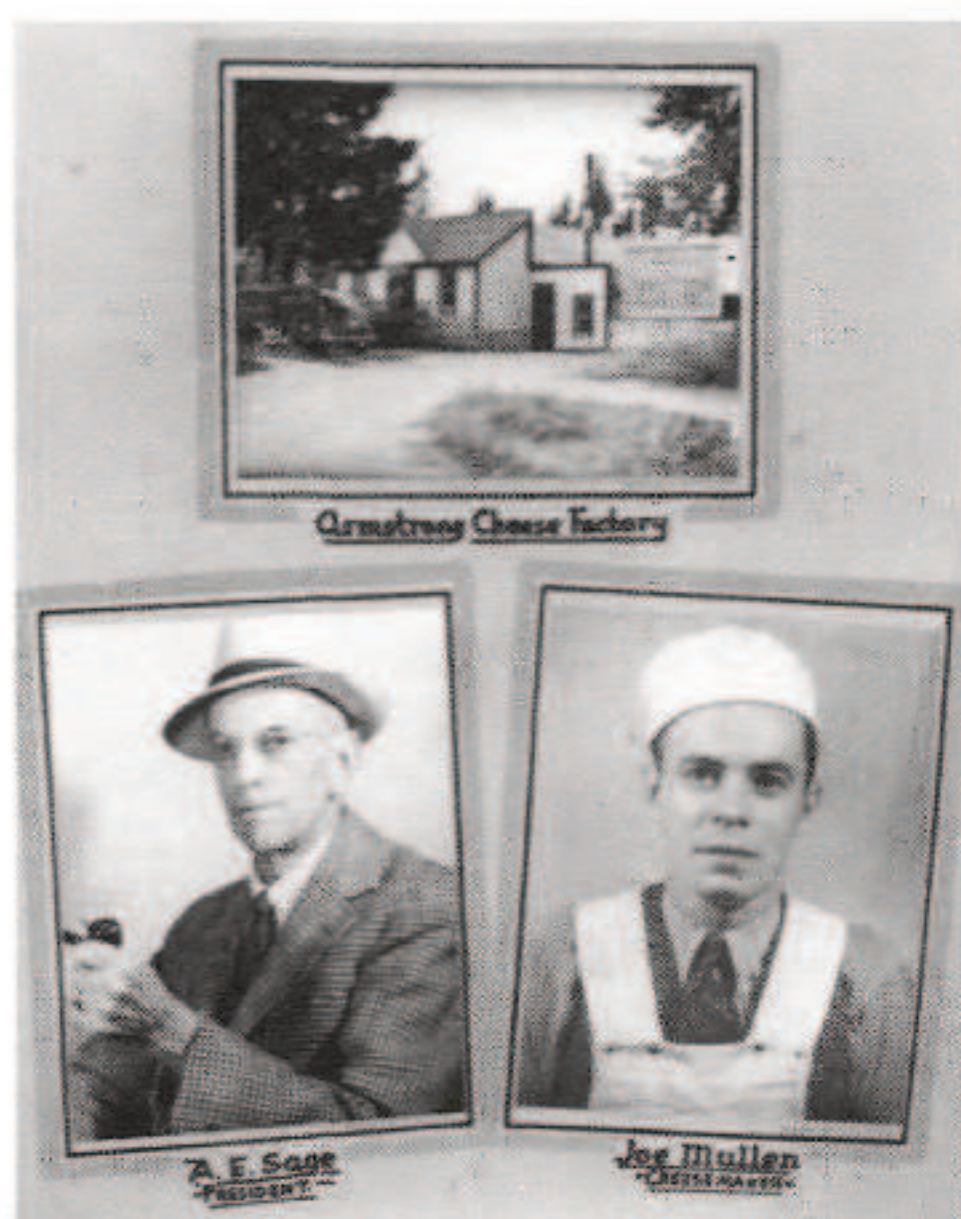
Syd Nash - Assistant Cheese Maker — \$90.00 per month

Warren Graves - helper — \$60.00 per month

Truckers - Ken Nash and Dan Popowich who were paid 15¢ to 18¢ per cwt. of milk hauled.

During the next four years the business prospered. The volume of cheese manufactured increased phenomenally as the following figures show:

1941	190,000 lbs.
1942	480,000 lbs.
1943	820,000 lbs.



By 1943 the co-operative was the second largest producer of cheese in Canada.

In 1941 the Association constructed a controlled temperature cheese curing room. In 1942 at the British Empire Show held at Belleville, Ontario, the Association's cheese won two second prizes in an open competition for all Canada in which there were 385 entries. In 1943 there was a fire in the plant



which caused some damage to the building. It was a matter of pride with management that milk was shipped to Vernon for only one day after the fire and then the plant resumed operation and commenced rebuilding on a larger scale. During this rebuilding the plant was equipped with a larger boiler. During the next few years a can washer was purchased and more milk vats were added. Also added to the Association's equipment was a butter churn and a whey separator. This last item enabled the dairy to recover butterfat heretofore lost in the whey. This recovered butterfat was made into whey butter and marketed under the name of "Victory Brand", a name suggested by Mrs. Stan Noble.

By 1944, Joe Mullen was named Manager as well as cheesemaker. "Armstrong Cheese" had now acquired a name for superb quality and was very much in demand throughout the province.

In 1948 Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Association expanded into fluid milk processing by purchasing the City Dairy from Myers Fransden of Armstrong. This move resulted in increased returns to producers. A steady expansion into fluid milk processing in valley markets was as follows:

Penticton in 1951    Kamloops in 1953    Salmon Arm in 1954

Vernon in 1952    Kelowna in 1953

The Association was now producing a full line of dairy products including ice cream and cottage cheese which were marketed under the brand name of VALLEY DAIRY.

In 1950 Joe Mullen became General Manager and his contract was changed from the percentage of cheese manufactured to a salary.

In 1952 the employees were experiencing considerable unrest. Union organizers were working to set up locals. Noca Dairy had been unionized for some time prior to this and were in the throes of negotiating a new contract with the union. Not all Armstrong Cheese employees, by any means, favoured joining a union and the matter was strongly argued over several months. Considerable pressure was put upon the staff and, finally, Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Association voted to form a union. This was early in 1953.

In 1954 Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Board of Directors, acting for fluid milk members of the Association, asked and received the consent of the B.C. Milk Board to control the Association's fluid milk production. The Milk Board established the price paid to the producers each month for their milk.

These two factors, the unionization of employees and the control of fluid milk prices by the Milk Board, drastically changed the operation of the Association. The Association had started and operated successfully as a co-operative, where, to put it in simple terms, the co-op purchased milk from producers, processed the milk, paid all costs and expenses and returned the remaining profits to the shareholders (the producers). Now, the producers were paid a price set by the Milk Board; the employees were paid wages agreed to with the union. Neither figure bore any relation whatever to what profits, if any, the Association's business was producing. This might appear to be an over-simplification of the situation, but it is certainly true that the Association was started on a downhill course.

For the years 1958, 1959 and 1960 the Association's books showed a loss. Management instituted economies where possible, but their hands were tied by the following irrefutable facts: the selling prices of manufactured products had to be competitive; wages and conditions of employment were set by



agreement with the union and the price paid to the producers was set by the B.C. Milk Board. Any small economies seemed fruitless.

General Manager Joe Mullen advised the Directors that the Association should retract rather than continue to expand and that one or more of the branch businesses should be sold. The Directors of the time did not agree with this solution and felt that more expansion was the answer. As Mr. Mullen felt that he could not continue as General Manager under these circumstances, nor could he pursue a management policy so diametrically opposed to what he felt was needed, he gave his notice to the Board.

Allen Sheardown was hired by the Board of Directors to pursue their chosen policy. The business continued to lose. B.C. Central Credit Union, the bankers for the Association, warned that the heavy overdrafts could not continue. Finally, on July 12, 1961, B.C. Central Credit Union called the overdraft which resulted in immediate closure of the plant. This foretold closure was carefully timed to take effect when the accounts receivable funds were most healthy and the Credit Union were able to recoup their loans. However, the milk producers lost thousands of dollars that they never recovered.

This was the end of Armstrong Cheese Co-operative Association. From an idea, to a very small beginning, this co-operative effort of farmers and businessmen and hundreds of enthusiastic employees had grown far beyond the wildest dreams of its original organizers. The Association had stimulated the growth of dairying in the region and had provided employment. Armstrong Cheese had become renowned for its superb quality and Valley Dairy products were enjoyed all over the interior. The failure of this Association was a crushing loss to many dairymen and a very cruel blow to the business life of the community.

## NOTE

The buildings of Armstrong Cheese Co-operative were purchased by Dutch Dairies of Kamloops and operated under that name. They continued to make Armstrong Cheese and had the foresight to register the trade name "Armstrong Cheese" in every Province in Canada.

The business has since been sold to Dairyland together with the registered trade name "Armstrong Cheese" and it is still possible to purchase this excellent cheese in Western Canada.

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Before a large audience in Empire Hall, Summerland, Prime Minister W. L. MacKenzie King asked that the hand of government be strengthened in order to make possible the carrying out of his western policy. He outlined in detail what his government had accomplished for the west.

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1924  
*The Summerland Review*



## SUMMERLAND RESEARCH STATION

by Bill McPhee

A report entitled "The Summerland Laboratory of Plant Pathology 1921 - 1924" includes the following paragraph:

Up to this time there was no stenographer appointed for the Laboratory, but through the courtesy of Mr. Helmer, the Superintendent, the Experimental Station stenographer was loaned to McLarty for two days each week. This arrangement soon proved unsatisfactory and wholly inadequate. At times Mrs. McLarty had to help with the stenographic work and with the card indexing of bulletins. McLarty protested, and some alleviation was promised. In January, 1924, Miss May Harrison, the Station stenographer, resigned suddenly to take a position in the local bank. To tide themselves over until a new stenographer could be advertised for, McLarty and the Station between them hired Miss Ada Burritt on a laboring basis. Under this arrangement the Laboratory and Station each paid Miss Burritt for her time. When a new stenographer was appointed for the Station, McLarty retained Miss Burritt, but still on an hourly basis. It was not until 1927 that the position of Stenographer was created. Miss Burritt resigned in 1928 and Miss Zoe Fudge replaced her. Miss Fudge resigned in the spring of 1940 to become Mrs. Frederick Beeman. Miss Muriel Macready replaced her. Miss Macready resigned in the summer of 1943 to take over the family business in Mara. Miss Gladys Beeman replaced Miss Macready.

The paragraph typifies the personal style of earlier scientific writing which was almost gossipy.

The following is a summary of the early history of the Plant Pathology Section as condensed from the above mentioned report and the book **Plant Pathology in Canada**, I. L. Connors, Editor.

The Summerland Laboratory of Plant Pathology, H. R. McLarty, Officer-in-charge, was established on September 1, 1921. McLarty arrived in the Okanagan in the late summer and immediately began supervising the erection of the Laboratory building of which only the basement excavation then existed.

Since there was neither building nor equipment, only field survey and experimental work could be undertaken. McLarty conscientiously applied himself to both, thereby beginning a tradition of carrying on field experiments in grower-owned orchards which was to prove in the years to come so very fruitful for the Laboratory both in results and in winning the growers' confidence.

Although the Laboratory was established for the prime purpose of studying fire blight, by the time McLarty had facilities to conduct some studies of the disease, a system of control which was considered satisfactory at that time, had been developed and McLarty began working on non-parasitic disorders.

During the 1924 season, it was unusually dry and fungus diseases were less in evidence than ever but there was bacterial disease of tomato (caused by *Phytophthora michiganense*) which had appeared for the first time in B.C. and a student from the University of British Columbia, T. M. C. Taylor,



came to the Laboratory for the summer of 1924 - 1925 as an unclassified junior assistant to work on this problem. Many years later, T. M. C. Taylor became Head of the Department of Biology at the University of British Columbia.

While Taylor was the first assistant with any sort of University training to be taken on at the Laboratory, Tom Joy had been employed since the spring of 1922 as Laboratory Steward. Joy was an excellent mechanic and a man of wide experience in several crafts. His association with the Laboratory, virtually from its inception, has probably had a greater influence on the development of the surroundings and the services now enjoyed than that of any other one individual. The buildings, the workshop, and the designing of enumerable pieces of intricate equipment have all been his responsibility.

When Taylor returned to the University in the fall of 1924, Miss J. Bostock replaced him. Miss Bostock, who was the daughter of Senator Bostock, remained about a year. Her main contributions were making additions to the herbarium and making colour sketches of winter-injured buds.

In 1926, G. E. Woolliams had joined McLarty to become the first assistant plant pathologist and to be trained to take over responsibility for the vegetable diseases. In addition, A. T. Davidson came on as a summer assistant for the years 1926 - 27. He was accidentally killed in Vancouver thereafter.

In 1928, another assistant, J. C. Roger, was appointed. Roger's appointment came as the result of pressure from the British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association to have work done on the control of crown rot of apple trees. In 1926, there had been on the Orr property at Winfield a loss of some 40 McIntosh trees. H. H. Evans of the Provincial Service at Vernon, and McLarty, had both investigated and neither had been satisfied that the loss of these trees could be attributed to either winter injury of the crown or to any known parasitic disease. Much interest developed among both growers and technical men as to the cause and cure of the trouble, and it is most interesting to note that it was a direct result of this trouble that the Experimental Station first became interested in work on rootstocks.

Roger was well suited for the work. He had had considerable experience in practical orchard work and had been employed in various capacities by both Dominion and Provincial Governments. He was at the time of his appointment, assistant to the Penticton District Horticulturist, R. P. Murray. When he came to the Laboratory, besides working on crown rot, he was seconded to test the then new zinc chloride canker paint for fire-blight control that had been developed in California; to continue the orchard spray tests for mildew, and to assist McLarty with the work on physiological disorders.

For two months, July and August, in 1929, G. V. Van Tausk, Agriculture Instructor of the Penticton High School, worked at the Laboratory on tomato breakdown. He was replaced in 1930 by Reg. Hammond who spent two summers, 1930 - 31, working at the Laboratory.

McLarty left the Laboratory in August of 1929 to pursue graduate studies at Chicago and did not return until June, 1930. In his absence Roger acted as executive officer. In the winter of '31 and '32, Woolliams likewise obtained leave of absence to do graduate work. He went to Toronto.

1930 was another dry year. Losses from corky core were estimated at 200,000 boxes of the 4 million box crop (5%), but these losses of course would



not include fruit lost through die-back and drought-spot, nor did they give the true picture of the predicament many growers found themselves in. The losses in some orchards were putting their owners out of business. The situation was rapidly becoming worse.

About this time, the "Physiological Disorders Committee" was set up and recruited several men who later had very successful careers. J. C. Wilcox, a horticulturalist who was particularly interested in irrigation studies, later became Head of the Soils, Plant Nutrition and Irrigation Section at Summerland and achieved an international reputation for his studies of water requirements and irrigation of deciduous fruit trees; Irving C. Smith, a chemist who eventually became Comptroller of Monsanto Chemical Company; C. G. Woodbridge, a chemist who now is Professor of Horticulture at Washington State University. Dr. Wilcox is still actively engaged in research at the Station at the ripe young age of 78.

By 1932, McLarty had become convinced that the troubles he was dealing with were caused by the inability of the trees to obtain a properly balanced mineral supply. He began injecting the common fertilizer elements directly into the tree limbs. In the first trial no response was obtained to any of the materials so injected. In 1933, he tried again extending the list of elements and injecting 128 trees. The next year, 1934, three of these were free of drought-spot and corky core. All three had been injected with the same compound, boric acid. More extensive experiments involving the injection of fifty trees with various salts of boron were begun in the fall of 1934. So successful were these that the committee decided at once to recommend the injection method to growers, but with the warning that they should try it only on trees so severely affected as to be commercially useless. Meanwhile soil applications at various rates were made on experimental plots. These proved that one-half pound of boric acid per mature tree was as equally effective as injected material, and the next year (1936) this more practical method was advised. By 1937, it was apparent that most of the irrigated orchard land of the dry interior of British Columbia was rapidly becoming deficient in boron, and that summer a blanket recommendation covering the treatment of all land in orchard was made. Since that time no serious losses from corky core, drought-spot, or die-back have been incurred so that the solution of that problem would appear now to be complete and final.

While it is true that during the years 1931 to 1937 a very large proportion of the time and appropriation of the Laboratory was consumed by the researches on physiological disorder, not all was so used. McLarty and Roger spent part of their time on crown rot, on powdery mildew and on apricot fruit scab. Moreover, in the years 1931 to 1936 apple scab was very troublesome in the Salmon Arm and Lavington districts, 1932 and 1936 being particularly bad years. The work on scab was assigned to Woolliams who carried it in addition to the work on vegetable diseases.

In the fall of 1932, J. W. Eastham, Provincial Plant Pathologist, drew attention to a mottle leaf condition of sweet cherry which he had found in Nelson, B.C. This disease quickly rendered the affected trees useless commercially. It was suspected to be of virus nature. Transfer experiments were undertaken and by 1934 its virus nature had been established.

The position of the fruit industry of British Columbia with respect to virus diseases had been up to this time a very happy one. Unlike Ontario, no



such troubles were known to exist and legislation governing the movement of trees and fruit into the province from all areas where such diseases were known to be present, was very strict. Obviously the spontaneous appearance of a virus disease as destructive as mottle leaf promised to be, could not be passed over lightly.

In 1931, to augment the staff, T. B. Lott was transferred from the Saanich Laboratory to Summerland, and in 1935, M. F. Welsh, then an undergraduate student at the University of British Columbia, was employed as a general laboratory assistant for the summer months. The juniors somewhat relieved the pressure on the senior staff, and McLarty was able to devote part of his time to survey and investigational work on the mottle leaf problem.

Unfortunately at this critical time, Roger, after a very brief illness, died suddenly on November 11, 1935. During the winter of 1936 - 37, at the very time when his researches on boron deficiency were producing valuable data, McLarty himself was forced to take three months' leave of absence and leave the Okanagan. During that winter, Woolliams also was away continuing his postgraduate work at Toronto.

When McLarty returned in the spring of 1937, two major problems confronted him and his staff:

1. The problem of sorting over the host of miscellaneous disorders that still existed and deciding which were due to boron deficiency and which were not;

2. The problem presented by the presence of at least one very destructive virus disease of cherries in the Kootenay district, which, were it to spread to the Okanagan would endanger the much larger plantings here.

Besides these problems there were, of course, various miscellaneous services, such as diagnosis and spray testing, to be maintained.

In 1938, another student assistant, P. Salsbury, was taken on for the summer. The work was then divided among the members of the Staff in the following way:

1. Physiological disorders and diagnosis: McLarty — Fitzpatrick — Woodbridge (Chemist)
2. Crown rot of apple: Fitzpatrick — Welsh
3. Survey of mottle leaf, etc.: Lott
4. Vegetable diseases and spray service: Woolliams — Salsbury

In 1939, Salsbury was replaced by Frances Mellor. Fitzpatrick withdrew from active participation in the crown rot problem, so that Welsh might devote his full time to it and use it as the research problem in the winters at the University of Toronto.

With regard to crown rot, since 1940 it has been known that this is a parasitic disease. Welsh's researches into the problem were extensive enough to allow for their use in 1942 as his doctorate thesis. From 1942 onward, the resistance of apple stocks and scions to the casual fungus have been tested, this work being done at the request of, and in collaboration with the Summerland Station in the hope of finding immune material. To date, we know of several varieties of very high resistance and it would seem that there is a reasonable chance one or the other of these could be developed to give a satisfactory solution to the problem. In Welsh's absence, Mellor and Fitzpatrick took over the crown rot problem.

During the 1940's and early 1950's, a major revolution occurred in



agriculture. Since the discovery of lime sulphur in 1908 and the introduction of the power sprayer in 1911, there had been no fundamental change in the technique used in controlling pests and disease. However, at the end of World War II the picture began to change. Organic pesticides were introduced. In addition advances had taken place in the development of spray equipment, much of the basic research in this latter case being carried out here in the Okanagan Valley.

The survey for cherry mottle leaf which Lott began in 1938 coincided with similar surveys and interests which were taking shape throughout the Pacific States. In the decade which intervened between the original researches on mottle leaf and the present day, a host of new fruit tree viruses have appeared in British Columbia or are threatening to do so. Some of these we diagnosed ourselves, others we were told of by our colleagues in the United States. Some are apparently of little import, a few are potentially dangerous, and one at least might be disastrous if it ever reaches the Okanagan. This latter one was, of course, the now infamous "Little Cherry".

Welsh and Andison, and later D. B. Waddell who replaced Andison, did the early work on the "Little Cherry" virus. So devastating was this disease in the Creston area at that time that trees free from "Little Cherry", to be used for research, were extremely difficult to find. In the out-of-the-way places where healthy trees were available, there was competition from Grosbeaks who ate the fruit buds, deer who stripped the foliage from the trees, natives who often got to the fruit before the researchers and bears who sometimes gobbled the fruit, breaking down the trees as they reached or climbed.

From the 1950's, the staff at the Research Station has grown to include 2 dozen scientists who represent a number of specialties and many of the men recruited about this time are now Section Heads and well known to the growers in the Valley.

In conclusion, I go to the appendix of the "1921 - 1944 Report", which states in part:

As to the future:

The primary services of the Laboratory must be, as they always have been, to diagnose and to prescribe, and when insufficient is known to do either, to investigate. In the past most requests for assistance have come from individual growers. To a large extent the evaluation of the urgency of any particular problem has been made, not by the growers themselves, but by the Staff of the Laboratory. In British Columbia the growing strength of farmer organizations is rapidly changing this picture. It is not difficult to foresee that, as these organizations develop, it is they, not the Laboratory staff who will evaluate the merits of the individual problem. This, while it will have many advantages, will have one definite drawback. It will tend to bring pressure almost exclusively on those problems which are immediate, and so may very well operate to leave certain equally important but long-continuing projects unsupported. We believe that such a situation can best be met by a frank admission of the danger of its arising. And, let us hasten to add, we believe that a full explanation of the value of any project, however long-continuing, will always obtain a sympathetic hearing from the leaders of our grower



organizations. What is true for the plant pathological service is, of course, equally true for the other branches of Science Service and for the Experimental Farms Service.

The strength of the farmer organizations in the Okanagan is obvious today and their participation and cooperation with the Research Station is encouraging. Based on the 1978 "feelings" of the industry, the 1945 fear that strong farmer organizations "may well leave certain important but long continuing projects unsupported" underestimated the foresight of the present-day leaders of these organizations.



Photographer: G. H. E. Hudson Held By: L. Leathly Collection - Kelowna Museum.



## THE STORY OF DROUGHT SPOT IN APPLES\*

by J. C. Wilcox, Summerland

\*This article has been prepared especially for the Okanagan Historical Society with the idea of illustrating how scientists go about solving problems and finding out new facts.

What is drought spot? Only the old-time tree fruit growers are really familiar with it. Its symptoms are as follows: (1) russetting, spotting or pitting of the fruit. In severe cases the apples are small, gnarled and split. (2) Corky core, a browning of the tissue around the core, often spreading outward toward the skin. (3) Leaf scorch and shoot die-back, resulting sometimes in death of the tree. In this article all three of these are included under the one term, "Drought Spot".

In the early 1920's my dad had an orchard at Salmon Arm and our first experience with corky core was in our McIntosh apples. It was so bad at times that we had to cut open several apples from each box and the presence of corky core meant discarding the whole box. As time passed, corky core appeared in several other varieties, then typical drought spot symptoms appeared on the surface of the apples. Finally, severe leaf scorch and die-back affected one block of McIntosh grown on sandy soil.

We did not know what to call these symptoms, nor what caused them; nor were we aware that the same problems were being encountered in the Okanagan and Similkameen Valleys.

When I graduated from U.B.C. my dad said: "Jack, you now know all about pruning. I want you to go up to Block 11 and prune the McIntosh trees there." Well, I couldn't believe what I saw! The shoots had died back, and from below each dead shoot a mass of new shoots had grown out. Each tree looked like a brush pile. I did the best I could but thought to myself, "I'll bet that dad doesn't know how to prune these trees".

### Growers Ask For Research

During the early 1920's, orchards in the Okanagan Valley and elsewhere became affected with drought spot. So the growers asked for help to find out the cause and cure.

Dr. R. H. McLarty, head of the Plant Pathology Laboratory at the Summerland Research Station, decided to investigate it. He found that, in general, it was worse in some varieties than others; worse on sandy soils; and the corky core symptom was worse in dry years. He tested badly affected fruit for infectious diseases but found none. In other words, it was not a true disease. So what was it? He concluded that it must be a "physiological disorder". But what kind?

Dr. McLarty read the "literature". He found that similar symptoms had been reported in different parts of the world; in fact, as far away as New Zealand. But nobody had reported the cause or the cure. Speculation was that it was caused by a deficiency of soil moisture. Hence the use of the term "drought spot".

Dr. McLarty also asked growers what they thought might be the cause. It so happened that that year drought spot was not as bad as usual. One grower said he had plowed between the rows and this had reduced the drought spot. Another had quit all cultivation with the same result. Another had pruned heavily, another had quit pruning, and so on it went. One grower said that he



never had drought spot on the trees at the back of his house. Why? Because his wife threw her wash water there. In East Kelowna, where an oil well was being drilled, there was general opinion that oil fumes were seeping up into the tree roots and causing the trouble. After all the information he received, McLarty decided he would have to start from scratch.

### **More Complete Research Program Needed**

The British Columbia Fruit Growers' Association pressed the federal and B.C. governments for an all-out research effort. This the two governments agreed to carry out. Late in 1930 the research officers at the Summerland Research Station and three Okanagan provincial horticulturists made preliminary plans.

Early in 1931 these plans were put into effect. Dr. McLarty was asked to head the research and a supportive committee was named. It consisted of Dick Palmer from Summerland, Maurice Middleton from Vernon, Ben Hoy from Kelowna and Bob Murray from Penticton. They looked for a suitable orchard in which to conduct field experiments and, with Ben Hoy's help, the Spencer orchard in East Kelowna was selected. A lease arrangement was made whereby the orchard would belong to the federal government after six years. The trees in this orchard were 20 years old and most of them had drought spot symptoms. The orchard is still called the East Kelowna Substation.

The supportive committee acted for the six years that it took to solve the drought spot problem. When Mr. Middleton retired, his place was taken by Harry Evans of Vernon.

### **The Initial Research Program**

Help was needed for Dr. McLarty. Accordingly, an experienced orchardist (Trimble) was hired as orchard foreman; a graduate horticulturist (myself) to put into effect the research program in the orchard; and a chemist to work in the Plant Pathology laboratory on soil, leaf, fruit and bud tissue. During the investigation there were five chemists, the main contributors being Irving Smith, Jack Stewart, Cyril Woodbridge and David Ashby. When Trimble retired, Spencer Dyson replaced him as orchard foreman.

With the help of his committee, McLarty developed a comprehensive program for the Substation. It included a large number of plots. Just the right amount of water was applied to one plot, twice this much to another, and half as much to another. The trees in one plot were pruned normally, in another severely, in another not at all. Similarly, light medium and severe root pruning was done. Different plots received moderate fertilizer, no fertilizer, and excess fertilizer (20 pounds per tree). This was done in separate plots for nitrogen, phosphate and potash fertilizers, while in other plots all three fertilizers were applied together. The applications per tree were thus as high as 60 pounds.

Dr. McLarty also collected small roots from both healthy and sick trees. These were examined with a microscope to determine differences in health of the root hairs.

During the life of this experimental work, careful records were kept on all trees, of tree growth, yield of good fruit, yield of fruit showing drought spot and corky core, and symptoms of leaf scorch and die-back.



### Results Obtained

There was some evidence in 1931 that heavy applications of potash were improving the health of both trees and fruit. On the other hand, nitrogen made the disease worse. So also did too little water. None of the other treatments appeared to have any effect on drought spot, though nitrogen increased tree growth and root pruning reduced it.

In 1932 Dr. McLarty decided to follow up the possible effect of potassium on drought spot. He made auger holes into tree trunks and big branches, filled each hole with a chemically pure potassium compound in crystalline form, and sealed it with asphaltum. The only results he got were some burning of the bark above and below each hole.

So, back to the drawing board again. After consultation with his chemists, he wrote to the company that manufactured the potash fertilizer (Cominco at Trail), and received from them a long list of the impurities that it contained. Included were some major elements like calcium and magnesium, and a long list of minor elements. It seemed certain that there must be one element in this list that would tell the story. But which one?

The following year a few of these elements were injected singly into apple trees, and the rest were lumped together into groups that were mixed and injected. One of these groups produced a cure!

In 1934 the constituents of this group were injected separately into different trees, and the cause of drought spot was found to be a lack of boron. In other words boron (such as borax or boric acid) cured the drought spot.

That fall Dr. McLarty prepared a report for the growers in British Columbia, outlining the results obtained and the procedure used in obtaining them. At several sites in the fruit growing areas he also gave demonstrations of how to inject borax into the trees. He warned growers that this procedure could cause some burning of the bark. Being a very careful research worker he did not yet publish his results in a scientific journal.

### Work Done Since 1934

In 1935 Dr. McLarty tried different amounts of borax and boric acid, to find out how much was needed for each size of tree to accomplish a complete cure for drought spot, corky core and die-back. The minimum required for a complete cure was 1.4 grams of borate ( $\text{BO}_3$ ) per 100 square centimeters of cross-sectional area of the trunk. He also tested the use of boric acid on the soil, and found that it required 8 ounces for a large tree or 30 pounds per acre. This was his final recommendation at that time.

Tests were also made by spraying boric acid onto the foliage. This was found to effect a quick cure, and has been used by many growers since then.

By 1936 Dr. McLarty had all he needed to publish two comprehensive papers on the use of boron compounds for curing and preventing the occurrence of drought spot and related disorders. This gained him international acclaim. In subsequent work, boron has been found to be essential for other tree fruits and for alfalfa and vegetables.

Dr. McLarty had only one regret. If only 15 or 20 growers had reported to him that wash water had cured the disease, he could have solved the problem in much less time. You see, the cleaning material put into the wash water at that time was usually borax.



# FROM THE PEOPLE A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OKANAGAN INDIAN CURRICULUM PROJECT

by Jeffrey Smith

The Okanagan Indian Curriculum Project (or O.I.C.P.) officially began in 1979 after two full years of trying to convince educators that: first, we were totally committed to presenting history to our children from the native point of view and, second, we were determined to carry out this idea regardless of the acceptance or rejection of the idea by the funding agencies. The Okanagan Tribal Education Committee decided to give the Project priority. The Committee was experienced in the political arena, having worked at the local, provincial and national levels prior to 1979, and members knew that education both attracts and embraces politics. This experience was, I believe, the primary reason why the negotiators for O.T.E.C. were so successful in dealing with the sometimes four and sometimes up to six school districts of the Okanagan that participated in the Project. The dealings which the Committee had had with both the federal and the provincial governments over educational issues, including the matter of Indian control of education, provided training in negotiating. The O.I.C.P. was just one aspect of an overall plan outlined by the Central Interior Tribal Councils in their study "Major Steps Towards Self-sufficiency", a document which put forth a plan for assuming Indian control of economic, educational and social matters relating to the bands and their members. I believe that a major step in this direction has been achieved. The next stage of work to be done is ready to be discussed seriously by the various band councils and members at large.

The Project was initiated to deal directly with the appalling drop-out rate of Indian children. By 1979 there was also a new phenomenon, juvenile suicide. The numbers of young people, particularly teenagers, taking their own lives was appalling. We thought that we should do something constructive because the situation was desperate. We had to think of teaching strategies that would reinforce and, in some cases, recreate Indianness, that is Indian identity. After the first year of research was completed, the next thing that was studied was traditional Okanagan teaching and child rearing practices. The O.I.C.P. took off from there. Marina Joe wrote the initial drafts of an elementary curriculum and Don Fiddler along with Rita Jack, Jeannette Armstrong and myself revised the units after they were field-tested in many public schools. Primary resource material was prepared by Jeannette Armstrong, Delphine Derrickson (Baptiste), Barb Marchand, and many others. But, in truth, everyone got involved in writing, brainstorming and editing. Secretaries became experts in critiquing; administrators conducted curriculum workshops. Units for the Secondary School Social Studies Curriculum (Grades 8 through 11) involved many more people, but the work was accomplished and the material will be in use by the fall of 1983.

We have been excited by the books which were prepared. We thought that Jeannette Armstrong's book *Enwhisteetkwa* was publishable and that the curriculum units were educationally sound. *Enwhisteetkwa* is now in the bookstores. We have been told that the curriculum materials, which include teachers' guides, students' resource guides, video tapes, audio tapes and a 16-millimeter film, were of professional quality. We have discovered that



there are many talented Indian people in the valley! There are artists, singers, writers, administration people and audio-visual experts. However, much of that talent hadn't really had an opportunity for expression until the O.I.C.P. provided one. The quality of the teaching materials was important to the Project's survival, especially in the current economic situation. Otherwise, the whole idea might have been scrapped because students, today, expect a high standard in their study materials. The curriculum units for Kindergarten to Grade Six are now being used in schools in every district in the Okanagan, as well as throughout the Province and in other parts of Canada. Since Theytus Books has taken over the publication and distribution of the secondary school material, these items have been sold in the United States and Europe and have been distributed even in mainland China. One of the most significant aspects of the O.I.C.P. is that the curriculum was produced almost entirely by Indian people. Not only are the stories literally the tales and experiences of the Okanagan Indians, but the designing of the teaching units, the molding of the materials for classroom presentation and, finally, the production were accomplished by Indian people, many of whom had at one time dropped out of the educational system. These people had significant educational experiences in their lives, however, having been trained in the traditional educational disciplines of the Okanagan people.

The O.I.C.P. has truly been a community effort. Hundreds of people have worked on the Project and are proud to have volunteered their time and made their own contribution. In this way the Okanagan Indian Curriculum Project is truly from the people.



Podunk Davis's Trapper's Cabin on the Podunk River (upper Tulameen).  
For Podunk Davis's part in the rescue of Nurse Warburton see the 46th Report pages 117-123.  
R. S. Manuel



## SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

Recollections — The Activities of Vernon Boys  
1914 - 1919

by William Ruhmann

**Editor's Note:** William Ruhmann, who now lives in Lake Oswego, Oregon, lived as a boy in Vernon. The following is a portion of his account of the activities of teen-age boys during the First World War. The full text, which includes the names of many of his friends and the specific jobs they held, is housed in the Vernon Museum. The article begins with a visit young William made to his grandparents at Kelowna.

A few days later, I came home to find Grandma weeping — Granddad angry! Germany had attacked Russia! England and France had declared war on Germany.

The next day, August 5, 1914, my Grandparents put me on board the paddle-wheeler S. S. Sicamous for my trip back home to Vernon. My homecoming, as I remember, was rather restrained. Questions about my visit seemed to be perfunctory. There were no smiling faces — the shock of war was already changing our lives! The newspaper headlines were: VOLUNTEER! JOIN UP! SERVE KING AND COUNTRY! For the youth of the land, fun, games and laughter were lost.

The several squadrons of the Okanagan Valley reserve regiment, the 30th British Columbia Horse which consisted of more than 500 cavalymen, were called into active service. A training camp was established on Mission Hill south of Vernon, British Columbia. Row on row of white bell tents were a constant reminder that our soldiers were in training.

After the establishment of this camp, an internment camp for enemy aliens was constructed. This ten-acre camp, enclosed by a high barbed wire fence, was located at the intersection of 27th Street (Mara Avenue) and 43rd Avenue. Soldiers walked on guard duty to and fro between the sentry boxes. Each guard would call out the hour and, on a descending note, "All's Well!" How the internees and townspeople endured that hourly call for more than four years is impossible to say. Each day there was a changing of the guard. Those at the internment camp were replaced daily by a new unit from Mission Hill.

The marching group which escorted the guard unit was a drum and trumpet band which had been organized in 1916. It was trained and led by Sgt. Tommy Vaughn. The group, with the exception of Vaughn, Marriott, Pruitt, Newell, Treadgold and Western, were high school boys.

**Trumpeters:** Corporal Spence Newell, Lance Corporal Frank Marriott, Walter "Wally" Mattock, Robert "Bert" Mattock, Ted Pruitt, William May, Horace Foote, Alan Robey, A. G. "Bert" Treadgold, Wilfred Phillips, Arthur Phillips, Cecil Phillips.

**Side Drums:** Wilfred Moffat, Stuart Jenkins, Leslie Dodd, Sidney Braird, Homer Conn, Albert "Spud" Murphy, W. Western.

**Bass Drummer:** Maurice Mitchell.

All band members were Vernon boys with the exception of Western and Treadgold who were from Kelowna.

In December 1916, a fourteen-year old high school boy, Thomas E. Jessett, joined the 30th B.C. Horse. Because of his self-taught stenographic skills, he quickly advanced to Orderly Room Corporal. Tom, with a glint in



his eye, years later commented, "My rank caused problems at home — Dad was just a private in the same regiment!"

The battalions in training on the Hill grew as recruits from throughout the Province arrived by troop trains. Soon there were soldiers everywhere! They were marching on the parade ground, attacking dummies in bayonet drills, performing long marches with full packs and shooting on the rifle ranges. Those in the signal corps practiced sending messages with flags and, when the sun was shining, by heliograph. At night, messages went from one hill to another by lights blinking dots and dashes. Boys who had learned the Morse Code made clandestine watches — hoping to intercept a secret communication.

During the summer of 1916, a group of about ten school boys organized to deliver the daily paper to the men in the camp. This was strictly a business venture. They made arrangements to have the two town jitneys (Model T Fords with the tops removed) at the station when the noon train arrived from Vancouver. Each boy grabbed fifty papers when the bundled newspapers were thrown out of the baggage car. They jumped aboard the jitneys for a noisy race to the Hill, down Barnard Avenue and up 32nd Street (Seventh Street) with horns blowing. They raced to the camp gate where the soldiers were eagerly waiting.



Tom Kyte packing house September 1917.  
(Left to right) Tom Kyte, W. Ruhmann, and Charlie White



Four years of close contact with soldiers had a noticeable effect on the youth of the community. Men in uniform were everywhere — on Barnard Avenue Saturday evening, at church on Sunday, as guests in homes and, during the summer, relaxing in the sun on the beach at Kalamalka Lake. Four battalions trained at the Central Mobilization Camp at Vernon. By the winter of 1916, the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, the Okanagan's own battalion, and the 172nd Battalion, called the Rocky Mountain Rangers, were overseas. The 158th, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles left in November. Still training on the Hill was the 225th Battalion made up of recruits from the Kootenay and the Boundary. Almost every boy collected mementos such as officer swagger sticks and the bronze hat badges of the various regiments.

The war was seriously depleting the work force of the Okanagan Valley. More than 22 per cent of the manpower had enlisted. At that time fruit crops were the mainstay of the area. Harvesting the agricultural crops, especially apples, became a serious problem. On January 4, 1917, Thomas Richmond, chairman of the Farmers' Institute, reported that the Department of Agriculture was advocating the establishment of training schools to teach high school boys and girls how to pack apples. Making boxes in the packing houses was a job that boys enjoyed. Hammer-damaged thumbs were proudly exhibited!

In Vancouver at a Consumers League meeting, it was proposed that women from that area help with the harvest of the apple crop in the Okanagan. "What kind of dress would be worn in the orchards?" a woman asked. "Overalls," someone shouted. There was a ripple of laughter from the group. "Yes, this would be one time when women will be permitted to wear overalls," said the chairman.

During the Easter vacation six of us boys had a job picking up prunings in an orchard on the Silver Star Road. Our employer transported us in a Model T Ford. It was more than a little crowded. Conscription came in May 1917. In June, Mrs. J. C. Kemp, president of the local Consumers' League, reported that 500 boys could be used to help with the fruit harvest in the Okanagan. Schools, she suggested, could extend the summer vacation into October in order that this labour force be available. Pickers were paid four cents or five cents a 55-pound orchard box, and she thought that an energetic boy should be able to pick sixty or more boxes in a ten-hour day.

The *Vernon News* reported:

June 28, 1917. American troops in France.

School report: Vernon grade school children contributed \$207.20 to the Prisoner of War Fund in the past six-month period.

The end of the school year brought a scramble for jobs. About half of the boys of working age were members of households operating family farms. Occasionally, these farms needed additional help with haying, picking fruit, or harvesting vegetables. Boys from town filled these spots as they arose. Generally, those not connected with a farm found work picking fruit, tending gardens, in packing houses or doing odd jobs.

Women were very adept at packing fruit and they pre-empted the tedious job of sorting apples as to grade and size on the beltline tables. Many of the older boys worked in the packing houses. Packing apples and making boxes were piece work. Those strong enough to do so operated hand trucks to move packed fruit into storage or into boxcars for shipment.



A few of the larger farms had living quarters and cookhouse facilities. Generally the jobs on these farms were year-round. Most of the help were adults who were exempt from military service or were school dropouts. Transportation was no problem for boys on summer jobs. If you didn't have a bicycle you walked.

Charlie White and I, just out of the sixth grade, got a job on the Dr. Reimer twenty-acre orchard located three miles north of town on the Swan Lake Road. It had been leased by Tom Kyte. Since navy beans were in demand for overseas shipment, Kyte had planted several acres in rows between the orchard trees. Our job was to pull the weeds. After finishing the weeding I worked also as chore boy. The Kytes boarded me. This ended my daily six-mile walk. I split the firewood, carried the water from the spring for Mrs. Kyte, hilled about a half-acre of potatoes and helped prepare the packing house for the apple harvest.

By mid-summer, apple picking was under way. We had some trees of an early variety and women from town, including my mother, were our pickers. Charlie and I helped to load the fruit in the orchard for the haul by wagon to the packing house. When the packed fruit was ready to be hauled to the Vernon Fruit Union for shipment to market, we helped with the loading.

In the orchard nesting hornets harassed our pickers. I volunteered to burn out the nests. I used a birch bark torch on the end of a stick, timing the job at dusk when all the insects were at home for the night. Incredibly I survived without a sting.

It was announced on August 16 that schools would open on September 4 instead of the scheduled August 27. Also, it was announced at Victoria that 41,883 men and 1,270 officers had volunteered to serve in the armed forces.

By early 1918 the drum and trumpet band, along with the 30th B.C. Horse, was disbanded. Those over sixteen and those too old or too disabled to serve overseas were transferred to the 11th Battalion Canadian Garrison Regiment. They were stationed at the internment camp doing guard duty. Three members of the band in the sixteen-year bracket, trumpeters Alan Robey, Horace G. Foote and Robert "Bert" Mattock, were transferred to serve as buglers. In December, Alan Robey followed Corporal Thomas E. Jessett into the position of Orderly Room Corporal under Major Nash. Robey served as a guard in the transfer of the last of the war prisoners to Europe. Before returning home, he was able to visit relatives in England.

By 1918 ways of increasing the food supply were being considered. Alderman Galbraith suggested that unused fenced city lots be utilized for gardens. The work of the Chinese in developing marginal new land was of considerable help. The onions and potatoes grown by the Chinese were processed at the "evaporator" plant for overseas shipment.

On March 4, 1918, the formation of a national organization was announced. It was to be called **Soldiers of the Soil**. This was a plan to bring boys thirteen to eighteen years of age into a work force to assist farmers. Boys who were available for summer farm work were asked to register by William E. Scott, Deputy Minister of Agriculture. Thus a labourer bank of approximately 25,000 boys was formed. The Rev. J. H. Miller of Cloverdale was appointed head of the Provincial organization.

In April 1918, Mayor S. A. Shatford announced that to date 130 Okanagan Valley boys were registered. By May it was also reported by Clarence



Fulton, grade school principal and eighth grade teacher, that thirty-four Vernon boys had enlisted in the **Soldiers of the Soil**. So far eighteen had been placed on farms. These boys would receive a Government Service badge.

When spring planting time arrived, Thomas Richmond, President of the Farmers Institute, met several of us on Saturday at a lot at 34th Street and 22nd Avenue. In his wagon was a plow and harrow. We went to work cutting potatoes for planting. When the ground was ready the seed potatoes were dropped in the furrow behind the plow. After completing this job I rode with Mr. Richmond on the wagon to a fenced lot at the east end of Pine Street (39th Avenue) near the 12th Street intersection. After plowing and harrowing this lot, I was given a bag of navy beans to plant.

I kept close watch on my bean patch. On Saturday I discovered that cut-worms were leveling my crop. Catastrophe! What could I do? I went to the entomology office in the Court House for help. They prepared a bucket of poison bait — bran mixed with molasses and sprinkled with Paris Green (copper arsenite). Up and down the rows I spread this toxic lunch for the worms. I don't know if the worms ate the bait because of its beautiful green colour or because they simply liked molasses. My bean patch was saved!

That summer the government sent a bean thresher through the Okanagan Valley to harvest the enormous crop. The Hon. E. D. Barrow, Minister of Agriculture, travelled with the thresher and operated it. This, he said, was an ideal opportunity to get away from the political scene at the Provincial capital.

In spring, as farming activity accelerated, many SOS boys were excused from school to take the jobs assigned to them. Hector Richmond noted in his diary that he left school on May 16.

When grade school closed in June, I was hired as chore boy at the Vernon Orchards. It was a 250-acre fruit ranch located on the slopes on the east side of Swan Lake. Pol LeGuen\*, a native of Brittany, France, was manager of the orchard and Frank Lucas was foreman. Ranch teamsters were Leonard "Len" Rice, Jack Brown and Len Parent. Farmhands for the summer were Camillo and Angello Gaspardoni. We lived in a two-story bunkhouse. The "plumbing" was outside and water was by bucket from the hand pump at the horse trough. The washstand was on the porch and the dining room was in the manager's residence. Our cook was Mrs. Jane Roze.

I was paid \$15.00 a month to milk two Holstein cows, clean the barn and care for a saddle horse and a driving horse. I also had several pigs to tend. Each Saturday morning in a corner of the barnyard over a wood fire I cooked a large vat of pig slop. During the summer I helped with the fruit harvest and the haying. When school reopened, after milking the cows, feeding the pigs, cleaning my share of the barn, and having breakfast, I would hitch Caesar, the driving horse to the democrat and drive to school with the three Lucas children, Bill, Dorothy and Donald, as well as Bernie Roze, the son of our cook. I was in eighth grade.

In 1918 the influenza epidemic swept across Canada and on October 21 our school was closed. Now life on the ranch became boring. There wasn't

\*Pol LeGuen, though a naturalized British subject, was called up by France to serve on the front in his old regiment. He was invalided home in 1915.



much to do between the 6:00 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. milkings. To pass the time I would go down to the lake and trap muskrats. I did very well until the lake froze over. Harry Blurton, a trapper and fur buyer from Enderby, would come by every few weeks and buy my furs. I got 20 cents a pelt for my rats.

One teamster who lived with me in the bunkhouse was Len Rice. He had his own saddle horse which he kept in a box stall. The horse was a wild, mean animal, sixteen hands high, but with Len in the saddle he responded beautifully.

Often Len's brother, Harry, rode in to visit on weekends. On Hallowe'en, he and Len thought it would be fun to ride into town. I got permission to take "Queenie". Len and Harry were real cowboys. Len had bat-wing chaps and Harry wore black angora long hair ones. Each had a big Stetson hat. Their spurs jingled and their horses pranced. I felt a bit subdued — me with my grade school knickers riding Queenie who had the "heaves". When we rode up and down Main Street a couple of times, however, we sure attracted a lot of attention. We put on a real show! After entertaining the intermission crowd at the theatre, we rode down Coldstream Avenue to 33rd. I was told to ride down 33rd to the next intersection and to wait.

The street was alive with Chinamen.\* We were in Chinatown. On each side of the street were unpainted, boxlike, two-story buildings. They were dimly lit. In the background, the unfamiliar tones of a stringed instrument were heard and there was the drone of sing-song voices in the air. Seated on a porch were a couple of men with lighted punks in hand sucking on their gurgling water pipes. Noise coming from one building told us that a gambling game was under way. Everything was serene.

As I rode down the street, doors opened and men came out to investigate the rising crescendo of chatter. Then two "phantom horsemen", their horses rearing and plunging in an apparent uncontrolled charge, emerged from the shadows. The men standing in the street lunged in all directions. The commotion was unbelievable! When Len and Harry reached me they were laughing so hard they could hardly speak. "We sure broke up their fan-tan game, didn't we?"

November brought cold weather. I had just received my new heavy belted jacket from T. E. Eaton Co. It cost me nearly a month's pay, but when school opened again my trips to school would be much warmer.

One morning I was given the job of taking a wagon load of harness to town for repair. As I drove down Barnard Avenue, I thought it strangely deserted. No one was about. No automobiles were moving. Arriving at the Okanagan Harness and Saddlery Co. shop, across from the Empress Theatre, I backed the wagon into the sidewalk as the harness was too heavy to carry I intended to drag each set into the shop.

I had hoped for help but the two men in the back of the shop, for some reason, made no move to assist me. Several pieces of harness were still lying on the sidewalk when I was startled by a huge explosion. It shook the ground. I jumped to stop my team from bolting. At that moment, the two men dashed

\*The immigrant Chinese work force in the Vernon area was estimated to be about 500 persons.



out of the shop and ran in the direction of the blast. The once-deserted street was now alive with excited people.

I quieted my team and pulled the remaining harness into the shop. As I turned to leave I saw my wagon — my team and wagon — going up the street on a dead run. There was another explosion. Then I heard the fire bell clanging madly — and church bells, the bells of the Presbyterian and Anglican churches on Mara Avenue.

"My team, my team — someone's stealing my team and my brand new jacket in the wagon!" I shouted. The horses disappeared around the corner at the Post Office. Running was not easy. I was wearing my ankle-height, cleated rubber boots and oversox with under-the-knee drawstrings and tassels which gyrated as I ran. Another explosion! It was in the Post Office block.

When I made the turn at the Post Office I saw a group of men standing in front of the Police Station, the Mayor, the City Clerk and some aldermen. I ran up to Chief Constable R. N. Clerke who was wearing his cavalry officer's uniform. "They stole my team — didn't you see them?" The fire bell was clanging — there was another explosion — Chief Clerke had an odd expression on his face. "The war is over Billy-boy! We're celebrating — don't you understand? — the war's over."

Mayor Shatford put his hand on my shoulder. "Billy-boy, we are celebrating. We are going to build a big bonfire across the street. I suppose someone took your team to help build the fire. Don't worry, Billy-boy, you will get your team back."

"But, I said, "I have to haul a load of oats back to the ranch." I still hadn't realized that the war was over.

The Mayor took me over to the Police Station and telephoned my boss, Pol LeGuen. "Pol," he said, "you have heard the news?" — wonderful isn't it! Say, your Billy-boy is here with me — eh — Bill is here with me. We would like to borrow his team to help build the bonfire for the celebration this evening. Thanks, Pol."

"Well, Bill, we're all fixed up. We can use your team and you have the day off." That day, Monday, November 11, 1918, I made the big jump — from "Billy-boy", fourth grade marble-shooting champ, to eighth grade "Bill".

Mayor Shatford placed the following announcement on the bulletin board on the Avenue side of the Post Office building where, throughout the war, battlefront movements were posted and casualty lists made known:

### A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION

About nine o'clock this morning our citizens were brought the realization that official and authentic news of the signing of the Armistice had been received, the joyful news being heralded by the ringing of bells at the Fire Hall and in the city churches, the prolonged blowing of all factory whistles, salvos of dynamite and the explosion of fire crackers. Mayor Shatford declared the day a Public Holiday.

Across from the Fire Hall they were building a crib of poles about thirty feet square to hold the trash being gathered for the bonfire. After watching awhile I ran to the haybarn behind the Royal Bank. Jim Vallance and Jim Silver were exploding dynamite. Once, deciding to make a bigger bang, they



enlarged the powder charge. Unfortunately, several windows in nearby buildings were shattered. I was fascinated. So were Ron Cull and Doug Glover who were watching with me.



The Bronze Badge given to Soldiers Of The Soil Boys.

It was getting cold and, since I had left my toque and my new coat in the wagon, I decided to go home. Being home I missed the afternoon activity. However, in January 1981, Rev. Canon T. E. Jessett, S.T.D., who had been the Cpl. Thomas Jessett, Orderly Room Corporal mentioned above, wrote a letter which said in part:

Bill, did I give you the details of the Armistice Day Parade? I typed the orders and we marched down town at 2:00 p.m. I was the right hand man in the front rank. Someone let off a stick of dynamite as the front row was wheeling around the Post Office corner. We didn't miss a step although the rear ranks were startled as they were closer to the noise.

We were to fire three volleys after an address by the Mayor and others, but Captain Carl Grossman, the Adjutant, reported, after we had waited for some time, that those who were to participate were drunk — so we just marched back to camp — ending my last chance to fire a rifle while in the B.C. Dragoons.

Until I received this letter I had no idea what I had missed.

Night fell — an expectant crowd filled the area around the bonfire. About 7:00 the fire was lit. "Kaiser Bill", hanging in effigy by the neck on a gibbet, disappeared in the roaring flames — there were no cheers. The fire burned down — the crowd dispersed.

\* \* \*

**Soldiers of the Soil** — those boys who signed up to work on farms — received recognition at a ceremony held at the Court House. Dr. K. C. MacDonald, MLA, congratulated the boys and presented each with a small



bronze lapel button provided by the Dominion Government. Those boys receiving honours were:

Bentley Dodds	Ralph W. Heggie
Maurice Meredith	Philip French
Leslie Riley	Roy G. Campbell
Stanley Pateman	Wm. Ruhmann
Hector A. Richmond	Fergus Mutrie
Douglas Gillespie	Charles White
Arthur Fryer	Horace Mattock
Richard Hammond	Louis Norris
James H. Moore	L. G. Edwards
Edward Foster	Geoffrey Balcombe
Solvi Thorlakson	John L. Webster
John M. Edwards	Xel Monsees
John Thorburn	John B. Stewart

Of 1,671 British Columbia boys who took part in the **Soldiers of the Soil** program 200 were from the Okanagan Valley and twenty-six from the Vernon Area. While thirty-four had enlisted it is possible that all were not able to attend the ceremony and hopefully received their badges at a later date.

Many other boys contributed to the war effort working on farms and in packing houses but these, through poor communication, were unaware of the requirement to sign up and thus did not receive public recognition. Not to be forgotten are those boys who left school to serve in the army — at home and overseas.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

**The Vernon News**, 1914 through 1919. Many assisted with recollections covering the activities of Vernon boys during the war years. Appreciated is the help given by Geoffrey Balcombe, Hilda Cochrane, Beryl Gorman, Harry Rice, Will Phillips, Ron Robey, Arthur Langstaff, Bernard Roze, Dolly Greig, Zel Monsees, John B. Stewart, John Webster, Capt. John Thorburn, Mrs. Horace G. Foote, J. R. Kidston, all of Vernon; and Alan Robey, San Francisco; Maurice Cochrane, Fairfax, Virginia; Roy G. Campbell, Vancouver; H. W. Ryan, Willits, California; Frances Powell, Windsor, Ontario; Kathleen Jeal, Tappen, B.C.; Hector A. Richmond, Nanaimo; Horace Mattock, Penticton; James Treadgold, Kelowna; Mrs. M. Shatford, Kelowna; Rev. Canon T. E. Jessett, S.T.D., Seattle.



# TRIBUTES AND BIOGRAPHIES

## THE BURT R. CAMPBELL COLLECTION

In February 1983 the Campbell family, in honour of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Burton Roy Campbell, presented a complete set of original Okanagan Historical Society Reports, number 1 to 45, to the Parent Body of the Okanagan Historical Society. The set had been designated "The Burt R. Campbell Collection" and is to be made available to present and future editors.

Mr. Campbell made an extraordinary contribution towards preserving the history of British Columbia's Interior as well as meeting the demands of family, career, and community service as will be seen in the story below written by his son, Roy G. Campbell.

Editor

## THE BURT R. CAMPBELL FAMILY

Burton Roy Campbell was born on April 28, 1878 in Gladstone, Manitoba. He first came to Kamloops, as a boy, in 1891. Burt started work as a delivery boy for the **Inland Sentinel**, which then served the whole interior — and Burt's delivery route covered the small city itself. He was soon promoted, after training, to typesetter — a very laborious process at that period when it was all hand-set. The editor of the **Sentinel** was James W. Vail.

At that time only intermittent employment was available at the **Sentinel**, and Campbell therefore, in 1894, went to the **Vernon News** for a short period. He then returned to the **Sentinel**, but in June 1895 he was appointed to the **Kootenay Mail**, then under Vail, in Revelstoke.

In 1897 the **Revelstoke Herald** was started in political opposition to the **Mail**, and both papers had to struggle for their very existence in a community barely large enough to support one. Vail, aged 70, had now retired, and the paper was owned, published, edited and printed by the partnership of Campbell and B. R. Atkins — a hectic effort!

Campbell, being a minor, could not at first attain legal ownership, but in 1899 Atkins moved, and he became sole owner at the age of 21. It was not a very profitable business and he sold out in 1901, although he was never paid in full. After an effort to start an insurance business, which was not successful, he returned to the **Inland Sentinel**.

He was married in 1903 and went back to the **Kootenay Mail**, where the pay was higher, and at the end of the following year continued his career in Vancouver. In 1906 he went to Washington State to learn operation of the new Mergenthaler Linotype machine, and on December 1, 1907 moved to the **Vernon News**, in which he installed the first such machine in B.C. Campbell returned to the **Sentinel** in 1922, and remained there until his retirement.

Before going on we should return to 1903 and the marriage of Dad to Annie Scott who had been born in Essex County in Ontario in 1880. After some years on a farm with her family in Saskatchewan, she migrated with friends to Kamloops where she was married on April 13, 1903. Ultimately a





Left to right: Miss Muriel Campbell (Kamloops), Mrs. R. (Ruth) Derrick (Kamloops), Leslie (Castlegar) died 1977, Eldon (Ted) (Kamloops), Roy (Vancouver), Mrs. B. E. (Ida) Conner (Vancouver), Mrs. R. F. (Dora) Burton (Kamloops), Mr. and Mrs. Burt Campbell. Taken on 50th Wedding Anniversary 1953.

family of seven, three boys and four girls, ensued, of which three were born in Vancouver and four in Vernon Jubilee Hospital.

All her life Mother was a very ardent church worker in the Methodist Church and, later in the United Church. Another of her most serious interests was the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The above interests, of course, were second to the care and welfare of her husband and family.

Mother was courageous. One summer she took her family of seven to camp in a large tent on the beach at Kalamalka Lake. The youngest would probably have been at that time less than two years old. Imagine the difficulties that would ensue in providing meals prepared on a camp fire. Dad continued his work six days a week and went home to do the chores which in-



cluded milking a couple of cows.

During the period 1919 to 1922, Dad was away part of the time searching for work at his trade, after moving the family to a rented farm at Hullcar near Armstrong and later to Grindrod. At this latter location the family, with the aid of mother, milked twenty cows and the cream was sent to the Salmon Arm Creamery. As stated earlier Dad returned to the **Kamloops Sentinel** in mid 1922 with the family following him in December of that year.

At Kamloops he was very active in the community, serving in the Knights of Pythias, the R.M.R. band, and as a Director of Royal Inland Hospital.

He was very active in the Okanagan Historical Society serving as an officer as well as a writer, and also wrote for the prestigious **B.C. Historical Quarterly**. In 1950 he was elected president of the B.C. Historical Society — a very rare honour for an interior historian.

At home he was elected vice-president when Kamloops Museum Association was formed, and served as president 1941 - 1951, keeping it alive almost single handed during the difficult war years. He served again in 1953, but retired the next year because of failing eyesight and health. His Museum specialty, in addition to his writing, was the establishment of our Archives. In particular he collected, identified, and catalogued about 3,000 photographs, the most important part of the present large collection, still in regular use by modern researchers. During his term as a member of the Hospital Board in Kamloops, a method was devised whereby families and single persons paid \$12. per annum to obtain free hospital service. This plan was kept in effect until August, 1948 and was, we are informed, a great assistance to the financing at the hospital.

Among his treasures still retained by the family is a diamond signet ring from the Revelstoke Independent Band which was gifted to him in 1903. The inscription inside the ring reads R.I.B. — 1903. He also had a 50 year badge from the Knights of Pythias. Being an ardent union man he also had a 50 year button from the International Typographical Union which he had joined in 1897.

Burton Roy Campbell (Dad) passed away September 13, 1955 and was followed by Annie Campbell (Mother) December 9, 1955.

Published Articles of Burt R. Campbell

*Okanagan Historical Society Reports*

1948 "History of Okanagan Newspapers"

1950 "Kamloops, Gateway to the Okanagan"

1939 "The City of Vernon: First Year of Incorporation"

*British Columbia Historical Society*

1951 "The Kootenay Mail: Revelstoke's Second Newspaper"

(Vol. XV, No. 1 & 2).

1946 "From Hand-set Type to Linotype" (Vol. X, No. 4).



## VERNON BRANCH LOSES VALUABLE WORKERS

During the past year the Vernon Branch has lost three men who have contributed greatly to the Society. A fourth, though not a member of the Vernon Branch, is appreciated for his contribution to the Parent Body.

On November 7th, 1982, J. E. P. (Jock) Henniker passed away after a year of hospital care following an auto accident in October, 1981. A member of an Enderby family he moved to Vernon upon retirement after forty years with the Bank of Montreal throughout B.C. He was active in the Vernon Winter Carnival, Okanagan Historical Society and the O'Keefe Ranch as a Director. He worked also for the CESO assisting the Indian Bands of the Okanagan and Shuswap. He was Treasurer for Vernon Branch Okanagan Historical Society for a number of years.

On February 2nd, 1983, Richard Guy Pearse Bagnall passed away at the age of 100 years. He came to Vernon in 1906 following service in the Boer War and the Natal Rebellion. He also served in World War I. During his more active years Mr. Bagnall worked in many community services. He was one of two surviving members of the original founders of the Okanagan Historical Society at the time of his death. The other is Horace Galbraith.

George Henry Melvin passed away on March 4th, 1983 at the age of 77 years. Mr. Melvin came to Vernon following World War II after he had been stationed at the Vernon Army Camp. An alderman, 1970 Good Citizen and chief organizer of the first two Winter Carnivals, 1978 Freeman of the City, Chairman of the Vernon Museum Board for 25 years as well as an active member of Royal Canadian Legion, Rotary and Chairman of the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic as well as an active member of the Okanagan Historical Society.<sup>1</sup>

Frederick Kenneth McKenzie passed away on March 2nd following a heart attack at the age of 64. Mr. McKenzie was a man who believed in making his home town a better place to live in and gave of his time and energy to do so. He gave of his expertise freely as accountant and auditor of the Okanagan (Parent Body) Historical Society, working with Treasurer Ley Christenson. Fred McKenzie was mainly responsible for starting both Minor Football and Minor Lacrosse in Vernon through the seventies. He also contributed his time as an accountant and auditor to the Vernon Carnival and the Art's Council.

Each one of these men will be missed. Each had left his own distinctive mark on the Okanagan Historical Society.

<sup>1</sup>George H. Melvin will long be remembered among those interested in the history of British Columbia for his book *The Post Offices of British Columbia, 1858 - 1970*. Mr. Melvin researched the material for the book, wrote the book and published it privately.

Editor

## MORE APPRECIATIONS

Gertrude Butler, a resident of Summerland since 1939, died July 13,



1982 in Summerland. Mrs. Butler was a member of the Okanagan Historical Society, Secretary of the Summerland Museum Society, and, for three years, Curator of the Summerland Museum. A graduate of the Royal Jubilee Hospital in Victoria, Mrs. Butler nursed at the Summerland Hospital becoming Matron and Nursing Director. In 1967 she helped the transition from the old to the new hospital.

David Jones, a long time resident of Enderby, died November 12, 1982 in New Westminster in his 89th year. For many years Mr. Jones was active in the Okanagan Historical Society. In 1977 he published **In the Shadow of the Cliff**, a history of North Enderby.

Edna Mary Weatherill died in Oliver July 27, 1982 in her 70th year. Mrs. Weatherill was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, pioneer residents of Penticton. After returning to the Okanagan in 1973 Mrs. Weatherill became active in the Okanagan Historical Society and was a Past President of the Osoyoos Museum Society.

Wallace J. Smith died in Penticton on November 25, 1982 in his 84th year. Mr. Smith was a member of the Okanagan Historical Society and a Life Member of the Parks Society. He was also a dedicated worker in many community affairs. He started the first newspaper in Oliver in 1934, had an orchard and wrote a weekly column "Orchard Run" for 25 years.

Dr. Hugh Ivie Campbell-Brown died February 25, 1982 in Vernon in his 81st year. Dr. Campbell-Brown was known for his numerous community services as well as being a beloved doctor and co-founder of the Vernon Medical Clinic. When he retired from medicine in 1963 he returned to university to study anthropology, participating in archeological digs in the Lytton-Lillooet area. In 1975 Dr. Campbell-Brown gave a portion of his family farm at Oyama to the people of B.C. for a park in memory of his parents. The land is designated the Campbell-Brown Ecological Reserve and is described elsewhere in this Report.

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It is well within the remembrance of many people when the first car of coal was brought into Summerland. This coming winter, however, indications are that many car-loads will be consumed locally, both in furnaces and in small stoves. There seems to be a general shortage of cordwood, and many people are laying in a stock of coal rather than risk a wood famine when the really cold weather comes. Both the genuine hard coal, and the soft kind from Merritt and Princeton, are being used locally.



## MY IRISH FATHER

Margaret A. Ormsby

My father was one of those Anglo-Irishmen whose presence in British Columbia was so apparent in colonial and pioneer days. Like others in this group he came from a family that had held land in Ireland since Cromwell's time. But in his case the family holdings were lost about the time of the Irish Famine. One estate was alienated to settle one of his grandfather's cardplaying debts; title to two others was lost through treachery. The family moved from Galway to County Mayo in the 1860's. Thirty years later my father would make a still greater break with the past when he left Ireland. Canada with its varied scenery he liked better than the verdant Isle, and the Canadian people with their open, friendly ways appealed to him more than many of his countrymen — particularly those whose outlook was warped.

Ballycastle, County Mayo, where George Lewis Ormsby was born on 16 April 1879, is inland from an Irish port. The harbour must have been already silting up at the time that he was a boy, and after 1890 there probably was little commercial activity. By Canadian standards, the town is small. It is dominated by a huge Roman Catholic Church. Across the street stands the Church of Ireland, which is now closed. The population is overwhelmingly Catholic. My father, who was educated privately, seldom ventured on to the street after being stoned by Catholic school-boys.

Beautiful strands of red sand lie at the foot of the town, and not far away is the lovely beach at Killala where the French invaders landed in 1798. I never once heard my father mention the beauty of either the seascape or the valley where the ruins of "Ballycastle" lie. All his memories of his childhood were painful.

He was the only son of George Lynch and Susan Tighe Ormsby. He had five older sisters, and a younger sister, who was born on Christmas Day, 1881. When the baby was three weeks old, she was baptized with an old family name, Margaret Anchoretta. Her mother died almost immediately afterward. A strong bond developed between my father (who was only two and a half years old at the time of his mother's death) and his infant sister. In the course of time it would be strengthened when their father took as second wife the heiress to the lands of Ballycastle. A son born of this marriage was given the education at Winchester School and Trinity College, Dublin, that was denied my father.

All the children of the first marriage detested their stepmother. "My stepmother", my father wrote, "hated me and I hated her, her children had no affection for me (the eldest son); only my father cared for me". The children were convinced that their stepmother was demented and blamed her for the death of their youngest sister on 23 December 1896. My grandfather came to the conclusion that it was necessary to ship his five eldest daughters to their aunt in Brooklyn, New York. My father struck out for himself. Dressed in a tailored navy-blue suit, wearing his gold chain and watch, and carrying his silver seal for his letters, and his silver pen-holder, he ran away to Scotland. He intended to enlist in the Gordon Highlanders. But he was rejected as being under age. He then boarded a trans-Atlantic liner which had a cargo of brood-mares and a stallion for a Western Canadian ranch.



Later he confessed: "I came to Canada when a boy in my teens, devoid of education as people should be educated, and also of common-sense; and with only an insane desire to kick up my heels and have my fling like a colt let loose. The vast illimitable spaces of this grand Dominion appealed to me and I revelled in its depths. For eight years I roamed the woods and prairies, sailed the Great Lakes, prospected for gold, explored the northern wilds, and finally wound up on the Pacific Coast where I could go no farther".

In August, 1897 George Ormsby, eighteen years old, arrived from Montreal by train at Sudbury, then a village of one hotel, a few shops, and some boarding houses. At Sault Ste. Marie he was offered a job as the deck hand on a large sailing vessel being loaded with dynamite for the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Michipocoten River. The voyage proved a great adventure. At Batchawana Bay he stopped at an encampment of Chippewa and Algonquin Indians, "finer looking specimens of manhood of any nationality I have never laid eyes on". At the mouth of Indian Harbour he visited the lighthouse, and there "experienced the wonderful hospitality of the Canadian people". The following morning the boat sailed out of the harbour with a fair wind, but an hour later she was becalmed. "It was then that I saw my one and only mirage. Ten or fifteen miles to the south appeared a high sandy beach shaded with Eastern palms. Along this shore sailed a dozen ships with high poops rigged like Spanish galleons". In actual fact, the southern shore of Lake Superior was 300 miles distant. Soon the boat was engulfed with high seas as a violent electrical storm and a wind of cyclone proportions endangered her. Finally Gros Cap harbour was made. But throughout the night the high wind continued, and trees in the hundreds were uprooted. He had been introduced to life in a rugged country.

At Michipocoten he obtained a job as assistant to a mining engineer and mineralogist in the employ of the Lake Superior Consolidated Company. He was now taught how to test mining samples and instructed in mining methods. He was extraordinarily observant and an eager learner. To his knowledge of minerals he added observations of trees in the Boreal Forest. He was entranced with the flaming beauty of the autumn glory, and determined to be able to identify every tree.

His first winter in Canada (1897) was spent in taking charge of the Company's warehouse at Michipocoten Mission. For the first time he experienced the bitter cold of a Canadian winter. By dogteam he delivered supplies to camps where shafts had been sunk. He discerned that profitable gold-mining depended on the introduction of new methods of extraction, and formed the opinion that other mineral prospects were more promising. This conjecture proved true when "a whole Mountain" of iron ore was discovered at Wawa, eleven miles north of Lake Superior.

Following this discovery the Company decided to send an exploratory expedition north in 1898. Its course was to be down Moose River to James Bay, and north from there to Albany River. It would mean travelling some 2,000 miles, and spending two or three years in exploration. When navigation on Lake Superior opened on 27 April 1898, the expedition set out. It comprised eight employees and two Indian canoemen. The summer was spent in prospecting and surveying, and the following winter in stripping a quartz vein and sinking test pits. When supplies ran low, my father volunteered to take



the dogteam to a distant cache. On the return journey he lost his trail in a blizzard. An Indian rescued him and carried him to his family to have the frost-bite healed. In the household was an aged grandfather, estimated to be at least 100 years old, who claimed that he had fought on the British side at the battle for Detroit!

In 1899 the party penetrated far north of the C.P.R., ran survey lines, and located a feasible route for a railroad through the Moose River Valley to James Bay. By summer's end their arduous life had tired the men. Only 100 miles south of James Bay, they decided to quit. Before they left, their camp was suddenly encircled by a giant forest fire. They escaped by finding a way to the river. Even the director of the expedition was now ready to leave the wilderness. After seven weeks' paddling down the rapid-filled river, the men reached the C.P.R. line at Missinabie. Instead of taking the train, my father travelled the rest of the way by canoe. He and the canoeman were swept overboard at Michipocoton Rapids. When they finally reached "the Soo", they heard of the Klondyke gold discovery and of the Boer War. For the second time my father attempted to enlist. He was rejected as being physically unfit. He had now made up his mind to travel west.

A serious attack of diphtheria delayed his departure. He had a long illness and convalescence in the Company hospital. During his recovery he became friendly with the Company doctor, Dr. Fred A. Young, later a Winnipeg physician, and the Chancellor of the University of Manitoba. He became Dr. Young's assistant when the epidemic spread. The two young men celebrated Christmas Day 1899 by taking a trip to Wawa. My father's natural interest in medicine was stimulated by this friendship, and if he could have afforded it, he would have entered medical school at this time. His recovery was slow, and his health was permanently undermined. Shortly, he discovered that he did not have sufficient stamina to work in the harvest fields of the Northwest.

In the autumn of 1902 he travelled by C.P.R. across the Rockies. His first stop on the western slope was Golden. There he was introduced to Albert E. Johnstone, one of three brothers from the Ottawa Valley who were now engaged in the new logging industry in the north Okanagan. Albert Johnstone's Mabel Lake camp was supplying logs to S. C. Smith's new sawmill at Enderby. Logs collected at Sugar Lake were floated down Shuswap River and over Shuswap Falls to Mabel Lake, rounded into rafts there, and then floated down the Spallumcheen River to Enderby.

My father's career in lumbering began when he accepted Johnstone's offer of a job as "clerk of the drive". Much of his time was spent in the Enderby office, but during the spring "drives" he was out on the creeks. In the course of time he learned a good deal about timber-cruising and became a professional log-scaler. In 1903 the Kamloops Lumber Company, formed by a syndicate headed by George McCormick and George E. Foster, two members of Parliament, absorbed Smith's mill and expanded operations. In 1906 George Ormsby was appointed mill manager at Savona.

The friendships he had made reinforced his liking for the north Okanagan. As a very green Irish logger, he had been made welcome at the Johnstone camp at Mabel Lake. Fred and "Fanny" Finlaison had also been hospitable at their ranch at Shuswap Falls. Fred was often engaged by Euro-



pean game-hunters, and my father was included in big-game hunting trips to the high mountains.

A year before he moved to Savona, George Ormsby saw the most beautiful woman he had ever met. It was in April, 1905. The water in the creeks was high, and the forest floor was carpeted with wild flowers. On the bridge near Lumby over Besette Creek, Fred Finlaison appeared driving a horse and buggy. He was returning from the Vernon train station with the school teacher appointed to finish the term in the new one-room school at Shuswap Falls.

Margaret Turner McArthur, aged nineteen, had just graduated from the Vancouver Normal School. She was the daughter of Hugh and Catherine Rowan McArthur, originally from the Highland Scottish settlement at Kincardine, Bruce County, Ontario, but now of Sea Island. Her Rowan uncles were pioneer Fraser River salmon-cannery owners.

There was a dancing party at Finlaison's on the evening that Mother arrived. With her strict Presbyterian upbringing, she probably had never danced before. Temperance was practised in her home, and drunkenness terrified her. Thus when the company became boisterous, she fled from the unwelcome attention of a drunken logger to the arms of the tall Irishman she had just met. The ensuing romance was to change my father's life. He would be allowed to indulge his *wanderlust* just one more time.

In 1906 my mother was teaching at Malakwa, a Finnish settlement near Sicamous and a comfortable day's train ride from Savona. To impress the pretty school teacher whom he visited on Sundays, my father turned himself into a dandy. He had his suits tailored at Kamloops, and ordered no less than 24 pairs of hand-crafted shoes. Crates of oranges were sent to break the monotony of her steady diet of potatoes, onions and turnips, obtained from storage in the root-house. Novels by Scott, Thackeray and Dickens were mailed. Finally he was victorious over another ardent suitor. On 2 October 1906 George Lewis Ormsby and Margaret Turner McArthur were married by Rev. John A. Logan at the picturesque little Presbyterian church on Sea Island.

For eighteen months they lived happily at Savona. They often entertained at dinner friends of my father who were patients at Tranquille Sanatorium (T.B. was raging in B.C. at the time). Then, without much warning, my father decided to resign his position and strike out for the north again. Like other Irish immigrants before him, he was in search of landed property.

In the spring of 1908 my parents set out with a covered wagon and a Swedish guide for the Nechako Valley through which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was expected to construct its line. For 350 miles they journeyed along the old Cariboo Road. At Quesnel Mother scrambled along a mile of the east bank of the Fraser River, lowered herself into an Indian canoe, and was swept swiftly downstream to the landing place on the opposite bank. Then, with two saddle ponies and four pack-horses, they began to follow the Klondyke Trail. They had gone 250 miles when they reached Cluculz Lake, south of Nechako River. My father purchased 900 acres of Crown land at that place for \$2.50 an acre.

Cluculz Lake was the finest paradise my father had yet seen. The trout-fishing was excellent; geese, duck and grouse abounded; and deer, moose and bear were everywhere. Mother felt no such sense of exhilaration. The winter



was so bitter that water spilled from a bowl froze into ice before it reached the cabin's mud floor. Before the expected birth of her child the following June, she insisted on being taken back to Quesnel where there was a doctor (Dr. Allen Beach, later of Salmon Arm). When my parents arrived back at Quesnel they found the only habitation available was the decaying log cabin at the forks of the Quesnel and Fraser Rivers, the original home of a pioneer family. The daughter born there was given the name of my father's youngest sister.

My father hitched two ponies to a buggy to drive his wife and child 400 miles to Ashcroft to catch the train to Vancouver. He then returned to his property; but his wife refused to join him there. At the height of the B.C. land boom, its sale yielded a profit of \$12,000.

The northern trips had been too strenuous for my father, and his health failed once more. He was advised to move to the Dry Belt, to sleep summer and winter in a tent, and to bathe in a creek that was ice-covered in winter. He chose to go to the French Canadian settlement at Lumby which he had known in his lumbering days. There in December 1912 he opened what the **Vernon News** described as "a magnificent store worthy of any city, with a stock of goods valued at \$30,000. A feature of the building is that over the store is a large hall running the length of the building and seating 500. This hall (which also contained a dance floor) supplies a long felt want, proof of which is seen in the fact that it is already well let for the season". Ormsby Hall was to serve for years as the centre of social activity at Lumby.

At the time my parents went to live in Lumby, the village was on the verge of a real estate boom. Land deep in the woods, which had been advertised as fruit-bearing in Britain, had been bought by prosperous British settlers at remote locations such as Blue Spring and Creighton Valley. James Bardolph, the step-son of Sir James Buchanan (of Black and White whiskey fame), the new owner of the Coldstream Ranch, was engaged with T. A. Norris in selling sections of the Coldstream meadows above Lumby for farms. The Bardolph and the Catt families had erected fine residences. The automobile had made its appearance on the dusty road from Vernon, and attendance was good not only at the dances at the Country Club on Long Lake, but at the Lavington general store and at Ormsby Hall. To the Lumby dances the "bank boys" brought the pretty and flirtatious belles of Vernon.

Life remained gay in Lumby throughout 1913, though business was becoming slack because of the general depression. As late as Easter 1914 my parents were carefree when they went with young friends on a camping trip to Mabel Lake. Only three months later, on 12 August my father, who had successfully passed the medical examination given him by the local druggist, put on the ill-fitting uniform of an army private.

With the outbreak of war, my father joined the 30th Regiment of the B.C. Horse. Simultaneously, most of his Vernon and Lumby friends joined up. Many had spent the last two summers in peace in cavalry training at the Vernon Military Camp, and they were commissioned at once. They offered the influence of their friends and relatives on his behalf, but he declined favours. He ordered my mother to sell his fine riding horse "Spanker", dispose of his merchandise, and close out his business.



My mother spent the winter of 1914 at Victoria while my father was in training at The Willows. She and her two small children crossed the Gulf of Georgia on the same day early in 1915 that his troopship was escorted to Vancouver by one of Premier McBride's submarines. In Vancouver she learned that her Irish husband was to be transferred to the 48th Highland regiment, 15th Battalion of Toronto. As part of the First Canadian Contingent, this regiment was given the briefest possible training at Valcartier in Quebec and Salisbury Plain in England, and landed at St. Nazaire on 11 February, 1915.

At the Ypres Salient a few weeks later, my father experienced the first poison gas attack. Though his lungs were already badly damaged, he returned to the trenches to fight in some of the great battles of the war, among them Festubert, Givenchy, Messines, Sanctuary Wood, and the Somme. For almost two years he served in the trenches without a break. He had one short leave and employed it to visit his father's cousin, an eminent surgeon in Dublin. The Easter Rebellion broke out, and he had to go into hiding. Short leaves were also spent with English relatives at Huthwaite Hall, Wortley, Yorkshire. The connection of this family was replete with generals.

My father fought as a machine gunner. Twice his battalion was almost wiped out. All his commanding officers were either killed or severely wounded. On 3 June, 1916, he himself was wounded in the hip at Hill 60 and on 26 September at the Somme he received eight severe shrapnel wounds, one of them through a lung. After three operations and nine months' convalescence at Birmingham, he was invalided home in June, 1917. Further hospital treatment was given at Braemar, converted into a hospital, Vancouver. Declared 100% disabled and unfit for military service, he was discharged from the army on 20 February, 1918. A man now almost forty years of age, he had three dependents, no savings (his army pay even in the "front line" was never more than \$1.10 a day); his lungs were badly damaged and his body was filled with poisoned lead; yet his characteristic optimism led him to believe that the best of life was before him.

And so it proved to be.

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Cars were swishing past on the fine new Okanagan highway, and a provincial policeman was directing traffic on Wednesday afternoon at Westbank, as Dr. Margaret Ormsby, president of the B.C. Historical Society evoked the dusty Okanagan Fur Brigade Trail of long ago. Several hundred people attended to see the unveiling of the cairn erected at the northside of the village of Westbank. It has been installed by the Historic Sites and Monument Board of the Dominion Government.

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1949

*The Summerland Review*



## ONE PIONEER

by Harvey L. Mitchell

Alanson Martin Mitchell was one of twin boys, born March 6, 1866 in Marion County, Oregon, U.S.A. His parents, William and Martha, had driven over the Oregon Trail from Indiana a few years earlier.

When Alanson, or Lance as he was known to his relatives, was in college, training to become a mechanical engineer, it was necessary for him to have surgery for a bowel problem. This ended his education but it gave him a lifelong appetite for apples. He was told to include plenty of roughage in his diet, hence his habit of eating four to seven apples a day during the last eighteen years of his life in Summerland, B.C.

After being forced to leave college he became a saddle bum and travelled alone over most of Oregon and Washington and often mentioned Colville Valley as being a wonderful place to farm. He finally married Lucina Smith at Hartline, Washington and started a homestead twelve miles out of Hartline about 1890. He later sold the homestead for \$1700 and bought a young apple orchard in the Grand Coulee southeast of Steamboat Rock. Picnic tables now stand beside the highway where the farm buildings stood.

Lance's main income in the early years was from the sale of venison to hotels in Spokane. At daylight he would lie in wait near the top of the only trail leading to Steamboat Rock and shoot his wagon-load of deer.

His first son, my father, Lawrence Lyman Mitchell, was born on January 12, 1892. My father recalls taking a trip into Canada with his father about 1898. They shot a wagon-load of deer on Fairview Flats west of the present town of Oliver, B.C. They gave the deer to other hungry settlers on their way home to the Grand Coulee.

My grandfather knew the Okanagan Valley well as he and his friend, Frank Morris, wintered their cattle in the Osoyoos area for many years. In April, 1896 late snow and cold killed most of their herd.

He was conversant with the Indians; he trusted them and they returned his trust. These Indians, he told me, were of the Spokane tribe who had chased the Okanagan Indians into the north Okanagan. The Okanagans in turn chased the Shuswap Indians north from their home and all this happened because the white man settled in the Northwest states and depleted the game.

Good camping spots were used by everyone passing through the Okanagan Valley and one of these was just below the Okanagan Falls on the east side of the river. My grandfather camped there on two occasions with Joe Brent who had the contract to carry mail by horseback from Kelowna to the Osoyoos-Oroville border crossing.

Another such campsite was near the mouth of Garnet Valley in Summerland. When I first saw it, it was the site of a cement apple storage building on property owned by Isaac Blair. The snow could get very deep on Siwash Flats, (Summerland townsite) enough to stop a horse. Pack trains of gold ore travelled the valley and the richest sample grandfather ever saw was on the trail over the Garnet Valley divide. He never did find where it had originated.

In the year 1904 my grandparents were divorced. My grandfather left the U.S.A. to live in Canada, taking Lawrence with him. They finally settled on the banks of Little Red Deer River, twenty miles west of Olds, Alberta near



Westward Ho Post Office. There, after a few years, my grandfather married a widow, Mrs. Alice Watson.

After the First World War the family sold and came to Summerland in 1920. Here he bought an orchard in a small valley west of town which the pioneers named "Shoestring Gulch." The ridge to the east was named "Billy Goat Hill". At its top was the large home where Major Hutton lived.

My grandfather lived until 1928 and is buried beside his wife Alice in Peach Orchard Cementery. Summerland was his favourite place.



Penticton Indian Mission Church  
R. S. Manuel



## THE OLIVER AND EILEEN JACKSON COLLECTION

by Sheila Jackson

Pop was born with the ability to create as is evident from the wealth of artifacts he has left us.

Oliver Jackson was born at Cley-Next-The-Sea, in Norfolk, England on September 23rd, 1899. His education was brief. Times were hard and he earned only pennies herding sheep as a young lad. He was one of eleven children, nine boys and two girls. His mother taught each one of them to knit, sew and embroider.

Perhaps it was Captain F. S. Brereton's books on the west that fostered his interests in the native Indian culture. Whatever the influence, at the age of eight he made his first Indian costume. Even the fringe from the living room curtains was put into use for this outfit, and no doubt his mother's hands were put to work in this direction.

While herding sheep in the fens, he learned to fill in his time whittling wood. He continued to do this in Germany and Belgium during World War I when there was leisure time.

He came to Canada in 1920 and spent most of that year in Saskatchewan working for a man named Jackson. He arrived in Kelowna late in 1920.\*

He cowboyed at the Christian Ranch for Countess Bubna. He also worked at the cannery and on the Price Ellison Ranch before taking out soldiers' settlement land which he unfortunately lost due to hard times.

The cowboy and indian theme is evident in his work even then. He created beaded buckskin costumes and even made a teepee which he shared during his bachelor days with his very good friend Jack Johnson. Judging from the photographs, they must have had a great time.

In 1928, Pop married Eileen Claxton who had come from Ireland on July 1, 1922. Their first child, John, was born in 1929. While he was still a wee infant, Mom and Pop decided to relocate in the Cinema-Hixton area. They travelled by covered wagon. On arriving at Hixton, they found the mosquitos unbearable, the cabin rat-infested, and the soil useless. They decided to trade the covered wagon for a Model T Ford and headed back to the Okanagan.

Arriving back in Kelowna, they bought land in the Rutland area, where they raised a small flock of sheep and worked at the K.G.E. Packing House. Our Rutland home still stands today, although several changes have been made to it. Two more children, my sister Barbara and I, were born.

The depression was in full swing by then and Pop once again felt the need to create with what was available. A spinning wheel was made from old flume lumber. After using wool from an old quilt in an effort to spin, Dad accepted the suggestion of Mrs. Alistair Cameron that they use raw sheep wool. Soon they were in business knitting sweaters. A loom was the next creation. Then the spun wool was dyed and woven into blankets and fabric.

Dad joined the army during the Second World War. The farm was sold, and Mom took us to live with her father, John Claxton, on Fitzgerald Road. Mom helped on the farm while Pop's army travel took him to Vernon, Vancouver, Montreal, Bella Coola and Kleena Kleene, where communication lines were installed. Mom kept the spinning wheel turning and the needles clicking as she spun and knitted socks for the minesweepers. The mitts could be wet, wrung out and still provide warmth for the sailors' hands.



After the war, Mom and Pop purchased the old Hall farm on Hall Road. Hall had been a stage coach driver between Kelowna and Vernon and had cleared the land. A landmark for over thirty years was the osprey's nest in a stately old dead tree on the property. We all worked at getting the farm going, and times were still hard. In working the land, Indian arrowheads began to surface. As Pop had never lost his interest in the Indian culture, these arrowheads only increased his desire to learn more about those who had made them.

Spinning wool also continued along with the knitting of Indian sweaters which were in great demand. Mom had the unique system of knitting the sweaters in one piece. Even the arm was grafted in and knit from the shoulder to the cuff so there were no seams. There was a great demand for her sweaters, and there was little idle time left when the farm work was done.

Dad again tried painting in oils and watercolour as well as carving in soapstone and wood. Whether it was an animal, a bird or a person, he was able to capture the motion of his subject.

More Indian costumes were made over the years, and these were always in great demand for Regattas, Riding Club Pageants, Lady of the Lake Pageants and Parades. Sometimes it was a great scramble to provide outfits for fifty or so riders. Dad often rode as a chieftain in the parade. His cavalry training in the 11th Hussars during World War I was very evident in his bearing. Many enjoyable hours were spent by Mom and Dad at these events.

In 1955, John became ill and passed away in August of 1956. Shortly after this, Mom and Dad made a trip back to Ireland to see many of Mom's relatives. They also went to England where Mom met the eight surviving members of Dad's family with whom she had been corresponding since 1928.



Oliver Jackson 1930s





Oliver and Eileen Jackson 1970's

*Credit: Jackson Family Collection Interior Photo Bank*

On their return home, the desire to continue farming was beginning to wain. The land was eventually rented out. The machinery was sold and the old implement shed was converted into a museum, thus unloading the house which was by this time bursting at the seams. Soon an addition to the museum was needed to accommodate Pop's new creations.

The museum, though unpretentious, was always an amazement to those who ventured inside. People from all parts of the world and school children from all over British Columbia visited the museum. Dad's costumes found their way to different parts of the world. Mom and Dad enjoyed entertaining their interesting guests, rousing the wonder of the school children, and being able to work with the Indian people.

Mom began to suffer from Parkinson's disease and, in 1978, the year of their 50th wedding anniversary, Mom became a resident of Still Waters Nursing Home. It was a very hard time for Pop, but his many hobbies helped him to fill the lonely hours. He passed away on October 18, 1982 at the age of 83. Up until the night before entering the hospital, he had been doing bead work.

Now Barbara and I are left with a vast collection of carvings, paintings, beaded Indian costumes, and original artifacts. We hope to see this collection housed in a suitable building where it will be preserved and displayed for the enjoyment of the people of Kelowna and visitors to the area.

Unfortunately the central figures, Eileen and Oliver, will be missing. We sometimes think that they were the main attraction!



## CAPTAIN ROBINSON RIDLEY

by Janet E. V. Graham

When Eileen Heather Ridley (now Mrs. VanParks living in California) visited Kelowna in October 1982, after an absence of some sixty-five years, she was wishing to find her birthplace in East Kelowna. Happily I was invited to the home of friends to meet her. Learning of her quest, I was able to share with her early memories of our district known then as the KLO Benches.

My family, the Moodies, first lived here from 1910 until August 1914, when World War I changed the way of life for so many of us.

This area of East Kelowna was best known as the KLO Benches because it had been developed by the Kelowna Land and Orchard Company. The very large KLO Orchard, in all its glory and in its prime, was the centre of activity. The large house for the Manager had its own lodge at its gates. In 1910 the E. M. Carruthers family were resident there. I have a picture of the three Moodie and the three eldest Carruthers children sitting on the bunch grass under the pine trees. Later, Captain Brush and his family resided in the KLO House.

Many of the orchards on the Benches were owned by young British emigrants, who, in August 1914, on the outbreak of war in Europe, took off like a flock of birds to their homeland to take part in its defence.

In those days the KLO grade (the mile-long up-hill gully road) between the old red wooden bridge over Mission Creek and East Kelowna was in spring and summer a sea of clay mud. Where the East Kelowna Community Hall stands today there was an impressive store, with living quarters above, known as Captain Ridley's store. There is an excellent enlargement of a photo of this building amongst the many historical enlargements displayed in the KLO General Store, now owned by Charles and Joan dePfyffer. Eileen Ridley saw this photo, and through the kindness of Brian Wilson at the Kelowna Centennial Museum, she is delighted to have been given a copy of this picture of her birthplace. Seeing her Mother with a babe in her arms on the upstairs verandah, she wondered if that baby might be herself! Eileen took pictures of Black Mountain, with orchards in the foreground, the view very much as her parents would have known it.

I remember the kindly Captain Ridley, who gave my little brother Campbell, a box of chocolates for his fourth birthday in 1910. Because the box itself was a bright "Paddy green" in color, my brother decided to give it to his Irish Mother for Christmas and he carefully hid it away until then. Recalling those days, Jeanetta Reekie remembers that Captain Ridley loved children and it was his habit to hand out treats from "under the counter" to his little friends. I have no recollection of knowing that there was a young Ridley family in the dwelling space above the store.

I asked Eileen VanParks to give me her Father's story in writing, so that I might record it correctly for our Archives. And here it is:

"My father, Captain Robinson Ridley, was born in Devon in 1862, and went to sea in 1877 as a cabin boy on the old sailing ships. He worked his way up to become 'Extra Master' with the Leland-Cunard Lines, and was in command of the largest ship in existence, sailing between Liverpool and Boston. At age forty-five, probably having become enchanted with the glowing stories published in London (in the early years of the 1900's) on the great oppor-





Captain R. Ridley Store, East Kelowna

*Credit: Held by J. E. Graham Collection Kelowna Branch O.H.S.*

tunities in Kelowna, he quit the sea and put all his savings into a farm and orchards in East Kelowna. Not having any farming experience, he was easily persuaded by a remittance man from London to take him in as a partner and let him run the ranch. A short time later, he met and married my mother, Hilda Heather, who with her brother, Freddie Heather, had come out to stay with a cousin."

Eileen told me that her Mother's wedding gown had been made in England and sent out to her; and that the wedding had been a memorable one. Then followed a honeymoon on Okanagan Lake. The idea of a honeymoon on a pristine lake must have been especially appealing to a man who loved boats and sailing. Another couple followed the same pattern in those early years, camping nightly on the lakeshore as they circumnavigated the lake in a small boat.

To continue: "When they left on their honeymoon on Lake Okanagan, my father gave his partner power-of-attorney to keep the ranch operating while they were gone. When they returned to Kelowna from their honeymoon, a terrible shock awaited them; the remittance man had drawn out all their savings, sold the ranch, let the cattle die from lack of food and water and absconded. They had to go and live in a tent, and the Captain had to do menial labor to keep them in food. He was fortunately able to get money from relatives in England and built a store, which was located on the spot where the East Kelowna Community Hall is today. They had a Post Office in the Store and my Father drove the mail route. The family of four children lived over the Store and this is where I was born in 1914."

Yes, the outbreak of war changed many things. Captain Ridley found his opportunity to return to the world of ships at the Coast, where, doubtless, he had much to contribute. Later the Ridley family moved to California. In time, Captain Ridley had the pleasure of going to sea again, this time on the Pacific, as the guest of one of his sons who had followed in his Father's footsteps.

Captain Ridley lived a full life of seventy-nine years, and Hilda Heather Ridley reached the age of eighty-seven years, blessed with their family within reach.



## CHARLES AND ADA McCARTHY

by E. Mason

The old McCarthy house between Richter and Bertram has been demolished. To those of us who knew and loved the old home it was a sad day to see it succumb to the wrecking gang.

Charles McCarthy and his brother Sandy came from a seaport town, Skibereen, County Cork, in southern Ireland. They landed in New York, worked their way to Canada and arrived in Winnipeg in 1882. They both got work, one with a team of horses and the other with a team of oxen. They worked on the right of way for the C.P.R. They followed this line of work until the railroad arrived in Maple Creek.

They both decided to homestead in the area south of Piapot and secured properties about one mile apart on Bear Creek. In the early days almost everyone located on or near a creek which would assure him of a water supply.

Charles McCarthy's place was in a beautiful fertile valley. He soon established himself as a rancher and progressively built up herds of cattle and horses. Horses were needed by the settlers being brought in by the C.P.R. Charles specialized in pure bred Clydesdale stock.

Ranching was lonely business, so before long Charles and Sandy married Ada and Laura Bertram. The Bertram family had just arrived in Maple Creek. The father, who was a captain in the army, had just returned from the Boer War and was in charge of the detachment at Maple Creek.

Charles and his bride moved to the ranch and lived in a log cabin with a thatched roof. Eventually, in 1904, they built a large house. The couple had four children, two boys and two girls.

Because the McCarthys lived twelve miles from the nearest school, a governess was always on hand. This was fine until the children started to grow up and then Charles decided to sell out and move to an area with a warmer climate and where the children could get a good education.

This decision was made in 1917. At that time the Army was buying all the horses they could get, both heavy draft (Clydesdale) and riding horses for the cavalry. All the horses were sold, also the ranch, and the decision was made to settle in Kelowna.

They purchased the Rembler Paul Estate, which comprised eight acres fronting on Bernard Avenue and Richter Street. There was a large house facing on Bernard, set well back from the street. There were also two houses facing on Richter, a large barn and chicken houses. One of the conditions of the purchase was that the gardener for the Estate was to have one of the smaller houses for as long as he lived. He was a grand old man who really worked hard to keep the grounds beautiful.

Kelowna was a small town in those days. The McCarthys were very active in the Church and were founding members when the Methodists and Presbyterians amalgamated to form the United Church. Mr. McCarthy also served on the School Board.

Coming from Saskatchewan, the children did not know how to swim so a membership was secured in the Aquatic Club. Every morning, except Sunday, Charles would take the children to the Club, where they soon learned to swim and dive.

Things went well until the mid twenties. Because people who had bought



the ranch on the prairies were having some tough times, they had not made any payments on the place. The father had died and none of his five sons were interested in the farm. When they gave up the place in 1926, Mr. McCarthy and the eldest son Bartlett went back and took over. Other investments also turned sour. In order to pay the taxes, the estate in Kelowna was sub-divided.

One piece of property was given to the Scouts and a Scout Hall was built. This became the centre of activity for the Scouts and for basketball. Several other lots were sold and, after Mr. McCarthy's death, the big house was turned into a boarding house and a home away from home for many young ladies and men. In 1940, Mrs. McCarthy sold out and moved to one of the smaller houses.

After his retirement from the Army, Mrs. McCarthy's father, Captain Bertram moved to Kelowna. The City honored him by naming Bertram Street after him.

Two members of the family, Grace Mason and Bartlett McCarthy are now deceased. Howard McCarthy is now retired in Calgary and Florence Disney is retired in Surrey.

### **JAMES EDWIN PHINNEY A SUMMERLAND AND PENTICTON PIONEER**

(From an account written by his son, the late J. R. (Bob) Phinney)

My father, James Edwin Phinney, was born in Newcastle, N.B., on June 11, 1861. At an early age he moved with his family to Sackville. At the age of 19 he went to work for J. L. Black and Company, General Merchants, whose business consisted of supplying every commodity required in the district. There he remained for 27 years to become general manager of the company. In 1881, April 27, he married Annie A. Embree from Amherst, N.S.

In the early 1900's J. M. Robinson was promoting Peachland, Summerland and Naramata. As a master salesman and promoter, his glowing remarks about the Okanagan sold my father on the idea of coming west. This was a big undertaking and a hard decision to make. His immediate family consisted of ten children, five boys and five girls, as well as his father and step-mother, and he would be going to an unknown land. However, he would be accepting a position as general manager of the Summerland Supply Company which he was well qualified to fill.

In April, 1907, my father and one of my brothers, Norman, left Sackville for Summerland. They arrived by train at Sicamous, continued down to Okanagan Landing by rail and then travelled on the S.S. Okanagan to Summerland.

In September his family joined him in Summerland. Besides his wife and children and his father and step-mother, the group included his brother, Charlie with his wife and year-old son, and Fred Borton with his wife and young son. The group travelled by private day coach. Their household effects, including a rubber-tired buggy, a Jersey cow, chickens and lumber to finish a house my father was building followed in a box-car. The house still stands on Lipsett Crescent in Summerland. The property bordered the steep sidehill of Peach Orchard Gulch and the Jersey which had to be tethered,



grazed too near the edge. The unfortunate beast was found one morning hanging by her neck over the cliff and quite beyond human help.

In 1907, the townsite of West Summerland, formerly called "Parkdale" by James Ritchie, had been sub-divided. The first building erected was a branch of the Summerland Supply Company and it was this store that my father came to manage.

In 1915, he went into business for himself, but sold out in 1919 and moved to Penticton to manage a grocery store for J. H. McWaters. This store was later sold to Thomas Syer and in turn operated by his son, Marvin.

Finished with merchandising, my father went to work for the Kettle Valley Railway in 1920 as a ticket clerk under J. H. Kirkpatrick who was the K.V.R. agent at that time. In 1926, my father retired from the railroad. Too active to call it quits, in 1927, he went into the auctioneering and second-hand furniture business on Front Street in Penticton. His place was known as "J. E. Phinney: The Auctioneer and The Better Quality Store".

It was live entertainment to attend the auction sales of this active little gnat of a man for he was a fluent and quick-witted talker. His descriptions of some of his merchandise made many a female buyer blush. Townspeople always knew when an auction sale was being held for waving proudly in front of "The Better Quality Store" was a big Red Ensign. When news that "War is Over" broke on V. J. Day, out came father with his flag to join the parade of joyful citizens on Main Street.

My father loved sports. He was an ardent curler in his younger days, a fine skater, an enthusiastic supporter of the Penticton Baseball Club and the local basketball team. In those days most games were played on Sundays and no admission could be charged. However, "Dad" Phinney was the chief collector at the gate and no one escaped his quick eye and his collection box. One Sunday when a prominent businessman was first to arrive for the game



J. E. Phinney in 1914 Ford, with his son, J. R. "Bob" Phinney

*Courtesy R. N. Atkinson Museum*





Penticton, V-J Day, August 14, 1945. Left: Post Office, Bank of Commerce, corner Main Street and Nanaimo Avenue: James Edwin Phinney with Red Ensign. Drummers unknown.

with a full carload of friends, father's keen ear detected that the sole coin dropped in his box sounded very light. Upon investigation he found one nickel. He strode across the entire length of the field to return it to the embarrassed donor saying, "My good man, you must need this more than the Ball Club."

Although father was a staunch supporter of the Baptist Church which he attended regularly, he was intolerant of ministers whose sermons grew lengthy. At such times one could hear my father's pocket watch being opened and closed frequently with a loud click, accompanied by impatient mutterings. He was also a teetotaller. On one occasion an elder son returned home for a visit and took his brother (me) "out on the town". We arrived home rather late to be confronted by an irate, pyjama-clad father and the following admonitions: "You two guys are a heck of a pair! Last night you didn't get home till this morning and if you are going to stay here you had better get out!" — notwithstanding that we were fully grown men.

In April, 1941 father and mother celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Their complete family of five girls, five boys and all their grandchildren celebrated the occasion. My mother died on January 23, 1942 at the age of eighty.

James E. Phinney was a member of the I.O.O.F., Lodge No. 58, Summerland and in June, 1910 was appointed District Deputy Grand Master of District No. 31.

In 1942, at the age of 81, my father sold his business on Front Street and retired. He continued as a well-known figure on the streets, talking and whistling at anybody and everybody until he died on December 18, 1957.



## JAPANESE CANADIAN POET AND FARMER MR. DENBEI KOBAYASHI

by Reverend Nakayama, Toronto, Ontario

Denbei Kobayashi was not only a leader of the Japanese community at Okanagan Centre, but also of those who love the "Haiku" (Japanese poems). He was a poet, teacher, farmer and a gentleman who lived in a small Japanese community at Okanagan Centre.

Mr. Kobayashi and his wife, Hiro, were the leaders of this community. Both were respected and loved. Their home was situated on a farm overlooking Okanagan Lake and had a lovely view. They received visitors with kind hospitality and their house was also used as a community meeting place.

Mr. Kobayashi taught many to write "Haiku" poems and through such cultural activities diverted them away from gambling which was rampant in those days.

Denbei Kobayashi was born in 1878, the second son of Tonezo and Kin Kobayashi in Nishimura, Chiisagata gun, Nagano-Ken, Japan. After graduating from the intermediate school of the village at age eleven, he helped to care for younger children. Later, when he was old enough, he worked at a silk factory and travelled all over Japan selling silk worm eggs. He also worked at a gold mine in Hokkaido and finally in 1906 set sail on a C.P. steamship for Canada, landing in Vancouver, B.C. He wanted to go to the United States but, finding that if he went fishing on the Skeena River he could make at least one thousand dollars in two months, he went fishing. He worked very hard, but as his partner gambled and drank away both their shares, Mr. Kobayashi had nothing to show for his efforts. Back in Vancouver he joined a C.P.R. work gang. The leaders of the group were Messers. Koshiro Hamaro and Yoshitsugo Ono. The work gang was sent to the C.P.R. Okanagan branch line. After working at Enderby, they were moved to the mainline at Sicamous. There they were engaged in blasting rocks for the new railway. This work was very dangerous and physically tiring.

When winter arrived, they could not work, so they spent that winter in a box car at Notch Hill Siding. They suffered extreme discomfort as the temperature went down to nearly forty degrees below zero, and the box car was not built for such weather conditions. In the spring of 1907, the work gang moved back to the Okanagan branch line near Vernon after they finished blasting rocks.

One day they visited a big orchard at Coldstream which employed a group of Japanese workers. The boss at this camp was Mr. Eijiro Koyama. Mr. Denbei Kobayashi and his friend Mr. Osuke Takizawa were hired by the Coldstream Ranch at a wage of one dollar and forty cents a day for ten hours of work. The Coldstream orchard employed more than forty Japanese and many were people from his native prefecture of Nagano. Heiji Yamazaki, Takataro Tada, Sugitaro Sugiyama, Shimanosuke Kakegawa, Shumpei Totoki, Kenichi Koniatsu, and others joined this group. Denbei Kobayashi learned how to care for the young fruit trees, including grafting and pruning procedures.

As the winter approached, most of the newcomers left the orchard, because there was no work for them.

In July, 1907, the Honourable Chonosuke Yada, the Consul of Japan in





Mr. and Mrs. Denbei Kobayashi

Vancouver, visited the Japanese immigrants in the Okanagan area. As he came to the Coldstream Ranch earlier than expected, the people of the camp did not have enough time to prepare for a proper welcome. They asked the camp cook to make something special, so he baked a sponge cake in a great hurry. When the cake was brought in, they discovered many black spots in it. Mr. Kobayashi found that these were black ants which were in the flour. He apologized to the Japanese Consul, but the Consul smiled and said, "It's all right, this cake is delicious and I was told that if you eat ants you get strength." Mr. Kobayashi remembered this incident that had happened sixty years before.

Mr. Kobayashi was naturalized as a Canadian citizen in April, 1908, and, after two years in the Coldstream orchards, he was employed in another orchard at Oyama, a village named after the Japanese General who was renowned as a great hero of the Sino-Japanese War. After working in Oyama, he moved to Okanagan Centre and built fences for the big OK Valley Ranch. A worker for this project could earn two dollars and fifty cents per day, while many were unemployed due to the depression. Even some of those who were lucky enough to have jobs were being paid only a dollar a day.

In 1913, Mr. Kobayashi went to Japan and was engaged to Miss Hiro Yanagisawa. They married on February 5, 1914, and the newly married couple left Japan on March 17, 1914. Tired after travelling by ship, train, boat and on foot, they finally came to Okanagan Centre. A reception party was held the following day with Mr. Fukumoto, the camp members from the Rainbow Ranch and others. After the reception, Mrs. Kobayashi had to start



漸くに花を来たし花の山

"At last I have come to the foot of the mountain of blossoms." — ("mountain" signifying the bountiful mercy of God).

我が心を花の山に植へし。

"I have grafted my soul into the bosom of the mountain cherry tree." — (The cherry blossom emblematic of the spirit of aspiration).

雨あられ嵐の中を忍び来て  
今日恵まれし花の山に

"Midst rain hail and storm, through patience, to-day, God has bestowed upon me the mountain of blossoms."

雲日園芳翠堂正自咲受説、句ヲ  
牧師吉岡芳之助宣讀アリ  
ア・マコ・ハウ・ヤサキ・キリノ

April 8th 1933.

The above are free translations of Mr. Kobayashi's poetic expressions regarding his decision to embrace the Christian faith.

*E. C. Berthoud*

work as the cook of the O.K. Valley Land Co. She must have found this job very difficult.

Interested in Japanese plants, Mr. Kobayashi brought early cherry blossom trees (higan sakura), Japanese peonies (botan), persimmons (kaki), bamboo butter burrs, coltsfoot (fuki) and Japanese asparagus (udo) to Canada from Japan. Due to the severe winter conditions, all plants died except the



cherry, fuki and udo. The early cherry blossom trees reproduced and he sent plants to many parts of Canada, where today they are admired each spring in parks or along boulevards.

The fruit trees which six Japanese workers planted under the supervision of Denbei Kobayashi at Okanagan Centre grew into trees which are still bearing fruit.

During the early years of their marriage, the Kobayashis were blessed with a son and a daughter. They faced difficulty in raising their children in the crowded camp, so they bought and moved onto a ten acre farm at Okanagan Centre in the summer of 1914. When the First World War started and his neighbour, a white man, Mr. Cyril Wentworth, enlisted, Mr. Kobayashi looked after his neighbour's twelve acre orchard. When the war ended, his neighbour returned and found the orchard in good order.

By 1921, many Japanese moved into the Okanagan Centre area, so they needed to start an organization. And thus in the same year, an association called 'Koyukai' (Friends and Fellowship Association) was formed. The first director and officers were Mr. Eirjiro Koyama, president; Mr. Kakujiro Koide, secretary; Mr. Denbei Kobayashi, chairman; and six others as directors. At the annual meeting in 1922, Mr. Denbei Kobayashi was elected the president and he held this office for thirteen years. While he was the president, the organization published a monthly bulletin called "Taiko No Kishi" (Shores of the Great Lake), and during this time he and nine other Haiku enthusiasts established another association called the "Aoba". In 1962 "Aoba" celebrated its fortieth anniversary by publishing a book of Haiku poems.

In 1924 the Kobayashis bought their neighbour's orchard for \$15,000 and settled down to bringing up their family in Okanagan Centre. Mr. Kobayashi sponsored many workers from Japan who helped him work the orchard. The Kobayashis were blessed with three sons and four daughters and were doing very well with their business.

Unfortunately Mrs. Kobayashi suddenly became ill with a stroke and was bedridden for six long years. She was cheerful in spite of her illness, and her husband did his very best to care for her. Mrs. Kobayashi had another stroke in May, 1960, and passed away peacefully on July 18, 1960.

Mr. Kobayashi retired from farming in 1961, and transferred ten acres of his property to his second son, Hiroshi, and twelve acres to Sakuji and Sachio Koyama, his son-in-law and daughter respectively. He visited Japan in 1961, 1963 and 1967. He published his autobiography and a collection of his Haiku poems in 1963.

Mr. Denbei Kobayashi passed away peacefully on January 4, 1968 at the age of eighty-nine.

His contributions as a leader of his community and teacher of Haiku will not be forgotten by his many friends and followers.

**Editor's Note:** The **Haiku** is sometimes defined in English as a 17-syllable poem written in three lines of 5, 7 and 5 syllables. This prosody is only approximate but, perhaps, as close as we can come given the structural differences between the Japanese language and English. There are other conventions such as implying the season. However, the principal objective is to record and recreate the emotional high of the poetic experience. In other words, the brief poem



must be the very essence of what, in English, might be a much longer poem. The **Haiku** may be, according to H. G. Henderson in his **Introduction to Haiku**, "grave or gay, deep or shallow, religious, satirical, sad, humorous, or charming."

The origins of the **Haiku** are lost in antiquity. By the seventeenth century, when the master Basho was writing, the form was well established. Haiku writing remains an important cultural activity. Because of the poem's brevity, allusion and symbolism are important in conveying thought and feeling. These do not always come across in translation.

Below are a few of Denbei Kobayshi's **Haiku** translated by Rev. S. S. Osterhaul M.A., Ph.D., D.D., Superintendent of Oriental Missions West of the Great Lakes.

榮えます花 多ゆけす神の庭  
大勢才女は 花にみちて 希五

"Increasing glory and peaceful light now shine in the Garden of God as the Yamato cherry bursts into bloom."

(The Yamato cherry being emblematic of the spirit of aspiration)

霜雪の 花 難のあとで 薫る梅

"After the bitterness of frost and snow, plum blossoms now scatter fragrance."  
(Plum blossoms signifying purity of desire)

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Effective July 15 the "rule of the road" in the B.C. Interior will be changed to conform with that of the provinces to the east and the states to the south. District No. 1 Vancouver and Vancouver Island will change December 21st, 1921.

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1920  
*The Summerland Review*



## ROBERT JOHNSTONE McDOUGALL

by G. J. Rowland

When R. J. (Bob) McDougall retired as the publisher of the **Penticton Herald** he was tendered a banquet by the Board of Trade. He had acquired the newspaper in 1914 and had made it known throughout the nation, notably in the winning of the Mason Trophy — a sort of blue ribbon bestowed by journalists, a recognition of excellence in the weekly field. He left the **Herald** on a sound basis and the newspaper was awarded the Mason Trophy later under a different publisher. The groundwork had been well laid.

It was now in the early spring of 1940 when the Board of Trade offered a testimonial salute at its banquet. As read by H. T. Griffiths, then secretary of the Board, this presentation went beyond comment on Mr. McDougall's quarter of a century direction of the **Herald**. It offered the claim that he could have had "any gift the nation might yield" had he sought it.

The implication was that Mr. McDougall should have been in politics. And indeed there was much to underscore this feeling, for he was a splendid public speaker, as he occasionally but not pretentiously demonstrated over the years. A strong pleasing voice coupled with a logical reasonableness and a persuasive turn of mind made him a formidable presence on any platform. But, as it turned out, he confined "politics" to the municipal sphere.

After retiring from the newspaper, he served as Reeve of the district municipality in 1941 - 42 and again in 1945. There were the difficulties of the war years (during which he lost his elder son Roy). Flooding (or its continuing threat) was only one among many complexities. Dear to Reeve McDougall's heart was his scheme to divert Ellis Creek. But, despite his presumably persuasive powers, he never succeeded in getting the project past the voters.

Apart from council matters, over the years he served on a great number of bodies. Indeed, when the Penticton branch of this Okanagan Historical Society was formed in 1945, he was the secretary.

He had begun his newspaper work in Winnipeg. Later he joined the **Vancouver Province** where he became the legislature correspondent, city editor, and news editor, before confining himself to the **Herald** of which he had meanwhile secured ownership.

Born on the prairies he grew up from infancy in Peachland and always loved the area. Old timers still are disposed to suggest that he bagged every deer before leaving the highlands thereabouts. He loved fly-fishing and returned often to the lakes of the same area. Some of his oldest and best friends were those cronies who shared a penny-ante game of poker with him in a small cabin at the end of a day's search for a few trout.

His zest for fishing may have been best demonstrated when he suffered a stroke on one such lake expedition high in the mountains. He found that he could not use one arm at all. But the "rise" was on and the trout catch prospects splendid. He continued to cast with the arm that wasn't paralyzed. But he didn't do too well, he later admitted to companions. It was the bother of also trying to manipulate the oars in the boat, all alone, with that one surviving good arm. Somehow, this remains a measure of the man.

He had a long convalescence, and it was indeed this that motivated him to sell the **Herald**. In time he enjoyed a complete recovery. These were the years of his municipal service, after which he moved to Vancouver where he



died in his ninety-fourth year on October 4, 1982.

He was predeceased by the companions of two marriages and by his flyer son, Roy, in the air force. Surviving are his son Glenn, of Vancouver, and his daughters: Mrs. Mildred Putnam of Seattle; Mrs. Edna Lawrence of Vancouver; and Mrs. Jean Davis of Kaleden.

### HERALDS OF SPRING

*When Winter grips the valley fast,  
And thoughts of spring like fly are cast,  
I think of days that do foretell,  
The sunlit days in glade and dell.*

*Yellow sunflowers upon a hill,  
A squirrel's chatter loud and shrill,  
A pheasant strutting through the grass,  
Preening and posturing to all who pass.*

*A scent of wood smoke in the air,  
A mountain track now almost bare,  
A flight of geese in a cloudless sky,  
The fleeting glimpse of a snowdrop shy.*

*An old folks' garden with tulips gay,  
The breath-taking beauty of a flowering May,  
The laughter of children in the sun,  
The gossamer thread of a cobweb spun.*

*An altar decked with Easter flowers,  
A radiant bride — cool April showers,  
The hoot of an owl in the silent night,  
A cherry tree all dressed in white.*

*The purr of a mower shearing a lawn,  
First light of the sun and promise of morn,  
The gurgle of water in the gorge below,  
The startled gaze of a frightened doe.*

*Pink and white blossoms — a billowing sea,  
The insatiable quest of a honey bee,  
A graceful yacht with foaming wake,  
A rainbow mirrored in a lake.*

*May we hold in trust for others to see,  
This wonderous beauty and wild life free,  
The good clean air and the fertile earth,  
For these are the things of priceless worth.*

Ivan E. Phillips, Box 773, Summerland, B.C., Canada



## JAMES HARPER MITCHELL

by F. Carleton MacNaughton

As I review the life of the late J. H. Mitchell, I find that his life has a natural breakdown into four parts: his community and social life, his military career, his scouting career, and his judicial life. Other than my own family, Mr. Mitchell was my closest friend, and we spent countless campfires together during our scouting careers.

He had four definite titles, all fully earned and richly deserved. Mr. J. H. Mitchell, Oliver's Good Citizen for 1953; Captain J. H. Mitchell, C. O. B.C.D.'s "C" Squadron (Resv); Regional Commissioner J. H. Mitchell, Boy Scout Association; and Judge J. H. Mitchell of British Columbia. However, because of our close association, I will make this biography simple and refer to him throughout as "Jim", for this was how so many of us knew him.

Jim was born at Bridgend, Wales, on May 11, 1896, first son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Mitchell. His mother was Marion Harper. Jim had two younger brothers, Charles and Archibald, and a sister, Grace. The family moved to Canada and settled in the western prairie provinces while Jim was still very young. Here his father took a great interest in encouraging prairie people to plant trees, and at one time was running a lecture car on the railway, stopping on rural town sidings and giving illustrated talks which stressed the need for tree wind-breaks around prairie homes and buildings. This work proved very successful. It was in this environment that Jim grew up, with a love of trees and a working knowledge of growing them.

After serving in the first World War, Jim was convalescing because of his badly gassed lungs in a sanatorium in Alberta, when he met and fell in love with one of his rehabilitation nurses, Miss Gwendolin Carter. Jim and Gwen were married February 23, 1927. Sadly Gwen died in the following year, within days of giving birth to their son David.

It was not until 1946 that Jim married again, his bride being Miss Evelyn Frances de Lautour, by whom he is survived, as well as by his son David, a brother Archibald and sister Grace, three grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews. Throughout the thirty-six years that Frances and Jim had together, Frances was a tower of strength, and I am sure it was her love and care that kept Jim going to the good age of 86 years.

The Mitchell family came to Oliver in 1922 and purchased twelve acres of raw land, here they planted an orchard, and, on the death of his father, Jim took over the operation of the orchard.

For a veteran who had a 60% disability, he assumed a community workload that was little less than miraculous. I list here some of his responsibilities: he was a Charter member of the Oliver Rotary Club; worked as a director on the Oliver Community Club, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Oliver Co-operative Growers Exchange, and the B.C. Fruit Growers Association; served as chairman of the Grasshopper Control Suppression Board, and the Oliver Cemetery Board. On the 25th of October, 1929, Jim was appointed Stipendiary Magistrate in and for the County of Yale, and served until he retired in 1971. He became one of the longest serving judicial officers in the province of British Columbia. Jim Mitchell seems to have been involved in just about everything worthwhile.





James Harper Mitchell

In his capacity as Magistrate and Judge, Jim was brought close to the bad results of over-indulgence and worked hard for prohibition whenever the opportunity arose. In his religious life he was fond of the old church rituals he had known in his youth. He was a supporter and hard worker of the Oliver United Church, where he sang in the church choir for many years. He was also a member of the South Okanagan Historical Society and the South Okanagan Choral Society.

In his military career Jim joined the Calgary Highlanders in 1916 while attending agricultural college at Claresholm, Alberta. He went overseas in 1917 where he became a machine-gun specialist and transferred to the First Canadian Motor Machine-gun Brigade. He went to France just after the battle of Vimy Ridge and was in action at the battle of Paschendael and in the March retreat of 1918. He was gassed and came out of the line in the summer of 1918 but rejoined his brigade in time for the Armistice. After service for a short time in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine he was invalided to England and then to Canada with damaged lungs. After his arrival in Oliver he became active in the Canadian Legion, and was president of the Oliver Branch 97 in 1941. When the second World War broke out Jim immediately joined the British Columbia Dragoons "C" Squadron (Resv). He had kept up



his keen interest in the army and was most proficient in mapping, commanding men, and in the use of machine guns and armoured vehicles. He quickly rose to the position of 2 I.C. and when, towards the end of the war, the C.O. retired, he took over "C" squadron (Resv) until the end of the war. He was a stickler for detail, smartness and dress, and ran a first class show. All training was well planned and run to a strict timetable, and we always knew that, if a first choice failed, there was always a well-planned second choice ready. The army was one of his great loves, and he worked at it with a passion hard to equal anywhere. In 1978 the Legion honoured him with a fifty-year service badge, and in 1980 with a Life Membership. The November 11th Armistice Day (or Remembrance Day as it is now known) parades will never seem the same without Jim there in some leadership capacity.

Jim had been a Scout as a boy, and when the Scout Association was seeking leaders in 1937 Jim volunteered to help and received his Scout Master's Warrant on November 11, 1937. It was here as another scouter that I came to know Jim so well, and we scouted together for 45 years. Jim persuaded me to take over the Oliver Troop and he went on to administration work, taking all the courses in training he could find and advancing the training program for leaders throughout the Okanagan. He was a Gilwell Scout, receiving the Woodbadge in 1951. In all, he took some twelve advanced courses and countless local courses. He held the Long Service Medal with three bars, the Medal of Merit, and the Silver Acorn. Jim was Chief Scout at more than one Gilwell course and Assistant Chief at many more. He played a key role in setting up Scout Regions in the Province, and was the First Regional Commissioner of the Interior Region. He was probably one of the most able scouters British Columbia has ever had.

Jim was only 33 when he was appointed a stipendiary magistrate in and for the County of Yale, and in 1952 he was appointed Judge of the Juvenile Court for Similkameen Electoral District. In 1962 he became a Magistrate for the Small Debts Court. Jim Mitchell retired from the Bench in 1971. On his retirement he was presented with an engraved gold watch by the Province of British Columbia, and was honoured at a testimonial dinner where he was presented with a colour television set and other gifts, and many tributes extended from Provincial officials, the judiciary, the legal profession, Inkameep Indian Band members, the Scouting officials, R.C.M.P. officers and private individuals.

What kind of a judge was Jim? He was eminently fair, and longtime friends, newcomers, several-time offenders and first-timers were all treated the same. On the one hand, he would sentence an offender, and on the other hand, an hour later help him in any way he could. Many repeaters came up before Jim and were sentenced for their offences, but all agreed that they had had fair treatment, and most would say a good word for him. He had a great sense of humour and often found it hard to keep a straight face with some of the evidence tendered when he knew full well the truth. On many occasions, people who had served their terms came back to him, at his home, and asked for help and advice to get back on the right track and become good citizens, and he never turned them down.

And so, on October 14, 1982, Jim's years of service to his community and to his fellow-man came to an end. We will miss him, and surely this whole area will be a better place for his having been here.



## J. K. ANDERSON 1878 - 1949

by Agnes M. Mabee

### The Young Man

I knew my father as a quiet, gentle man who never raised his voice in anger, even when it was necessary to remonstrate with me. He did not even yell at horses, cows or dogs and we all know they can be exasperating in the extreme. However, this gentle man, who spent almost all of the last twenty-eight years of his life in the Oliver-Osoyoos area, was not lacking in the spirit of adventure in his youth.

He was born in Montrose, Scotland, May 16, 1878 and christened James Kinnear. He was known to most of his friends as J.K. and to his wife as Jim. James Anderson Sr., died when his son was a small child and in those pre-welfare state days this meant that the boy was taken from school at age fifteen and apprenticed. The apprenticeship was to a pharmacist and did not appeal to young Jim. He stuck it out for four years, during which time he was apparently subscribing to the weekly Vancouver Province newspaper.

What he read in the paper must have fired his imagination, because in August, 1898, he sailed for Vancouver. The following account is quoted from notes my mother took one evening when she tried to get Dad to tell of his adventures.

"Mr. Philip, Real Estate Agent, gave letter to Mr. Wells at Chilliwack. Job there at \$10.00 per month - milking cows, feeding pigs at Edenbank Farm. Stayed there 6 months till nearly spring, then went on strike for more money. Went to Edenbank Creamery for \$20.00 in 1899."

"Read about Gold Fields - discovery of Atlin - still milked cows - promoted to driving team."

"May 1899 - down to Vancouver and enroute for Skagway just after death of Soapy Smith. Had a chum now called Jacob Christian. Train went to summit of White Pass - new railway - \$5.00 for ten miles. Mushed from there to Bennett City - head of navigation. Waited there for navigation to open - got on sternwheel steamer - down Lake Bennett - stranded at Caribou Crossing - no berths. Down a string of lakes - walked a portage to Atlin Lake - ferried to Atlin City - collection of tents with 5,000 people. Short sojourn there!"

"Headed for the Creeks generally. Met up with a man disgusted - bought his outfit for \$10.00 - pick, shovel, gold pan, month's grubstake and his claim thrown in!! (This was June, 1899)."

"Interesting trip - crossing divides - deep snow in June. Could walk across snowdrifts in early morning but sank after sun-up. Found little specks of gold - lots of digging - never did much. Couldn't go to Klondike without \$500.00 cash. One terrible camp - picked up couple of old prospectors and the four camped under a tarpaulin 8' square in slushy snowfall. Beans, rice, bacon, flapjacks, dried apples and prunes, coffee."

"Atlin proved no good - no Gold Commissioner - no work possible so J.K. broke away - down to the coast - broke."

"Picked up two Newfoundlanders - whalers - also fed up and wanting out. They built a boat - camped in woods ten days with a whipsaw to saw up enough lumber. J.K. was the cook. Just enough cash for nails and oakum - good boat 18 feet long, dory pattern. Mosquitoes - 'Oh my heaven! You don't know anything about mosquitoes!' Sailed to Bennett."



"J.K. walked to Skagway, 40 or 50 miles on the railway track. Got a job as longshoreman for 11 hours a day at \$5½, which made enough to buy a ticket to Vancouver for \$15.00. This ship, the Humbolt, was an American boat and had to go to Seattle - broke - given a meal for 10¢. Arrived at Vancouver next day - home to Paul's (his cousin). Offered job right away - hay-making at \$1.50 a day and food at Lulu Island with a dozen others in a bunkhouse. Good stake there, then back to Vancouver working in a box factory."

"Sore hand - then lumber - hated city in winter. Off to Kamloops to ranch - bad luck, no pay given. Another good haying job - then to Shuswap feeding cattle - \$20.00 a month and keep. Shipping horses to prairie - went along as keeper - to Alberta. Took a homestead until 1909. Went home to Montrose in 1908."

"Fed up after trip home - decided to go West again."

J. K. Anderson went almost as far west as possible - he went to the Queen Charlotte Islands. There he opened a small store at Tow Hill in 1909. In her book, **The Queen Charlotte Islands 1774 - 1966**, Kathleen Dalzell explains that all travel between Skidegate and Masset was by way of the beach. Since Tow Hill was a four hour walk from Masset, Jim Anderson's store became "the logical place for people . . . to break their journey." Soon Jim was providing an overnight stopping place, complete with meals. The guests slept in a tent on bunks which had fresh branches for mattresses. From 1912 - 1914 the meals were cooked by a settler's bride to whom Jim had shown the mysteries of baking bread, pies and cakes. While at Tow Hill Jim also acted as Notary Public, Post Master and Telephone Operator. He was appointed to take the census of 1911. This involved travelling the stormy waters of the west coast to enumerate the loggers and settlers of that isolated area. K. Dalzell states that travel was so difficult that very few of the scores of eligible voters made it to Masset on Election day.





In 1915, J.K., then 37, returned to Vancouver where he enlisted in the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles. In order to get overseas quickly he transferred to the RASC where he became a driving instructor. I remember Dad telling me that a soldier passed his driving test if he could start a lorry on a hill without rolling back. I think he applied the same test to me when he taught me to drive! Those early trucks had a different mechanism because Dad also told me that if one got the speed just right one could change gears without using the clutch. However, his superiors stopped him from using this as a test - it was too hard!

Romance entered J.K.'s life in 1920. He was home in Montrose on demobilization leave when he attended a dance. Amongst all the young ladies present was one in a pink silk chiffon, beaded dress. Janet Mitchell had not wanted to attend the dance but her mother's wishes prevailed and so the die was cast. I don't know if it was love at first sight but it must have been close to it because it seems an 'understanding' was reached before Jim returned to Vancouver. However, it wasn't until the spring of 1924 that Jim was able to send the money for Janet's fare to Canada. She arrived in Vernon May 5, 1924, met Jim the next day and they were wed two hours later. They had a two-week honeymoon to Vancouver and Seattle before going home to Oliver.



Another stage in development.

### **The Oliver Businessman**

In the spring of 1921 J.K. had arrived in Oliver, B.C. The construction crew was busy building the irrigation canal, known to us all as 'the ditch' and Sandy MacPherson had a store in the work camp on the east side of the river. Therefore the distinction of having the first store on the Oliver townsite



belongs to J. K. Anderson. His first building, the Oliver Cash Store, was on the corner where the Smuggler's Den now stands. As the photograph shows, it was a most unpretentious building.

Later in 1921 or 1922, J. K. Anderson and C. D. Collen went into partnership in a store next to the Oliver Hotel on the east side of Main Street. Mrs. Collen told me recently that the partnership was dissolved in 1922 because J.K. wanted to sell groceries and C.D. wished to stick to dry goods. It was probably at this point that J. K. Anderson erected a more permanent building on the corner diagonally opposite the present Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.

The new building was a grocery store until 1928 at which time Dad went out of the business and took over the operation of the B.C. Telephone Exchange. We lived in the rear of the building and I have a faint memory of the grocery counter with open boxes and bags in front of it. A much clearer memory is of myself at age four or five climbing up before the switchboard and being allowed to plug in the jack when the bell rang and the little numbered flap fell down. I can still remember the lady whose phone number was 4! She was a great friend of my parents and a great talker.

A little later, I think in 1929, Dad got a local girl to help with the switchboard and he started to work in the summer as a 'ditch-rider'. This entailed patrolling a certain length of the irrigation canal and controlling the flow to the various orchards. I often accompanied him on his round during the approximately twelve years that he continued with this job.



J. K. Anderson and daughter probably 1925 or early 1926.



### The Orchardist

In 1930 Dad started to make a dream into reality with the purchase of twenty acres, beside the highway at the head of Osoyoos Lake. I remember being taken to view the expanse of sagebrush that was to become an orchard. Although I don't remember it, probably the brush was cleared off that fall. I distinctly remember Moving Day, April 1931.

It was just after my sixth birthday that Dad, Mother and I, complete with kitten and puppy, loaded into the Ford tourer with the isinglass curtains and drove down to 'the ranch'. I discovered that our temporary house was a new one-room shack. I thought this was fun; no plaster or paint to be careful of, no cupboards or closets - just drive in a nail when you wanted a hook. This state of bliss lasted only the summer as we moved into the new house on the hill (now Norcross) in the fall.

What Mother felt about abandoning inside plumbing and electricity she never said. Her only complaint was that Dad had to work so hard carrying water pails up the hill from the lake for the next eight years. The summer wasn't so bad as irrigation water was used to a great extent. A water cistern was built in 1939 to store water from the ditch and that, although it still meant economizing with water during the winter, ended the backbreaking labour with the shoulder yoke and the pails. In 1944 the West Kootenay Power and Light Co., finally supplied electricity so we said good-bye to Coleman, Aladdin and ordinary oil lamps. We were not sorry.

During those years from 1931 to 1944 my father worked hard to support his family but was still able to make time for the community as well. Although he always said he hated meetings he served for several depression years on the Osoyoos School Board. I remember one year he had a suitcase full of applications for one position. He said one day "I don't know what to do - they all seem good. I think we'll give it to . . . because she's from Oliver." The choice was made and no one was dissatisfied as the young lady turned out to be a good teacher and popular, too.

Later, when the Osoyoos Red Cross Society became active during the war, Dad took the position of treasurer and my mother became the secretary. They continued with these tasks until the end of the war.

Father and Mother did not neglect recreational pursuits. While in Oliver they played golf, tennis and badminton and after the move to the orchard continued with badminton in the hall in Osoyoos. Dad kept up with badminton until one day he came home and said "I think it's time I quit. The young men are calling me 'sir'!" During the summer lawn tennis was played Sunday afternoons at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Tait and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Wright. Major and Mrs. H. A. Porteous also had a tennis court (clay, I think) which was later replaced by one of the first swimming pools. The Taites did the same thing with their court when the tennis playing years were past. We enjoyed many pleasant afternoons, sitting in the shade, watching the games.

Less strenuous activities included frequent bridge parties and other party games such as charades-old style. Sometimes Dad was persuaded (forced?) to take part in one-act plays, directed by Mother and usually put on to earn money for the Red Cross. One such memorable effort was **Box and Cox**, in which he played the landlady. And very convincing he was.



### Retirement

In September, 1945 I was about to enter U.B.C. As Dad was finding the orchard work more and more tiring, he and Mother decided to move to Vancouver. It was hard to leave all their old friends but a house was found in the Dunbar area, the orchard was rented and the move was made. A new phase of their life had begun.

To fill his time, Dad took up golf again after a lapse of fifteen years. He spent many happy hours on the University Golf Course with new friends. He was so proud the day his score, less handicap, was 73 for the par 71 course that my mother kept the score card in her keepsakes.

He also put in much time improving the garden, but his health began to deteriorate somewhat. This fact, coupled probably with a certain amount of homesickness for the Okanagan, led to the purchase of a house in Penticton.

In the summer of 1948 we moved back to more familiar surroundings, close to old, dear friends. Once again Dad devoted himself to caring for the garden in the summer and the furnace in winter. He took up lawn bowling but did not have long to enjoy his new companions for he passed away suddenly July 16, 1949, just two months after he and Mother celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary.

I would like to end with one of mother's poems.

*Beautiful hands — those that do  
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,  
Moment by moment, the long day through.*

*Beautiful feet — those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.*

*Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,  
With patient grace, and daily prayer.*

*Beautiful lives are those that bless  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.*

*Beautiful twilight — at set of sun  
Beautiful goal, with race well won,  
Beautiful rest, with work well done.*

*Beautiful grave — where grasses creep,  
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep  
Over worn-out hands — oh, beautiful sleep.*

J.B.A.



# ESSAY CONTEST

**Editor's Note:** We begin our essay section with this year's winning essay, Tracey Skyrme's "History of the Interior Provincial Exhibition". Congratulations, Tracey, for your industry and congratulations to the A. L. Fortune School which encourages such projects.

Following Tracey's essay are four essays held over from last year. Three are about old Armstrong houses and contain information which we would not like to see lost. What a fine project for Grade 7 pupils in a community with a relatively long history of settlement. Congratulations Len W. Wood Elementary School.

Laurie Case's essay "The Enderby Bridge" is notable not so much for Laurie's findings as for her awareness of the problems of the historian. Already she has learned that memory can play tricks. Even written statements need questioning. Laurie knew where her facts could be verified but she discovered that people engaged in today's problems do not often have time to dig through old records. Hence the value of institutions like archives and museums whose business it is to organize, store, and make available to researchers historic material. However, Laurie did discover one of the great strengths of personal reminiscences: their colour. Personal memories make history come alive.

## THE HISTORY OF THE INTERIOR PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION 1900 - 1980

by Tracey Skyrme, Grindrod

*"Fresh apples; cotton candy; the smell of fresh fruit and preserves. Mother on one side talking about the competition from 'way down the valley;' and Pa, he just had to see this here thing called a Holstein. And you . . . well, you came to see everything."*

Ever since 'way back when', one of our valley's major industries has been agriculture. One man set out to better the next in quality and quantity. To satisfy all involved, the pioneers found it necessary to organize an annual fair. This 'Fall Fair' saw its first light in 1900.

At first, the fair was limited to agriculture, focusing on livestock in later years. The farmers who attended the event had previously shown their entries at a smaller fair in Vernon.

Wanting to keep their fair unique, the pioneers appropriately named it the Armstrong-Spallumcheen Agricultural Society Fair.

Because the fair dealt principally with agriculture, the main attraction in 1900 was called a Table Show. This consisted of tables and tables of fruit and vegetables. The judges would walk down the aisles, judging as they saw fit. After a few years passed by, sewing and cooking were added to the roster. These displays were similar to those of the fruits and vegetables.





Balloon at Armstrong Fair 1908

By now, farmers were following the so-called 'Agricultural Footsteps' with their livestock:

1. Find a product
2. Find its practicability
3. Cross breed it; experiment
4. Take it to the fair
5. Later, sell it to any interested buyers

When some land was acquired, barns and shelters were built to house livestock entries. As the years rolled on, it seemed that there was a new building or two for every fair.

In addition to cattle, the horse market was picking up. Horses provided power for the farmer, therefore becoming 'big items' on the fair circuit.

There were no particular breeds of cows in the North Okanagan at the turn of the century. There were just two basic types: the milk cow and the meat cow. Sheep, hogs, and poultry fell into similar categories.

Immigrants, the majority being from Great Britain, settled in our area and began to show their products at the Fair. They were very conscious of the results and placings their exhibits received, an indication of whether or not people would buy their products from them. The new farmers wanted to find out how their products stood up in comparison to what other farmers had produced, and they took the competition very seriously.

Each sowing and harvest time was different, as were the soil conditions. If a farmer was growing peas, he wanted to know how his neighbours' peas were doing. The quality and yield that developed told him whether he should keep growing this product or purchase seed from his neighbour.

What started as a relatively small table show graduated to the outdoors, where with rope in hand, a farmer led his animals to the fair to show.



In 1919, the first purebred cattle were shown. Jersey dairy cattle were imported from Ontario. The new interest in livestock breeding soon spread to the beef industry and the Kamloops Bull Sale was organized. Now, people who had beef cattle were interested in getting a better bull. Short horn was the most popular breed at that time, although occasionally one could catch sight of an Angus or Hereford. As times changed, the Hereford became the predominant animal of the range.

Draft horses were a great necessity in the active farmer's life. The two main breeds were Clydesdales and Percherons. The farmer was very proud of these horses and he wanted to stir interest in the public eye.

Everyone had horses and buggies, but there were no particular breed of light horses. The grade horses made up the biggest part of the show. These grades were heavy draft, general purpose, and agricultural horses. These horses were grouped into categories according to their weights.

At this time, the provincial vegetable market and export market were growing rapidly. Vegetables were grown here and shipped out to such places as Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, and even as far as Toronto. Celery was grown and shipped to Hawaii.

Seed propagation was introduced and many varieties were introduced. The fruit business was becoming big in the Okanagan Valley. Investors from England sent money to real estate agents to buy property for orchards. The Okanagan Valley had built up an illustrious reputation as being the 'Land of Plenty' or 'Garden of Eden'. Surveys at the turn of the century divided much of the valley's land into ten acre parcels. Ten acres, at this time, was considered to be the maximum size orchard that a family could handle. Some of these parcels were not used for fruit growing purposes at all, but instead were used for raising hay and grain.

As the population in North Okanagan towns boomed, so did the popularity of the dairy business and the demand for dairy products increased. At this time, the farmer would take his bottled milk into town and sell it to merchants and townspeople. Other farmers would produce milk and separate it, thereby supplying cream to their various customers. With the leftover skim milk, a slop mixture would be made for the pigs.

The Jersey was the best dairy cow from the standpoint of butterfat. Jerseys were, however, not used to the weather and soil in our area, making them a little less popular and the farmer a little more wary.

Captain Dunwaters, a man of Scottish origin, promoted the Ayrshire cow. Generally, the Ayrshire was more suited to the precipitation, foilage, and climate of this area, and became very popular.

The next cow to emerge into the Fair picture was the Holstein. At the time, there were very few Holsteins in the area. This cow gave a very large amount of milk, although the milk was quite thin and had a bluish tint.

As the population rose steadily, the dairies took over the producing and handling of fluid milk. They continued in this fashion until none of the farm dairies were left. Fluid milk production for human consumption became the mainstay in milk production. Because so many people wanted so much milk so fast, the Holstein became more popular. The pig business suffered greatly because there wasn't much skimmed milk to feed the hogs.

Vegetable culture changed, too. New modes of transportation were be-



ing found, meaning vegetables no longer had to be stored for long periods of time. In Armstrong there were eight packing houses, all with storage. The vegetables could be shipped to Vancouver, and from there to the city stores.

As the vegetable industry declined, the fruit industry rose to the fore. The prize lists had five pages of varieties. The Fair helped to bolster this growth and it helped to eliminate the strains of apples that were impractical.

After World War II, vehicles and roads improved, and people south of our border had a climate where they could produce vegetables year-round. The bigger grocery chains bought most of their fresh produce from the States. A decline in vegetable growing followed.

From the marketing standpoint, we could provide apples nearly year-round. Some apples were so hard at harvest time, that it was like trying to eat a brick. In February, these apples would start to mellow. Pears and vegetables were much the same. The 'keeping varieties' of vegetables were grown for late harvest and were stored for winter.

In the first fifty years of this century, many farmers came to the North Okanagan from foreign countries. In their countries of origin, the farmers had used a great variety of different breeds and crops. They brought these new varieties and breeds with them to Canada, introducing great variety to the IPE.

The war years saw a lot of change. The horse went out and the tractor came in. Farm dairy route was replaced by the commercial dairy route. Vegetable/fruit marketers got into situations where they only wanted to sell a boat-load of one particular product. They restricted their production to very few varieties. There were many beautiful varieties of fruit for cooking, but today nobody produces them.

The name of the Fair started out as the Armstrong-Spallumcheen Agricultural Society. Under the Societies Act, people had to reside in the area that was encompassed by the charter of the Society. The name changed once more, to the North Okanagan Fall Fair. People who lived outside of the Society's area could not be voting members. My grandfather was keenly interested in the Fair, but was not entitled to a membership. In 1929, the final name change took place. It was changed to the Interior Provincial Exhibition and any people residing in B.C. could become members.

The first president was Percy French. He was a beef, horse, and fruit producer. To add to his credentials, he was an agricultural school graduate.

Because transportation was developing, people could bring livestock and produce in from greater distances. Therefore, competition became more keen.

Consolidated Mining and Smelting was milking 300 Ayrshire cows in Trail to supply milk for the lead and zinc mines. They were breeding them and showing them, and every year the company put some of their animals on the show circuit. There were also producers from eastern Canada who showed their produce and livestock.

In my opinion, one of the favourite areas of any fair is the midway. A fair just isn't a fair without the ride that scared Grandma half to death, or the barker enticing you with promises of things never seen before. The first man to bring a midway to Armstrong was Bill Badley. He had a midway on wagons, pulled by horses. After a few years, the midway came to Armstrong



by rail. The final change in midway transportation was the switch to motorized caravans, similar to what we have today.

Bill Badley's midway had a few games and the occasional ride. For sound, he might provide an organ grinder. Popular games included Crown and Anchor and the Baseball Pitch. The prizes were kewpie dolls and balloons, and the odd ornament. As the cost of an attraction was very expensive, the show organizer could not afford it unless he had another source of income, so he incorporated what is called a 'money game'. This was a game such as the Baseball Pitch or the Wheel of Fortune. The organizer might be allowed two of these if the price of his ride was low.

The midways we have today, such as the M. F. Wagner Shows do not own the rides you see. They have contracts signed with the I.P.E. executives, and many of the individual rides are sub-contracted from private owner-operators.

Religion played an important part in the I.P.E. Preachers would come to hold tent meetings for the Fair personnel. Every year these people would gather to hear the ceremony and it became almost a tradition. Today, however, the tradition has long since faded away, but is relived in the lives of many fair goers as they exclaim after the Fair, "Thank God I never brought the other pay cheque!"

As was the case with most fairs, the trends of the local economy were reflected in the gate attendance. If the economy was in poor condition, chances were the fair attendance would be down.

Recently, the I.P.E. Association members approved a motion allowing the executive authority to purchase adjacent property or to develop a new site altogether. The concept of looking at other sites was a major policy move by the I.P.E. Several directors have been pursuing this move over the past few years. The Fair site as it is now is just too small, and because of this, fair exhibitors and visitors may no longer continue their support. This is not a recent problem. For some time now, exhibitors have been complaining about the lack of space. The exhibitors in the Hassen Memorial Hall can no longer accept many more entries, which seems to take away the original purpose of those first fairs.

The Fair is the best advertising that the agricultural industry could have. The consuming public can attend and see what is on the market. They can appreciate the hard labours of our farmers and the great variety of products available. The I.P.E. has been an important part of our past; it is an important part of our present; and it will continue to have a place in our future.

"By appreciation we make excellence in others our own property."

— Voltaire

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My special thanks to: Mr. Matt Hassen, Mr. Jack Armstrong, Mrs. Ruby Lidstone, Mr. Ed Goldstrom

— Tracey Skyrme



## THE SMITH HOUSE

by Loesha Zeviar, Armstrong

The T. K. Smith house was constructed by T. W. Fletcher in approximately 1902. The house was built on stone foundation and the rest on concrete. The lumber for the house was acquired from T. K. Smith's sawmill.

Upstairs there are two bedrooms, a dressing room, and a bathroom. All woodwork is done in fir. There is an attic, but it is unfurnished.

On the main floor there is a parlor with a bay window, a drawing room, and a dining room. There is also a kitchen, wash room, and a pantry. All of the woodwork, again, is done with fir and the floors are oak. The wall paper in several parts of the house is embossed.

The house is hot-water heated, first by slab wood, later sawdust, and now it is heated with natural gas.

There is a huge veranda across the front (north side), and the side of the house. There are a great number of windows throughout the house. Several are stained glass, such as in the parlor and front hall.

On the exterior of the house there is fir siding — and it is painted brown with cream trim.

After the house was built, it was sold to Mr. Mark Hill who occupied it until 1910. When Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Smith, (owner of the Armstrong Saw Mill), bought the house from Mr. Hill, it was renovated, and looks as it stands now.

The Smiths occupied the house until 1948, when Mrs. Smith passed away. The present owner is Miss Lillian Fraser, who lives with her sister Miss Jessie Fraser, nieces of Mrs. Smith.



Residence of Miss Lillian Fraser (as it stands now)



## THE BEHNCKE HOUSE

by Katherine Parker, Armstrong

### The House

The Behncke house was built in 1905 by Joe McDonald for the James Wright Family. The original building underwent a change in 1912. The top of the house was expanded because the Wright family had grown larger. The cost of this renovation was \$2,000 which was quite a large sum in those days. Lumber for the top was acquired at the T. K. Smith Sawmill. Jack Leslie and Tommy Becker were employed to do the renovation.

In the early 1900's, many games were played on the property. Tennis courts were placed at the back of the house. In winter, owners of the house used to skate on the small, frozen pond. The men had an organized golf club on the 5 acre property and played golf behind the house.

The house was heated by a big wood stove at one end. Of course, around the stove it would be warm, but in other rooms it could get very cold in the winter.



Home of Judge Behnke after renovations. (1982)

Many well-known people of the Armstrong area have lived in this house. James Wright, first mayor of Armstrong, George Dunkley, postmaster, Peter Smith, garage operator and the present owner, Jurgen Behncke, lawyer and judge.

### The Families

#### The Wrights

James Milton Wright was born on January 10, 1869, in Halifax, England. In 1890 James emigrated to Canada, at which time he was 21.

James arrived in Armstrong and worked as the assistant postmaster from 1892 - 1897. James took over the job as postmaster in 1897. He continued on





J. M. Wright

until 1937 at which time he retired. Jim Wright received a silver medal from King George V for his 40 years of service to the Canadian Post Office.

James married Nora Rabbit of Nova Scotia in 1899. Jim and Nora had 4 children, Frank, Winnifred, Nellie, and Nora.

J. M. Wright held many civic jobs in Armstrong. He held the office of first mayor of Armstrong for 7 years. He was also treasurer, alderman, and again mayor. James worked as a member of the school board for 30 years. He was one of the main organizers of the Brick Consolidated School. This was the first school in British Columbia that country children were bussed in to.

James Wright died in 1939. An estimated 1,000 people attended his funeral to show their appreciation for his dedication in developing the town of Armstrong.

### **The Dunkleys**

George Dunkley was born on October 6, 1888 in London, England. He married his fiancée, Hilda, on June 22, 1916. They had four children, George Cyril, Melvin John, Stella Joyce, and Peter Melling.

Like James Wright, George was postmaster and a prominent member of the Armstrong community. He was an executive member of the committee that built the Armstrong Swimming Pool. George received the Legion's Meritorious Service Medal, a very high honor. George was a member of the school board for four years. Perhaps George's largest contribution to Armstrong was his 18 years of service as postmaster. He started in 1937, taking over from James Wright. George retired in 1955 at which time his son, Melvin, took over his job of postmaster. Melvin Dunkley recently retired himself in 1975. The Dunkleys can be considered very important in the growth of Armstrong.

### **The Smiths:**

In 1950, Peter Smith and his wife moved into the house with their mother, Mrs. Cooke, and 3 children, David, Garth and Terri. Peter Smith, his father and his grandfather owned the A. Smith and Son Garage, which used to be on the site of the present Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. The business was sold in 1963 and the Smiths moved to Sechelt, B.C., where they are residing.



The cost of the house was in the area of \$10,000 in 1950. It is much more costly now.

Peter sold the house to Judge Jurgen Behncke and left Armstrong.

### **The Behnckes**

The Behncke family moved into the house in 1963, and are the present owners. Jurgen Behncke is a lawyer and judge in Vernon, B.C. The Behnckes have been living in the house for 19 years.

Judge Behncke and his wife Dorothy, have 3 children. They are Patricia, Richard and Dianne. Judge Behncke is a well known figure in the Armstrong area.

I chose to write about this particular house and the families that have lived in it because I stayed with the Behnckes for six weeks during the summer of 1975. I enjoyed the roomy atmosphere I felt during my visit. I know this house quite well and doing this essay has helped me to know it even better.

## **THE GEORGE MURRAY HOUSE**

by Dennis Heaton, Armstrong

### **The Family**

George Murray and his family moved from Lansdowne to Armstrong in 1892 where they lived in a boarding house until a house was available for them to move into. After one year a house in the downtown part of Armstrong was empty and available, so the Murrays moved into the house. This house was small, so some of the 12 children had to sleep in the rooms above the Murray Meat Market. They moved from the house in the downtown of Armstrong



The Murray Family





The Murray House

to a house on Okanagan Street where they lived until a fire destroyed the house in 1920. Fortunately the fire was slow burning so the Murrays had a chance to get all of the furniture out of the house. For nine months the Murrays lived on the corner of Okanagan Street and Rosedale Avenue, while Mr. Cavars built them a new home on the same property as the burnt house.

### The House

The house was a two storey building with one bedroom on the lower floor and a large dorm type room the length of the house on the top floor. This room was then split into two. The bricks for the house were made by George Murray and Fred Fimpgelp out of one part cement to four parts sand giving a unique white colour to the bricks. The two men made 1,000 bricks daily and there were 30,000 bricks used in making the house. The bricks were laid so that there were two layers of brick with a two inch air space to keep the house warm (because there was only one fireplace). The house was on five acres of land, but the Murrays then sold 3 acres on the east side of the property. The lumber for the floors and frame of the house came from Vancouver, and the T. K. Smith Saw Mill. The social events that happened in the house were the tea parties that Mrs. Murray had for her friends and the birthday parties for the children.

After a while the upstairs bedroom was turned into an apartment where Mrs. Jack Evans lived for many years.

Gordon Murray and one of his sisters lived in the house until 1976 when Gordon moved to the Willowdale Old Folks Home in Armstrong. The house was then bought by William Smith.



## THE ENDERBY BRIDGE

by Laurie Case, Enderby

It was 8:15 a.m. I was riding to school on Mr. Lloyd's regular school bus run. We were half-way across the Enderby bridge when all of a sudden there was a jolting bump. The bus skidded and screeched to a halt cross ways on the bridge, just inches from the bridge railing. A plank had come loose breaking the drive-shaft. To all of us riding on the bus, this was a very scary experience; but to our city fathers, this one incident really started the ball rolling with negotiations to acquire a new bridge.

For years Enderby has seen the need for a new bridge. Many discussions have been held just as to where the new bridge should be built. Should it be built farther down stream or should it be built farther up stream, in order to by-pass Main Street? If a new bridge was built in a different location, more land would have to be acquired from the Spallumcheen Indian Band. Meetings were held between Band Council and City Council. These meetings started more meetings; this time involving the Chamber of Commerce and the Department of Highways. No agreement could be reached.

Because of the near disaster of the school bus, the fate of the Enderby bridge became a hot news item. Mr. Lloyd, the bus driver, even appeared on T.V. to tell the story. This publicity resulted in large vehicles being prohibited to cross the bridge. Eventually, on December 29, 1981, Mayor W. Attlessey announced that Enderby was to get a new bridge to be built in the same location. A temporary Bailey Bridge would be constructed to take care of bridge traffic until the completion of the new bridge.

Because no research had ever been done on the Enderby bridges, I really had to start from scratch. With Mom and Dad's help, we talked to many old timers in the Enderby area to see what they could remember. Since many of the stories conflicted with one another, somehow I had to find some statistics to straighten out the stories. So I went to City Hall. They sent me to the Department of Highways. The Enderby Department couldn't help me so they sent me to Vernon Department of Highways. Unfortunately, they were too busy to look for information that I needed. I then went to the Museum in Vernon and found out that a new span was added to the first bridge in 1897, raising it four feet. Apparently, the ice in winter and the logs moving downstream to the mills used to take the bridge timbers out. I was really disappointed when that was the only information in the Museum I could find.

The **Vernon News** couldn't help me and the **Enderby Commoner** felt that if I had some specific dates I might be able to find some news items, but these papers were stored in a basement in Armstrong. I was later told that there had been a fire many years ago and many of the **Commoner's** old copies had been destroyed.

Here are the stories as told to me by some of Enderby's Oldtimers:

Most remembered that the present bridge was built in the bitter cold winter of 1942 - 1943 with temperatures falling to 40° below zero. I later found out from Mr. Stenquist, who was road foreman at the time of construction, that it was built in the winter of 1943 - 1944. At least the temperatures were the same in all the stories and there was a World War going on.

Some told us that the second bridge was built in 1910 or 1911. Others said 1919.



One story told me that a temporary bridge was built farther down stream while this one was being built. After the completion of the new bridge, the temporary bridge was being dismantled, and a car load of boys from Kelowna, not knowing the new bridge was finished, drove off the end of the remains of the temporary and drowned. Later stories revealed that a six foot bridge was used while the bridge before this one was being built, and it was while the bridge before this one was being built that the temporary bridge was used, and that it was a car load from Salmon Arm that went off and only one was drowned. The others were rescued, some of whom were girls.

The Historical Society says the first bridge was built in 1875, but a granddaughter swears on her grandfather's grave that when her grandfather came to Enderby in 1884, there was no bridge. She remembers him telling her how he had to wait until the river froze over in the winter to haul large items across.

Mrs. Beryl Gorman of Vernon said that her mother was the first white child born in Enderby. So, on the opening day of the first bridge, she was carried across in her mother's arms as part of the opening ceremonies.

The Historical Society reports the first bridge was contracted out for \$900.00. The surveyors I saw working on the new Bailey Bridge probably used up \$900.00 in a matter of hours.

The third and present bridge was a rough construction. There were six men who travelled all over the country building this type of bridge. Since more men were needed, farmers of the north Enderby area were hired as extra help.

Mr. Bill Faulkner remembers being time-keeper. Another of his duties was to order food for the cook-house. He told how, when the cook quit, he, himself was hired as a temporary cook until a new cook could be found. After two months of cooking, he asked when they were to get the new cook only to be told they had never been fed so well. So, Mr. Faulkner became the permanent cook.

Mr. Jim Mack told the story of the 6 inch by 12 inch timbers that came in as 12 inch by 12 inch by mistake. Two men had to be hired to whip-saw these timbers down to the correct size. This little job took two months.

I wonder how many pounds of salmon were caught off the bridge over the years? We'll always remember the sight of the Enderby bridge in the early fall with the many different shelters built along the catwalk to house the ardent all-night fishermen from the elements of the weather.

I may not have found the information I set out to find to write this essay, but I really learned a lot more about the people and the town I live in.

Enderby needs a new bridge and is getting one. I am sure we are saddened to lose the historical landmark that became not just a means to cross the river, but a diver's challenge, an artist's delight and a fisherman's paradise.



# CHILDREN'S BOOKS ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE OKANAGAN

Reviewed by Joanne Tait

Cycles, circles, the roundness of the full moon, and the blazing sphere of Grandfather Sun are the things of life itself — a wonderful, truthful theme for "Enwhisteetkwa", the story of a young Okanagan Indian girl by writer-artist Jeannette C. Armstrong, who is a member of the Penticton Indian Reserve Band.

Initially written for the Okanagan Indian Curriculum project and used as a guide for grade five social studies, this fictional narrative covers the years 1959 - 60, as seen through the vulnerable eyes of Enwhisteetkwa, a name which means, in Interior Salish tongue, Walk in Water.

Even the story's geographical setting is circular: Enwhisteetkwa's family, in their quest for survival, move from Penticton, their winter home, south to O.K. Falls, then to Osoyoos, then north and west to White Lake, Tulameen, and returning eastward to Penticton again in the late fall (including a side trip to O.K. Falls for the salmon run).

The Indians are guided in their perpetual search for food by the moons of the seasons, given names like Snowtime, Greenleaf, Bitterwood, Salmon, and once again by the late, autumnal Crisp on the Face Moon.

The recurring rhythms of work, rest, and travel are about the rhythms of survival, and of the vital need for nourishment. Armstrong, by simply telling how the sunflower seeds are pounded into flour, how the wild berries are dried in the sun for winter storage, and how the salmon heads are cooked into a hearty soup, conveys her message: the Okanagan Indian respected, and felt directly responsible to, the physical environment.

In this story, the Indians' spiritual and almost stately way of existence with the sun, moon, and earth is disrupted by the arrival of the Semas, the "black robes", the "hairy-faced ones with pink faces". Upon news of the white men's appearance, travel customs are abruptly changed; there is a meeting of the regional tribes in Penticton to deal with this intrusion, and the feelings of the Indians, duly recorded, are far from positive.

Although her story is a fictitious one, Armstrong has stated that details are based on historical accounts. She researched related events carefully, apparently cross-referencing the tales of the old Indian people — the Elders — with written ethnological records.

At the time of the Greenleaf Moon, Enwhisteetkwa goes to stay with her wise grandmother at Inkameep to learn skills and to listen to the old tales of her people. The Elders, as part of nature's all-pervading cycle, are not a passive feature of "Enwhisteetkwa"; they are the revered teachers and trainers of the young; they are indeed a part of the action. Again a message from the author, and again conveyed with a subtle yet graphic simplicity.

Armstrong's writing has a cadenced thoughtfulness, and is at times, like her pictures, rather somber in style. "Enwhisteetkwa" is likely not a book that young people would discover and devour on their own, but if guided by an interested adult, they would find much to absorb and enjoy.

There is considerable enjoyment to be derived from reading another Okanagan story, "The Tale of the Nativity", as told by the Indian children of the Inkameep Reserve School in the 1930's, and recorded with the guidance of their dedicated teacher, Anthony Walsh. No small part of this delightful



booklet are the exquisite drawings by Sis-hu-lk, the highly regarded artist whose son is the present Chief of the Inkameep Band, Sam Baptiste.

Although Mr. Walsh's loving, skillful influence is evident, who but a child could have observed, "Although Mary was very tired she just washed her face and went and cooked supper." and; "A deer and her fawn . . . stood by Mary and breathed on her to keep her warm."

The Indian Baby Jesus is presented with a tiny canoe, and sweet smelling pine gum from the hill men, and lovingly watched over by Topkan the coyote, who later carries the young toddler on his back. There is really no contrivance to this tale of the nativity, only spontaneity and an Okanagan Indian child's way of seeing.

Three fascinating booklets about the Interior Salish people are available, under the series title "Lak-La Hai-Ee", meaning "to tell" in Shuswap Indian. They have been produced by Ursula Surtees, curator of the Kelowna Museum; and the late Gwen Lamont, a well-known Okanagan artist.

Volume One, on Interior Salish food preparation, is an engaging account of the uses of wild berries, flowers and roots, as described by three Shuswap Indian women: Mary Thomas, her mother, the late Christine Allen; and Teresa Purdaby.

"Building a Winter Dwelling" — a Kekuli — is the title of Volume Two, and is of particular interest because it outlines so clearly, with the aid of Lamont's striking illustrations, the actual, intricate reconstruction of a Kekuli by the Salmon Arm Indian Band in 1974. It was an event of some significance, as Kekuli-building had come perilously close to being a lost art.

The spiritual aspect of the Indian's hard life is beautifully captured in Volume Three, "'Small One' and the Fall Fishing", written by Surtees, who acclaims the skill of the native Salmon Arm fisherman, after spending many hours and walking many miles to learn of this elaborate yet highly practical ritual.

In all these publications, there is a specialness, a uniqueness to be acknowledged and treasured. These are the stories of our Valley, the stories and accounts that set the Okanagan Indian apart from other native peoples, and make him central to the purpose of maintaining and enriching the natural environment of our Okanagan Valley.

The above mentioned publications are available at the Kelowna Centennial Museum.

**Enwhisteetkwa, Walk in Water** — Jeannette C. Armstrong, Okanagan Indian Project, 1982, also available at Okanagan Book, Penticton.

**The Tale of the Nativity** — as told by the Indian Children of Inkameep, also available from Osoyoos Indian Band, Oliver, B.C. \$2.95.

**Lak-La Hai-Ee** — Volume 1, Interior Salish Food Preparation \$2.00

Volume 2, Building a Winter Dwelling \$2.00

Volume 3, "'Small One' and the Fall Fishing" \$2.00

Produced by Ursula Surtees, and Gwen Lamont. Published by Lamont-Surtees, June 1979.



# TALES AND REMINISCENCES

## WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME

by Kitty Wilson

The following story, reprinted from *The Western* for December 26, 1979, is a sequel to last year's feature story, "Plane Crash on Okanagan Mountain."

At Paradise Ranch, north of Naramata, 6:30 a.m., December 23, 1950. Young Mrs. Wilson was still half asleep when her husband stretched, yawned and got out of bed to close the window and put on his longjohns. He felt his chin.

"I'll shave later, before I go to town. You don't mind?" his chin was rough against his wife's cheek. She laughed quietly "Shave before lunch-breakfast I can bear. Is it still misty or just dark?"

"Still misty. I wonder if they found the plane — hard country to get them out if anyone's hurt, but John Gibson knows all the trails." he said.

"I'm glad we don't have a phone or I bet you'd have gone, Victor!"

"Of course I would Katherine. You'd be fine."

"Oh Victor, who would do the milking? And you know I can't start the generator. We'd be back to candlelight."

"The kids would love it."

"What are you going to do this morning?"

"Work."

"But where? What? I never *know*."

"Well you know that right now I'm lighting the kitchen fire, stoking the furnace, going over to milk, separating, eating my breakfast and then — well I guess I'll be in the south field if I can get the tractor up the hill."

"Will the car get up? Oh Victor, I do hope father's visit goes smoothly. You *will* be at the bus in good time?"

"He'll be able to talk to someone at the bus depot if I'm late."

"But he never *would*. He would just sit there and think how disorganized we are . . . Who's awake? Didn't I hear someone? Brian? Guy! Sandy? Mummy's coming . . ."

10 a.m., the Christmas music and advertising on the radio was interrupted by a news announcement. Mrs. Wilson got off her knees where she was waxing the big dining room floor and called the children to come and slide. "Help Mummy polish the wood nicely for Grandpa . . . very quietly, so I can hear the radio."

"The latest bulletin on the CPA plane crash near Chute Lake. The police have just been out to Paradise Ranch and Major Victor Wilson is now at the Penticton Armouries and will be leading in a rescue party. The Major knows every inch of these hills, he has just been flown over the area by Okanagan Helicopter, and will be starting in a few minutes. There may be a need for snowshoes, they should be left at the armouries within the next half hour. The jeeps are now leaving the armouries, Major Wilson is giving the V for Victory sign. There are survivors, we repeat there are survivors, they have lit a big fire and supplies of food and medical aid have been dropped. The weather is very foggy at that level, but the Major is confident they will get in and out before dark."



Mrs. Wilson cranked the old phone that connected her with the foreman's house where Marion O'Connell was looking after her three year old twins — and planning to go to Penticton that afternoon to finish her Christmas shopping.

"Did you hear that broadcast?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes" said Marion, a gentle girl who never made a fuss.

"Did Frank go too?"

"I guess so, he went up the hill with Victor. I think maybe they hoped to be called in."

"I bet they did! Were you noticing if Victor refuelled the generator?"

"No, he didn't. They were in a real rush to get up the hill. I guess the police found them waiting at the gate!"

"Well, we'd better go easy on electricity. I just finished my wash."

"So did I. Whereabouts is the plane? Near the road?"

"Who knows. I just hope they will be back in time for Victor to meet Father's bus. And you have shopping. I guess I should be thankful that I'm not one of the people up there in the snow, maybe hurt. I wonder if any of them were ki — oops, one of the kids is screaming, I have to go," and she rang off.

11 a.m. It started to rain at lake level. Snow on the benchland, deep snow higher up where the crash site was, obliterating the SOS tromped out the night before, and dampening down the fire the survivors were huddled around.

12 noon. Lunch time and no further bulletins.

1 p.m. The children down for rests. "Have a little sleep now, and maybe you'll be awake when Santa comes tonight."

2 p.m. "Hi Marion, come on over while it is still light. I took my washing in and I've finished the floors. We can sit around the open fire and have tea and oranges and save the electricity for tonight."

3 p.m. "Well kids, Daddy will be back soon and he'll bring back Grandpa from the bus depot I bet. Shall we have a game or a story. No, it is too dark to go outside to play and much too wet. We can't even see the lights of Summerland."

4 p.m. "Maybe you should start the chores now Marion, I know it is awfully early, but it may take you awhile on your own, and I'll watch the kids here, and give them supper if you aren't back from the barn before they get hungry. Better take a lantern in case the electricity goes off, I know it can't last much longer, but with all these kids I don't want to have lamps. . . Okay kids, who needs to go to the bathroom? How many still dry? No one?"

5 p.m. A knock at the door.

"Santa" shouted the kids.

"Victor" prayed Mrs. Wilson. "Or Marion, but then she'll go back to her house and I'll be waiting alone."

The figure in the doorway was an old man, carrying a big heavy suitcase, but he wasn't wearing a red suit and a jolly smile.

"Father! Look, it's Grandpa, come in, I'll make tea! Victor's up at the plane wreck. These are the O'Connell children, two of them — Frank is at the plane wreck too. Marion is doing the milking. . . Oh father, I'm so sorry, how far did you have to walk?"

"The last two miles. The taxi wouldn't come any farther. I . . ."



Marion arrived at the door with the milk buckets.

Suddenly, silently all the lights went off.

Silently the old man took a box of matches from his pocket and handed them to his daughter, silhouetted against the glow from the fireplace.

"Thank you father," she said in a shaky voice. I know we don't seem very organized, but we do have some matches — somewhere."

## FROM SAGEBRUSH TO FRUIT TREES IN OSOYOOS

by Adam Cumine

Osoyoos and Oliver, as most of you know, were started by Premier John Oliver for the veterans of the First World War. The irrigation canal was started in the early 1920's when the property consisting of several thousand acres was purchased from the Tom Ellis estate, which had been a large cattle ranch, extending from the border to Okanagan Falls. The area that I settled in was a barren waste of sagebrush and greasewood. For the first sixteen years there wasn't any electricity in Osoyoos. We used coal oil lamps, the old sad irons and for fuel the wood from the mountains. During the summer we used the water from the canal for domestic purposes. Many a time there would be a dead animal in it which the Ditch Rider would have to remove. On one occasion I had to rescue a deer by lassoing him, and after so saving him, he charged me. Another time I pulled out three live sheep from the canal and they promptly jumped right back in again. Until we got a well dug I hauled water from the lake with a stoneboat and barrel. In time we started cutting and storing ice for refrigeration. In those days the ice on the lake could be from 18 to 24 inches thick.

With respect to myself, I joined the Army in 1914 and was discharged in 1917. After that I returned to the Cariboo Country where I had gone as a boy in 1912. I think I should mention this as an incident took place which was largely responsible for my coming to the Okanagan Valley. At that time I was foreman on a ranch on the Chilcotin River. Girls were as scarce as hen's teeth and we thought nothing of riding 50 to 60 miles to a barn dance in hopes of meeting a girl.

One day as I was riding along the high bank of the river, far below I saw a girl on horseback. I happened to glance up the river and spotted another rider who saw the same thing. This called for drastic action — the trail was steep and crooked. We jabbed the spurs into our respective horses and over the bank we went, taking all the short cuts. The other rider was close behind, but, to make a long story short, I reached my objective in a cloud of dust. The outcome was I married that girl two years later in 1928, in the little Anglican Chapel in Penticton.

I came to Kelowna in 1926 and got a job thinning apples. This type of work was entirely new to me. I couldn't understand why you had to hire a man to pull apples off a tree when you were lucky enough to have a crop. After that I went down the valley and landed a job at the Experimental Farm at Summerland. While there, one day I went up into the hay mow to pitch some hay to the team of horses I had been driving and suddenly I heard an agonizing yell. It came from a foreman who was indulging in a siesta under





Rosemarie Com — January 22, 1930

the hay. I was then and there given a dishonourable discharge. I moved on south to Oliver and as I looked down the dusty street it reminded me of old Barkerville. Finally a man came out of one of the buildings. This man was Henry Parsons whom many of you will remember. He directed me to the Government Office as I was wanting information about available land. The first person I saw was Major Earle who had been in my regiment in France. I then came to Osoyoos with Mr. Mutch and after looking around I chose a 12 acre lot close to the canal and about  $3/4$  of a mile north of Osoyoos.

In those days there was only a small store with Post Office by the bridge, plus the Customs House and corrals. On a hill to the west stood a log building which had been a Hudson Bay Post, a jail and now a school house.

One of the residents was an old Irishman called Joe, who lived in a cabin and subsisted largely on the profits from bootlegging. He kept his stock in a hole in the sand. When a customer came along, he picked up his shovel, dug up what was required and promptly covered the hole. Joe was arrested on many occasions. If arrested in the summer he paid his fine, but if arrested in the fall he chose Oakalla, as it meant free lodging and a new pair of boots when discharged. Joe had another source of income. He owned a pair of the meanest mules I have ever seen; they could kick, strike and bite with deadly accuracy. He would periodically sell the mules to some unsuspecting customer and in two or three weeks the mules would be back on the hillside at Osoyoos. He eventually sold them to a man going to Saskatchewan, he tied them behind a wagon and after much pulling back they had left Osoyoos for good.



During the prohibition era a good deal of liquor was smuggled across the line, by boat on Osoyoos Lake, by pack horses and by Model T. The American purchaser would meet the bootlegger in some remote area on the boundary, make the transfer and the bootlegger would depart for another load. On one occasion some friends of ours were out in a row boat on the lake on a moonlight night, when they spied two bootleggers with a row boat full of liquor. For fun, they gave chase, the bootleggers were close to shore so they dumped the load and scuttled into the brush.

Alongside of the land which I had purchased was an old construction camp, known as Camp 10. I looked over all the buildings and found one that did not leak and decided to move into this shack while I did some work on my new homestead. I ordered some fluming lumber and built an irrigation system on the place. Towards fall I was getting short of money, so I decided to take in the harvest on the prairie. I was not in a position to buy my complete fare, so I rode the rods most of the way. The crop around Calgary was still green, so with several other gentlemen of the road, we caught a fast freight to Lethbridge. In a few days the crops there were ready to cut. I was put in charge of a crew of stookers and finally it was time to start threshing. This was a big operation powered by a Case steam engine. I asked for the job as spike pitcher which paid top wages. We ate breakfast in the dark and with three meals and two lunches in between we worked till dusk. We slept in a travelling caboose in two tiered bunks with all our clothes on. The air in that caboose by midnight was terrific. We worked our way northward, threshing for farmers along the route and finally, late in the fall, we had to stop for snow. I returned to Osoyoos with \$700.00 and moved into the shed in Camp 10.

The next job was to build a house, as I was going to get married in the spring. I decided on a very small house as I needed money to start farming. This noble structure, which was 12 feet x 12 feet, held a bed, a couple of apple boxes for chairs and a stand in one corner for a gasoline pressure stove. There was also room for my future wife's trunk, and a goodly supply of nails driven into the walls for hanging clothes.

The next thing was to get a horse and some harness. I bought an old black in Osoyoos for \$35.00. I then went across the line and after some stiff bargaining with a Jewish second-hand dealer, I bought a second-hand horse collar, a set of hames and traces and a piece of rope for lines. The fabulous outfit cost me \$3.75. I also bought a six inch plow which the black horse could handle.

The next job was to plow up four acres of land for the coming crop. My knowledge of this type of farming was nil. How to plant cataloupes or what they looked like, I hadn't the slightest idea. Nevertheless, I planted 4 acres of cantaloupes and much to my surprise they came up beautifully.

Now I was ready to get married, so I went to Penticton to meet my future bride. I met her at the old railroad station, along with her loaded down trunk, a half-grown black dog and an oldtime gramophone. That afternoon we were married and the next morning we came south in Arnott's stage. We disembarked from the stage, and as we neared our house, my wife commented on an unpleasant smell. I informed her that it was an over-ripe can of sourdough sitting on a fencepost. Much to my disgust she bought yeast in packages from that moment on.



Because the mice had been eating some of the cantaloupe plants, my wife spent her honeymoon transplanting cantaloupes. Well, we had a wonderful crop of melons; we packed out 1,000 40-pound crates. On my visits to the packing house it seemed to me they were packing the culls and tossing out the good ones. The net result for my work was \$400.00.

We then decided to go up the valley and find work. To do so, we would need a car, so we bought a disreputable old Model T for \$175.00. Neither of us could drive, so we practiced by driving on the open prairie below our farm. We then started north with the black dog, some pots and pans and some blankets. The first job was picking peaches for C. A. C. Stewart in Oliver. We then continued up the valley. A few miles from Westbank the old car started to act up. How we managed to get on the ferry, which was a small scow, is now beyond me. We drove up Bernard Avenue in Kelowna in a rather erratic manner. We soon learned what dirty spark plugs did to a Model T.

In Kelowna my wife got a job sorting fruit and I went to work at the Black Mountain dam. We returned in the late fall with \$800.00.

When we got home I built a small greenhouse and decided to grow tomatoes. Much to my amazement we grew a nice lot of plants. I was told that unless I had them early the results would be disappointing; yet, if I planted before the snow was gone off Mt. Kobau we could have frost. I decided to take a chance and put out 3,000 plants and they appeared to be doing well. Some nine days later the weather turned cold and there was every indication of frost. I harnessed up the old black horse, hitched him up to the little plow and went up and down the rows of tomatoes and plowed a light layer of soil over the plants. We had three nights of heavy frost. On the fourth day I started to uncover the plants. After two days on my hands and knees, I was back in busi-



1928 — Our first crop — cantaloupes grown between rows of corn for wind break. We harvested 1,000 - 40 pound crates of cantaloupes for which we received \$400.00!



ness. That year we were first on the open market and made some \$1,200.00. The next year I bought 3,000 second-hand gunny sacks, cut them in half and, as I planted, laid a half sack by each plant. That year we again did very well.

That spring we had also planted 1,300 young fruit trees. The following winter was extremely cold and by the following spring we had lost them all excepting some 65 or so trees. This was a severe blow.

Our little farm was an oasis in the desert so we had a good crop of rattlesnakes. A portion of the place was in hay, and I was compelled to wear gum boots. Several people were bitten but all survived.

We had a doctor in Oliver, very able, but extremely shy. One day I went up to him with a badly cut hand and found him out in the middle of the dusty street with his feet protruding from under a Model T. He took me up to his shack and, as we entered the door, a snake started to rattle. He was experimenting with a large rattler and bull snake which he kept in an old trunk. He reached under his bed, pulled out an apple box, and selected what he wanted to dress my hand. He never sent out any bills and was compensated with vegetables and the odd meal.

During the early twenties several families lived on Richter Mountain. They had homesteaded their land and grew wheat, but we were entering a dry cycle, and eventually they all left excepting Miss Mackenzie.

This remarkable woman had been born in Boston and as a girl had developed T.B. She and her brother had decided to come west. They arrived in Osoyoos and went on to Phoenix in a covered wagon. She worked in Phoenix for some years washing clothes for the miners. When the mine played out she returned to Osoyoos and homesteaded on Richter Mountain. She was very religious and considered moving picture houses as places of evil. When she left Boston she had bought a pair of reading glasses and had them all her life. Over the years one of the lenses had developed a bad crack. She became so shortsighted, that she practically had to put her nose on the subject.

Her log cabin was a rather drafty affair and at night one could see the stars through the cracks. No wonder she recovered from T.B. On one of my visits I found her mixing some concoction in a skillet. With her right hand she stirred the mixture and in her left hand she held a large old Bible. With her nose practically touching the page she mumbled her interpretation of the written script.

One bitterly cold spell, after paying us a visit, she insisted on going home despite the fact that there was every indication of a blizzard. She got caught in the blizzard and spent the night in a doorless cabin without a fire. The next morning, guided by the telephone line, she battled her way to the top of the mountain and to her cabin. This remarkable woman lived to a good old age.

As not enough veterans settled in the valley the land was thrown open to everyone. This brought in a large influx of Europeans. In the early years we had an unwritten law that we would not allow Orientals into the valley as they would soon put us out of business. Eventually, a lone Chinaman arrived in Oliver. After a conference it was decided to remove him and a certain party was appointed to do the job. While the Chinaman was asleep a sack was placed over his head, he was put into a Model T and taken to the top of the mountain and dumped in the brush. This solved the Oriental problem.

My knowledge of Doukhobors was nil. One day I hired a young man to



help me with the crop. After a week he failed to show up for work so I went to his cabin and I could see that there had been a scuffle. A few days afterwards I received a scribbled note to the effect that he had met the same fate as the Chinaman. However, during the next years we depended entirely on Doukhobors for orchard help.

During the early twenties a fast talking individual came into the valley and assured the farmers that if we were to grow tobacco, he would arrange to sell it. Consequently a large area of tobacco was planted and a fine grade of Virginia and Burley leaf was produced. The Government was induced to build large barns to store the crop. A call went out for someone who understood how to cure tobacco. A man called Jim was discovered in New Westminster and brought to the valley. This man was a typical Carolina hill billy, and a very dangerous character when drunk. He made his own brew and as I lived across the road from him, I therefore saw a good deal of him. When in trouble, which was quite often, he invariably called me. He told me that as a boy in Carolina, a family who lived in the next hollow, and with whom his kin folk had been feuding for years, had one dark night, broken into his papa's house and killed his brother and daddy. Jim escaped into the woods. Then and there he decided to leave Carolina and he finally settled in New Westminster. One day, some years later, he saw one of the family that had killed his kinfolk. Jim procured a gun, walked up to the man and shot him dead. He was tried and found guilty of murder. After the judge had heard his story, he was given life imprisonment. While in prison, he asked the warden for permission to grow a vegetable garden and he was so successful with his work, that he became a model prisoner. In view of his good behaviour, he was released after serving nine years.

In Osoyoos he built a high, narrow shed, installed a woodburning stove, and demonstrated to us all how to cure tobacco. He certainly knew his business. The outcome of all our work was that the crop was never sold and for years we were smoking our own tobacco.

Old Jim had a run-in with a Swiss neighbour and, when drunk, swore he was going to gun him down. We took good care that he never got his hands on a gun. He referred to the Swiss family as "them there Switches." Delicious apples he referred to as "them there Malicious."

One day he fell off the roof of his cabin and had a deep gash on the top of his skull; it was a deep and nasty wound. I heard him calling and rushed up to his cabin and found his head and face covered in blood. I suggested bandages until I could get a doctor, but he would have no such thing. He told me to reach under his bunk for a dark bottle. He then told me to turn the bottle upside down and to pour a good portion of the contents into the wound. He then asked for a bottle on the shelf and he had a good drink of the contents of that bottle. I asked him, later on, what the first bottle contained and he replied that it was "Sloan's horse linament" and the second bottle was home brew. He recovered fully, and again vowed to get them there "Switches". He died in his nineties, still full of hell.

Eventually the orchards in the valley began to bear fruit and ground cropping faded out. The years of depression finally receded and semi-prosperity came to the valley.



## A JUICY TALE

by Mary Gartrell Orr

"Remember the 'Clay Cliffs' in the Fortieth Report? I forgot to tell you the juicy bit.

There were and still are many deep, dangerous potholes which result in such news items as that from 'The Summerland Review' of October 22, 1926. 'Mark Scurrah's dog fell into a pothole while he was hunting pheasants and Mark's brother, Phil, went down a rope about sixty feet to rescue her'.

Across the road from the Landry Farm meadows at the north end of Trout Creek Point steep clay cliffs rose to flatten out into the orchards of the W. A. Caldwell family.

During the 1930's codling moth had got out of control and as there was at that time no use for cull apples, Mr. Caldwell and his sons got the contract to dispose of the culls. In addition, in 1935 early heavy frosts froze between 20 and 30,000 boxes of apples so these, with the culls, were dumped into the potholes bordering the Caldwell property. In the spring they were covered with a foot of soil. Gradually the apples rotted and fermented. The weight of the soil forced the juice out and it seeped down through the potholes, under the road into the fields below.

Grazing on the Landry Farm meadows was a herd of Jersey cows.

The pungent odors from the fermented juice drew clouds of frantically buzzing bees and wasps and we natives remain convinced those Jerseys showed varying degrees of intoxication."

\* \* \*

The writer is indebted to John Caldwell for assistance with the fruit dumping details.



**The Landry Barn and Silo** as sketched by Jamey Mitchels, February 1982 for the Heritage Poster Competition sponsored by the Summerland Heritage Advisory Committee.

Jamey Mitchels was a Grade VII student at Trout Creek Elementary School when he made his sketch. Since then the silo has been torn down.



## **FUN IN TWENTY-ONE MEMORIES OF A BOYHOOD IN KELOWNA**

by Cedric M. Boyer

My maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Doyle, came to Kelowna in 1905 and purchased five or six acres with a house bounded by Ellis Street, Doyle Avenue and St. Paul Street. My grandfather went to work for D. W. Sutherland in his furniture store and later became the first city assessor.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Boyer, my paternal grandparents, arrived in Kelowna in 1903 and purchased a farm on Benvoulin Road. Grandfather was a staunch member of the old Protestant Church on this road, and I understand he donated the church bell. He sold the farm and built a house on Glenmore Road, then known as the Old Vernon road. Subsequently he purchased the corner of Glenmore and Bernard Avenue (where Peoples Food Market now stands) from the Bankhead Orchard Company, and built a home on it. They moved in before the plaster was dry and grandfather developed pneumonia from which he died.

Prior to being the customs officer in Kelowna, my father was the agent for Layritz Nurseries for several years. This was the period when there was a great flurry of orchard planting in the valley. He had a ten acre block for nursery stock on the Barlee Stretch where Orchard Park now stands. Also he owned an acre on the corner of Harvey Avenue and Glenmore Street which was planted with the ornamental shrubs that he sold. On this property he built the home in which I was born, in 1910.

In 1921, I was 11 years old, about the age that most things that a boy does are based on fun. Today there is a great emphasis on organized sports and they often cost a fair amount of money. In my youth the family budget did not allow much for recreation, but it seemed that there was always something for a boy to do in Kelowna in 1921.

When spring opened up it meant that we could get outdoors again after spending a lot of time playing cards and getting our stamp collections in order. This was the time to visit the endless number of ponds and sloughs around Kelowna and see all of mother nature's creations awaken. Pollywogs, beetles, water bugs, turtles and garter snakes have always fascinated small boys.

An interesting sidelight here deals with a question I have often heard asked — Why is Pandosy/Lakeshore such a crooked road? In those days to get from one point to another there would be a cattle trail, then a people trail and finally a wagon road. These would follow the high ground and bypass the swampy areas. Many roads were much more twisted than they are today. When the gates were put on the river at Penticton to control the rise and fall of the lake, many of the swampy areas dried up and they could take the kinks out of some roads. An example of this is the high gravel ridge running through Gyro Park indicating where the road used to be. Before the flood gates at Penticton, there were few homes built on the lakeshore. There was too much flooding.

One of our favourite haunts was Dr. Boyce's muskrat farm at the corner of KLO Road and Lakeshore Road. It took in a large area of swampy ground including the Mission Park Shopping Centre area. Besides the many muskrats, it was full of water fowl and other birds.



Going for hikes in the spring was an anticipated pastime. On the north side of Knox Mountain, down on the lakeshore, a German gentleman of means owned a beautiful piece of property. Rembler Paul built a cement vault with a steel door in the hollowed out rocky hillside. When he died he was interred there and the place was known to us as Paul's Tomb. Because the mountain dried up early, it was one of the first locations for a hike. There were two ways to get there, by a trail along the lakeshore, or up and over the mountain. The south slope was covered with the earliest spring flowers and cactus. Another destination was up and over the Turtle's Back, a large rock outcropping on the centre of the mountain. Nestled on top was Kathleen lake, named for Kathleen Morrison.

A fascinating hike was to Bear Creek on the Westside, but this was not made as often for it meant taking the ferry. It seemed a long way from home. We would make our way up to the falls which are hard to get to, but well worth the trip. We were always warned to keep a sharp lookout for rattlesnakes which were fairly common.

Another spot that was interesting was Gallagher's Canyon. As it was some distance away, bikes were used for part of the trip. Because the Kelowna area is a large flat delta, most kids had bicycles. We would walk up the creek as far as we could go, up to the rapids and falls. We passed a mineral spring on the north side that gushed out of the gravel into the creek staining all the rocks a yellow-brown. Also the trip took us through the old workings left by the Chinese gold miners years before.

This reminds me of another thing we used to have a lot of fun doing. We would go to Mission and Bear Creeks with our gold pans. We always got colour and each kid had his little vial with a very small quantity of gold dust. I began to realize the fascination that drove the prospectors to the bonanza over the next hill.

The blacksmith shops were regular stopping places for us boys. There were two in town, one on Water Street and the other on Bernard Avenue. The smell of scorching hooves as the shoes were fitted and the sparks that flew when the brawny smithies were at the forge were odours and sights never to be forgotten. I'm sure we all wondered if we would ever grow up to be that strong. One of the smithies, Max Jenkins, was known as the most powerful man in town. Although I did not witness it, the story goes that one Saturday Max was to lie on his back on the main street, and one of these new-fangled automobiles was to be driven over his chest. I understand that a sloping ramp was built up to his chest and the feat was a complete success.

Marbles and kites were sure signs that spring had arrived. As soon as the streets and sidewalks were dry enough, groups of boys were on their knees playing marbles. We carried our glass shooters and our clay dubs in Bull Durham sacks. The blustery winds that dried up the last of the wet spring fields were the signal for us to build our kites. Few were purchased from stores as we had so much fun constructing our own, and such a great feeling of accomplishment when they flew well.

Almost every year the circus came to town and usually it included a parade down the main street with the band, clowns, acrobats and wild animals. It was fun to go to the chosen site and watch the men and the elephants raise the big top. On a couple of occasions several of us pooled our small change to pay the admission to the big tent at show time for a couple of



fellows. When they got in, their job was to quietly sneak behind the seats and raise the canvas when the coast was clear. When I think back, I am sure the circus people knew what was going on.

Airplanes were a very novel and fascinating thing to young boys. The first one I ever saw up close flew over town heading south and landed on the polo grounds, a large field approximately where the Shasta trailer court is today. We ran all the way from town to stare in amazement. A few years later, the first float plane arrived on a barnstorming trip at Regatta time. I went up in this plane for a ride. It was an open cockpit and the pilot was charging by the pound (I think it was a cent a pound). What a thrill! I remember the other kids who went up being so envious of me because when the pilot came in to land he had to go up and around again for a sailing race was in progress where he normally landed.

One of our favorite games was nobbies. It was based on lacrosse but the equipment was inexpensive. Each player had a stick. This was a carefully selected sapling about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch thick and about three feet long. The bottom end of the stick was cut off so as to leave two inches of a branch on it at an angle. It was shaped something like a miniature hockey stick. The nobbies consisted of two pieces cut from a rubber garden hose, each about one inch long tied together with a stout piece of cord. This game was played on any empty field with anywhere from three to a dozen players on each side. You could see nobbies hanging on the telephone and electric wires all over town.

We also played a lot of soccer, provided we could find a friend who owned a ball.

Baseball and softball raised the same equipment problem — we had to have someone who owned a ball and a bat. Baseball gloves were few and far between, but the odd catcher's mitt was around. When I look around now for the fields we played on, I find they are covered with homes, apartment blocks, and condominiums.

In summer, swimming was the big thing. The whole lakeshore was ours, from Poplar Point to the Mission area, and we used most of it. A few of us put our talent to commercial use. We would go down to the CPR wharf and meet the old paddlewheel Sicamous when she came in. We'd dive for nickles and dimes that the passengers threw in. This was spending money. We each had a spot on a beam among the pilings where we stored our treasure while we went after another nickel or dime. No one ever touched anybody else's hoard. The odd money tosser would get cursed for wrapping a copper in silver paper. A couple of places we liked to go swimming were Sterling's wharf — Sterling's Island. This was a sandy spit in low water which became an island in high water. The other place was at one time called Rotary Beach. Actually it was on Indian land immediately south of the old ferry dock on the west side. The problem here again was the ferry. The last one in the evening was at 11:00 p.m. so if there were girls along we had to be darn sure we didn't miss it.

Some of us belonged to the Boy Scouts and the annual scout camp was eagerly anticipated. It usually lasted about ten days and was held on the lakeshore delta at Cedar Creek about ten miles south of town. We seemed to be so isolated out in God's country. A great deal of gratitude must go to the late Bud Weddell, the Scout Master for years, and to the late Alistair Cameron who every year supplied the pack horses and was our guide on two or three day hikes. We learned so much from these tolerant men. Two



memorable hikes were to the top of Little White and to the top of Terrace Mountain.

Many of the sports we indulged in were not known to our parents or there would have been some premature greying. A favorite after-school activity was running the log booms, jumping from log to log. The booming grounds was where the yacht club moorage is now.

At night we played a game called "Duck on the Rock." The kids in the area would gather under a street light after the evening meal. Again no equipment was required. A rock as large as a baseball was placed on top of a much bigger rock and a line was drawn about 15 feet away. Each kid had their own throwing rock and in turn stepped up to the line and tried to knock the duck off the rock. This would go on until ranks thinned out as the parents called them home.

And there was always fishing. We would go to the back door of the local bakery and get some bread dough. This, a fishing line and a hook and we were set to fish from the CPR wharf or the sawmill wharf next door. We caught greyling, carp, suckers and squaw fish. If any of these was any size we took them down to Chinatown and sold them for a few cents to the Chinamen — another source of spending money.

Summer passed all too quickly and fall was upon us. When the Virginia Creeper leaves turned red we knew the Kickaninny would be running in Mill and Mission Creeks. We made a gaff from a fairly long pole, to which we attached a length of sturdy wire bent into a hook and filed to a very sharp point. From the sides of the creeks we would gaff the fish and put them on the bank. In those days I don't think it was illegal to gaff Kokanee, but if it was the local authorities turned a blind eye.

The Fall Fair was something no one missed. It was a well organized event lasting about three days. The Exhibition Building in the north end of town was built to accommodate the fair. There was a track for horse racing and chutes and an enclosure for rodeos.

Hallowe'en was eagerly anticipated. I never saw any real damage or vandalism, but plenty of pranks — gates hanging on telephone poles, outhouses tipped over, windows soaped and similar things. Once we opened a school window and passed in enough cord wood to pile every teacher's desk high. We went to bed that night with a great feeling of accomplishment. Next morning we found we were all detailed to pack it back out and pile it. We had help though because all the boys in the school were suspect.

Basketball started in the fall and carried on into the spring. Kelowna was a basketball town for a good many years. The scout hall and every church hall that was big enough was used almost every day after school and every evening.

Soon winter arrived. I've often heard people say that we had a lot more snow back then. I wonder if perhaps it was that our legs were so short as kids that we remember snow up to our knees.

As soon as there was snow on the ground to stay, we were off to the Bankhead hills. There were a lot of wonderful slopes in that area for sleighing. Some kids had sleighs, a few toboggans, and many arrived with a cardboard box or just a sheet of cardboard. Later, as they got a little older some of the venturesome fashioned skis from barrel staves. No matter what equipment was used we arrived home late, starving and frequently soaking wet.



Skating was not a really big thing back then because skates and boots were expensive and being dependent on outside ice could be chancy. Some winter seasons were short. I remember some green ones and some mild ones, and I also remember a couple when the lake froze over. On one of the latter, quite a few of us skated across the lake at the narrowest place, where the bridge now lies. The Sicamous passed through cutting a channel about 40 feet wide. We had to wait until the blocks of ice froze together again and then we crossed jumping from block to block. There was a large roaring bonfire on Siwash Point on the westside. We got thoroughly warm and then returned.

Most of the winters there was ice along the lakeshore and on Mill Creek. There were also a few ponds that provided skating for a short time. These have almost all been filled in now. Some of the older boys played hockey on Whittup's Pond and Bankhead Pond. The latter could only be used until Henry Burtch started cutting the ice for storage. The large blocks were packed in sawdust in a large ice house adjacent to the pond. When the following summer arrived he delivered these blocks to the homes in town with a horse and wagon. We used to run to follow the ice wagon and were rewarded with a piece to suck on.

One of the last fun things that we used to do before the year ended was to go out into the bush and cut our own Christmas tree. Of course we didn't have far to go to get a nice one. Some of us would go out and cut trees and gather Oregon Grape and Cedar boughs which we sold around our neighborhood for our Christmas shopping money.

Yes, we did have a lot of fun. I sometimes wonder how we managed to fit so much into our days because we had to attend school and we all had chores to do at home. There were wood boxes to fill, coal to bring in, hen houses to keep clean, lawns to cut and potatoes to hoe. So many things to be done around the home seemed to be designed to keep us out of mischief — I wonder how we always managed to get into so much!



St. Stephen's Anglican Church - Summerland. Built around 1910.  
R. S. Manuel



## MY EARLY DAYS IN KELOWNA

by Bill Knowles

As I have passed the 3 score and 10 I think I am entitled to reminisce about my early days in Kelowna.

My Father J. B. Knowles and Mother Annie Louise MacKinley were born and raised in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia. Mother lived on the edge of the Avon River (Bay of Fundy) at Hansport and Dad a few miles away at Windsor.

Life was hard in those days. On Mother's side diphtheria claimed three of her brothers and sisters in ten days. I have a picture of the tomb stone. On Dad's side his father had a successful newspaper business in Windsor. He developed T.B. and passed away in his early 40s leaving a widow and six children. The next year the oldest boy died and the following year the only girl died. As if that wasn't enough the town of Windsor burned. They salvaged one tea cup out of the ashes and of course there was no insurance.

About 1905, when the boys were old enough they all moved west: one to Chicago, one to Victoria, one to Vancouver and Dad to Kelowna. He served his apprenticeship with Geo. E. Trorey (now Birk's) in Vancouver and then wrote Mother that there were three towns open to start up a jewelry business. She said if Kelowna was on a lake don't go any farther. She had lived too close to the Fundy to want to give up being near water.

They met in Revelstoke, got married and came here to spend the rest of their days. I recently came across an old clipping dated March, 1906, which I think is worth including. It goes "Mr. J. B. Knowles arrived on the Aberdeen with his bride from Revelstoke, where the marriage took place. His friends punished him for being married away from home with showers of rice, to the regret of the Chinese standing about, who evidently thought it was a waste of good food."



Our home made canvas covered canoe.



Mother was 40 odd years ahead of her time. She was a career woman and worked at Dad's side till they retired. They opened up the store across from Ogopogo at the foot of Bernard Avenue which in those days was the busy end of town. Their first house was not quite on the outskirts of town but nearly. It was on the corner of Ethel and Bernard. A year or so later there was a rumor that I may be making an appearance into this world so they built a larger house in the same field. It still stands. There were very few houses in that area. The David Lloyd and the Curt houses were also on the corner of Ethel and Bernard. Across a field from our place stood the big Dave Leckie house at 781 Bernard Avenue, near the United Church.

Sunday was truly the Sabbath day and, not being satisfied with just going to church, a group would end up at our house to sing hymns around the piano. The one lady that used to stand out in my mind was May Duggan. She married Percy Harding. Result: Gwen, Lynn, Terry, Roy, Ken, Doug and Joyce Harding.

Traffic on the main street posed no problem for kids. I used to ride my pedal car in front of the house and if a car should come along you could hear it for blocks and it was probably only going ten miles an hour. The odd horse and buggy went by in the summer and horse and sled with bells jingling in the winter.

When I was three or four we moved to a rented house on Ethel Street about two blocks away. I never heard exactly why we gave up that place as it was a hushed subject but I always felt it had something to do with the death of my sister.

Horses being the bane of my life, I have a lot of memories of them during our stay on Ethel Street. Thursday being a half holiday we often used to drive out to the ranch at Rutland. The worry was, "Will we meet a car?" If we saw a stream of dust and smoke coming towards us we knew we were in trouble. As the snorting and backfiring drew closer the horse would start going into its gyrations, twisting and curling in the shaft while Dad gently tugged on the reins trying to console the terrified animal. Finally when the iron monster drew up beside us the horse would rear up on its hind legs and often end on its rump in the middle of the road. When the dust cleared Dad would get out and try to pull up the beast by the reins.

One day the Peltons and ourselves drove off in our buggies for a picnic in the hills. The Peltons were ahead when their horse started to act up. Trouble was coming. Possibly a chipmunk crossed its path. Anyway, I can still see Mr. Pelton jump out of the buggy, grab his wife and lift her out just as the horse and buggy went over the bank rolling several times with the picnic basket, cutlery, napkins and thermos all taking to the air. So much for the picnic.

Another incident involved the very popular businessman, the late Jim Haworth, yes, of Haworth and Son Jewellers. Jim served his apprenticeship with Dad. I'll include part of a letter from Dad dated August 22nd, 1917 re Jim's application. The letter states:

Mr. J. Haworth  
Vernon, B.C.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 20th inst. Believe from what you write that you suit me nicely, and would offer you \$60.00 sixty



dollars per month with an increase as you progress. Should like you to assist some in the front shop. Think it would be nice as soon as possible to get yourself watchmakers tools. Your position would be permanent.

Yours very truly,  
J. B. Knowles

One day Jim was delivering a grandfather clock on Charlie Nichol's dray. Little Willy sat on the back for the ride. As we crossed Pandosy Street bridge I found myself sitting in the middle of the road. Turning around I could see Jim running behind the wagon holding up one end of the clock and yelling out to Charlie to slow down. Jim was a good runner which was proved by the fact that he saved the clock.

Runaway horses were quite a common occurrence. It is hard today to realize how quiet the town was but someone would call out "Runaway horses" and several blocks away you'd see a team take off minus the driver. Often they would end up between somebody's fence and a tree.

The most scary incident that happened was when Mother drove up to the house, got out of the buggy and started to unharness the horse. For some reason the horse bolted, knocking her down. Both wheels ran over her. The buggy took the gate and part of the fence with it as the horse raced for the store. Poor Mother was laid up for weeks as iron rimmed wheels on those buggies were lethal weapons.

We had a collie dog named Sailor, a true Nova Scotia name. Sailor was a harmless creature, but he had a nasty habit of always sleeping in front of the store door and people were loath to step over him. Very bad for business. As he was scared to death of a gun or thunder, Dad hit on a clever idea. He went over to Chinatown and got a package of 100 firecrackers. They were legal then. He tied them to the dog's tail, lit them and then watched it take off up Bernard like a rock. Every firecracker was music to Dad's ears as he knew business would return to normal.

Dogs were a plague then as now, but they were handled a little differently. I had some pet rabbits which were being killed off too regularly to suit us. This happened in a very wet spring when everything was covered in mud. Finally, in desperation, Dad got out the double barrel and laid low the dog but in the process blew quantities of mud on the neighbor's house. They never could figure out how it got there. Cats were a nuisance sometimes too. If they got too boisterous on your roof the same elimination process was used sometimes necessitating a few new shingles if the aim was too low.

As you probably gather, Ethel Street was very rural. We lived just about where Martin meets Ethel. I remember only the Patterson house between our place and Knox Mountain. It was located about where the Saint Pius X Catholic Church is on Glenmore Street. The rest was hay fields and orchards.

When I was about seven we bought a lovely Dutch Colonial house on Glenn Avenue (now Lawrence). That was my introduction to indoor plumbing, which was great until the really cold weather set in. The bathroom wasn't designed for this climate being on the north side and over the front hall. Insulation was unheard of. During dinner sometimes there would be a bang and a hiss. We knew what had happened and Mother would run for the bucket



and mop and Dad would head for the basement to shut off the water. The plumber did well out of us.

Joking aside it was a lovely house especially for parties. The dining room, large front hall and living room were across the front, all divided by double sliding doors which made it nice for dancing. We probably would have kept it for a long time if the depression hadn't set in. Dad lost it, the property on Bankhead, the store and the business. They had to start over again by making the camp at Manhattan into a house. That is where we live today.

It was on Glenn Avenue that we finally got rid of the horse and buggy. It was traded in on a used Chevrolet 490. The 490 stood for the price it sold for when new. The one reliable thing about the car was that it might let you down, but it wouldn't run away on you. It couldn't. Thirty-one miles per hour was its limit.

A few years ago I tracked down an old school friend, Alf Alsgard. He told me how fed up his Mother got with his Dad for filling the yard with trade-in horses and buggies. Probably our hay burner was amongst them.

When I was fourteen Dad and I built a canoe. We got round wooden cheese barrels and sliced them in 2" pieces for ribs. We made patterns to shape it. We ran strips  $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 2" from bow to stern. Then the whole was covered with canvas and painted. However, because we had not steamed them, the ribs tended to work their way back to the original barrel shape with the result that the canoe was terribly cranky. One day Jack Packham and I took it out and tried to catch up to Russell Leckie and his girl (whom he later married) in his sail boat. I warned Jack not to kneel but he did and over we went. We left the canoe at the Aquatic Club and had to walk through town in our soaking clothes. After one more accident like that I had to get rid of it and next year Dad got me a nice Peterborough canoe for \$85.00 from Joe Spurrier's Sport Shop. The next few years some of us fellows canoed the lake from one end to the other. One year Frank Fumerton, Gordie Meikle, Russell Williams and I took two canoes to Penticton, down the winding Okanagan River to Dog Lake (Skaha) and camped at the mouth of the river. We had the whole area to ourselves. Not a soul for miles.

That canoe that Dad made me started me on a recreational activity which was to last a long time. Later Joyce and I took up canoeing quite seriously after our girls left home. Among the rivers we have run are the Kettle from Rock Creek through Washington to Grand Forks, the Red Deer from Red Deer to Drumheller, the Similkameen, the Kootenay, the Parsnip, South Thompson, Yellowstone in Montana, Colorado below the Hoover Dam, Okanogan from Oroville to Brewster in Washington and the Fraser from Lillooet to Lytton, plus the Clearwater and Azure Lakes, Dry Falls Lake in Washington, Mono Lake in California and Cameron Lake in Alberta. All this because of that small canoe made of cheese barrels.

Around 1923 we managed to aspire to a new Star car. Cars were coming into their own by then and were fairly dependable. I always remember one family, the Elmores, who pooled the money they made from working in the packinghouse and bought a new 1925 Star. The car had balloon tires and power to spare. Les asked me to go out on the Barlee stretch with him to see if we could go 55 miles per hour. What a disappointment! Going up we could only get 51 miles per hour, so we turned around about opposite Orchard Park



and headed down. Hanging on to the doors to keep them from flying open we roared it up to the magic 55.

As we old timers are prone to say "Things were relaxed in those days." The Aquatic in summer was the centre of our swimming and evening entertainment. On Saturday nights, weather permitting, we would paddle over to the dance and hopefully talk a girl into sitting in the canoe to listen to the music over the calm waters.

One year I played the drums in an orchestra there and made \$7.50 for three hours work. That was big money compared to what I made working in the sawmill for 25 cents per hour for 10 hours a day 6 days a week and no coffee breaks.

After the dances we'd use the red light at Manhattan Point as a beacon to paddle home. There were no lights from the power house (Yacht Club parking lot) to Manhattan so you needed the light for a guide as there were several wharves protruding out for the C.P. and C.N. tugboats and barges.

In closing I feel I have lived in the most interesting era in history and certainly in the nicest town that the folks could have picked out. The steamship was just really coming into its own. The automobile was a novelty. I have seen it grow from a horseless carriage (there is one in our museum) to what it is today. The kids have their electronic age ahead of them which I am sure will be terribly exciting, but I have no regrets coming into the world in the early 20th century. We thought it was a fast age. Really, now, wasn't it when you could go 55 miles per hour providing the grade was right, compared to a horse and buggy's plodding pace?



Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Grindrod.

The church was built in 1924.

R. S. Manuel



## A BOLD INCISION

by Paddy Clerke

I purchased the Kelowna Veterinary Hospital on January 1, 1954. Although I had worked with the former owner since the previous August, I asked him to stay on with me until the end of February so I would have the comfort of his experience in practice for the additional two months.

March first came early that year. So early, in fact, I'm not sure if there was even a January or a February in 1954. March first fell on a Monday, and I suppose that was as good a day as any to strike out in practice all by myself. At least it was the first day of the working week but I didn't really feel that that was of any particular significance. The closest veterinarian was thirty-three miles north in Vernon. He may as well have been in Halifax for all the comfort that gave me. There was no practitioner in Penticton forty miles south.

The closest diagnostic laboratory was in Vancouver and the only veterinary library was my own incomplete collection of books. Even my mother, to whom I had always gone during times of difficulties and danger lived in Vernon.

I was absolutely on my own; no one to talk with about diagnosis; no one to help or direct me during anaesthetics and surgery. I was the sole proprietor of a very busy, long-established, mixed practice. Even more frightening was the new mortgage tucked away in my safety deposit box at the bank, the figures of which I couldn't even comprehend.

Except for my wife and two small children, I was alone. Every time someone came through the office door or every time the phone rang, I was the sole person responsible for a decision that was going to affect the well-being of some valuable animal or some faithful pet. I was petrified. My wife and children were depending on me. My banker was counting on me. There was just no way I could allow myself to fail. In my hour of truth, I had to be resolute. I had no other choice.

On March first I was up shortly after it got light, made breakfast and checked the dogs and cats in the hospital below our living quarters. Soon the phone started to ring. As I was doing between fifteen and twenty-five artificial inseminations a day for dairy farmers in the area, most early morning calls concerned this part of my practice. That was fine. I could handle that easily.

My first patient was a sick chinchilla. Then I had to bloodtest a bull, check a sick cow I had been treating for a few days, mix and dispense different medications for three farmers, treat a sick dog and amputate the tail of another dog. Whew! I handled everything and had no problems. My confidence was building and I felt this practicing bit wasn't so difficult or nerve-racking after all.

Then I remembered: I was only at the end of day *one*. Days two to nine were routine too. I was beginning to think practice was super fun and I loved it. At eleven o'clock in the morning of day ten I received a call that brought me down to reality.

"This is Mrs. Ring speaking from Woodsdale. We have a cow that has been trying to calve since early this morning and she doesn't seem to be making any headway. She's a week overdue, too, so I'm a bit concerned. My husband, Harry, is away at work and won't be home until after five this evening. Before he left this morning, he asked me to call you by noon if she hadn't calv-



ed. I just couldn't wait another hour. I hope you can come and see her soon."

"Is this her first calf, Mrs. Ring?"

"No. This will be her third or fourth calf. She's seven years old."

"I'll be right out," I answered.

Because I had not been to their farm before, Mrs. Ring gave me directions. It was about fourteen miles north of Kelowna, near the south end of Wood Lake, on Ring Road. According to her, I couldn't miss it.

I was pretty excited when I hung up the phone. This was going to be the first calf I had delivered without someone to back me up if there were problems. I had delivered many calves before but had always had another veterinarian around in case there were difficulties with the delivery. I realized again that I was on my own, but that didn't really concern me. Difficult deliveries in cows were usually due to an improper positioning of the calf; it was usually just a matter of straightening a leg or two, or lifting or turning a head, then pulling the calf out. Occasionally, difficulties were due to incomplete contractions of the uterus and it was just a matter of delivering the calf with a pull. As it was not their cow's first calf, (usually the most difficult) I was confident everything was going to be routine. Within the hour, my youthful confidence was shattered by my inexperience.

After I gathered a few items together, I left my wife, Sheila, in charge of the office. Together with my assistant, Gordon, and my daughter, Maureen, who wasn't yet three, I took off for Mrs. Ring's farm in my station wagon. Gordon didn't usually accompany me on large animal calls, but for some reason he came that day. Maureen was almost always with me when I went out in the country to see a sick cow, sheep, pig, goat or horse. She was always well-behaved and I enjoyed her company. Besides, it was easier for Sheila to look after the office and Maureen's younger brother if I took Maureen with me. As for Maureen, she loved these outings.

Because it was a miserably cool, overcast March day, Sheila bundled Maureen in her pink, down-filled snow suit with a fur-trimmed parka. It was fortunate that Sheila had the foresight to put our daughter in her heavy winter clothes, because poor little Maureen was destined to amuse herself in my station wagon for the next four hours.

Even in the last days of winter, the Okanagan Valley is beautiful. Stark, perhaps, but still very attractive. On our way to Woodsdale, I couldn't help but notice the surrounding hills below the tree line were like a brown and white patch-work quilt. Patches of snow still remained in sheltered spots but the brown bunch grass of the previous summer showed through in the open areas where the snow had melted. The tops of the surrounding hills, although less than two thousand feet above the valley floor, were shrouded in low cloud that seemed to creep into the gullies and ravines of the hills like ethereal blankets of gray mist. South of Winfield, Duck Lake was still frozen over, but was covered with a multitude of small squares where snow had been cleared by skaters and hockey players during the winter.

Between the villages of Winfield and Woodsdale, a small creek bordered by red dogwood bushes meandered between the side road and the highway to the west of us. Just as we turned left on to Ring Road a flock of mallards flew over my station wagon and landed on the creek, the green heads of the drakes contrasting with the general grayness of the sky above.

The Ring's farm was typical of so many small holdings in my practice



area. With only about ten to fifteen milch cows, Mr. Ring's operation was not economically viable enough to warrant his full time. Consequently, he worked out, a practice which meant long hours each day: the cows had to be milked each morning before work and each evening when he got home. He had to feed all the livestock, clean the barns, and attend to many other farm chores. This was a difficult way to supplement a family's income, so I had nothing but admiration for the Rings and other small farmers like them.

The Ring's house was neat and tidy, freshly painted white and green, and not too big. I knocked on the varnished door and Mrs. Ring, who wasn't much older than I, answered. She told me the cow's name was Roany and that she was in the barn across the creek. I returned to my station wagon, drove over the wooden bridge, and parked close to the barn.

The barn was small with few windows and the sides were unpainted fir shiplap boards. The roof covered a hayloft above the cattle and was layered with old cedar shingles, their natural red colour faded to a weatherbeaten gray by constant exposure to wind, rain, snow and sunshine.

On one side of the barn was a fresh manure pile which had been shovelled out from inside the barn. On the other side was a large pile of old shavings mixed with manure, which had been piled up by the front-end loader on their tractor from the outside barnyard. Chickens of various breeds, sizes and ages, feathers ruffled against the cold, scratched around the area looking for some special morsel of feed. A cock pheasant sat on a cedar fence post across the field behind the barn. He seemed to be sitting there to get out of the mud that was everywhere. There just hadn't been enough warm weather to dry the winter moisture.

Inside the barn, the odour of the cows and chickens and the pleasant aroma of the hay was barely noticeable through the ammonia smell of manure. The whole area was laden with dampness. Moisture clung to the cows, windows, walls and cobwebs that hung from the corners of the rafters. Whitewash covered the shiplap and two-by-fours up to the height of the cows. Above that, the dry wood had never seen a coat of paint.

The cow I was about to deliver was very large, red-roan in colour and of mixed breeding, but looked mostly like a dual purpose shorthorn. Roany was a good name for her. She was in excellent condition and on entering the barn I saw her unsuccessfully strain to deliver her calf. She was fastened in her stanchion in a row with other milch cows.

The moment I examined Roany, I was certain I was going to have problems. The calf was extremely large. For a big cow, Roany had a very small pelvic area. I was sure the calf was dead. At least it didn't respond to my pinch between its soft hooves.

I tried to deliver the calf by normal means but soon realized that was completely hopeless. I had to do a caesarian section. But I had never done a caesarian before! I had seen some done, knew how to do one, but had never actually done one myself. There was a lot of difference between reading about the operation in a text book or watching someone else do the surgery and doing it myself.

Gordon knew I had never done this operation before but his encouragement and confidence spurred me on.

"We can't do her in here," I said. "She might choke in the stanchion if



she goes down. Besides, there isn't much room or very much light in this barn."

I went outside but all about was a sea of mud. The only reasonably dry spot was on the slope of the large shavings and manure pile scooped up from the barnyard. Instantly, I decided that had to be the place to perform a piece of surgery I had never before attempted. There was no other choice. I clipped the hair off the right side of the cow.

Later, I would not often do caesarians on the right side because of the location of the intestines on that side. However, because of the size and fatness of this cow and my concern about getting by the rumen or paunch on the left and the amount of help available, I decided to operate on the right side.

General anaesthetics are not given to cattle. They do not tolerate the usual types of anaesthetics used for horses and other animals. Consequently, I had to use a local anaesthetic, freezing all the nerves coming down the side of the cow, injecting beside and around them soon after they left the spinal column.

With Roany in a standing position, Gordon holding her halter, and Maureen trying to keep warm and amused in the station wagon, I made a bold incision through the skin of the patient. My surgery professor at university always told his students to make a BOLD incision in surgery. So I made a bold incision — eighteen inches long! Then down through the three layers of abdominal muscles of the peritoneum or heavy membrane-like lining of the abdominal cavity. The cow never flinched or moved, so I knew the anaesthetic was good. Another bold incision and I would be through the abdominal wall.

The instant I made that last bold incision I was overcome with sheer panic. Not only had I cut through the peritoneum but I had completely transected a loop of *intestine*! Oozing out of each end of the cut bowel and all over the inside of the abdominal cavity was green liquid ingesta. I dropped the scalpel on the manure pile, hoping to never see it again, and grasped the two ends of the severed bowel and pulled them to the outside so they wouldn't dribble any more ugly green contaminant inside the abdominal cavity. The odour of the intestinal contents struck my nostrils like a red hot poker.

For a moment, I stood in absolute confusion pondering my predicament. With an end of a completely severed intestine in each hand I couldn't even focus on the surgical field in front of me. Like my mind, the red blood and green ingesta was swirling in circles on the white fat of the membranes holding the intestines in place. The resultant mixture looked like yellow vomitus containing small green bits of well-masticated hay. This cow would be dead within three days from a horrible infection. Of *that*, I was certain.

"My God", I thought, "I don't have any of the special forceps to control the drainage of ingesta while I suture the two ends together. I don't even have the proper intestinal suture material. I have never done an end to end anastomoses. Hell, I've never even seen it done. I've just read about how to do it and seen diagrams of the proper stitching procedure." No end of bizarre and frightening thoughts ran through my mind.

"We've come to watch you deliver the calf."

Suddenly, I was jerked out of my trance. Leaning over the rail fence not twenty feet away was Mrs. Ring and three of her friends. Fortunately, they couldn't see what I had done.



Because of the gravity and tension of the situation I was unexpectedly caught in the humor of the moment. Four attentive and enraptured women gazing over the weathered rail fence at the mighty surgeon adroitly performing his feat on the manure pile in their barnyard. It was ludicrous. I couldn't help but smile to myself. I thought someone should surely be watching my next efforts in surgery, because the technique employed and the instruments used as not likely to ever be seen again in the annals of surgical history.

"It will be about forty minutes before I'm ready to deliver the calf," I said, confidently. "Come back then and you'll be able to see me bring the calf out. It's pretty cold for all of you to be standing out here that long. Go back to the house where it is warm. Besides, I don't think the calf is alive." Mrs. Ring and her friends returned to the house. Thank goodness. I didn't need an audience to watch me fumble through the next forty minutes.

Somehow, but I'm not sure how, I managed to improvise, with the instruments and materials at hand, a rejoining of the two ends of intestine. When I finished and there didn't seem to be any leakage from the bowel, I proceeded with what I had started to do.

Mrs. Ring and her friends returned just as I pulled the huge stillborn calf from the side of the cow. I cleaned all the abdominal cavity as best I could, loaded the area with antibiotics and closed all the incisions. I knew there still had to be many small bits of chewed hay lost forever among the myriad folds of the intestines. The digestive juices that leaked out were going to be extremely irritating to the sensitive tissues in the abdominal cavity. Infection was sure to follow and possibly, in a few days, the death of this beautiful big animal.

I looked at the neat row of white stitches I had painstakingly placed down the red side of the big cow. When I thought of what had happened inside, I felt sick. Behind the languid cow lay the dead bull calf stretched out on the dirty wet shavings and manure pile which had served as our operating theatre. The whole situation looked pretty sad.

I suppose my feelings were not very different from those of any veterinarian (or physician for that matter) who has been privileged to attend a birth. The process that is repeated time after time in the animal kingdom is nothing short of a miracle. The development from two single cells to a highly complex organism, all in a matter of a few months, is an incredible happening. I often wondered during my studies in embryology why any creature is ever born normal. There are so many developmental processes that can go wrong anywhere along the way. Yet, normalcy is the rule, not the exception. For each animal I have delivered, I have stood in awe at the wonder that has happened before me. Humility and honour were part of every delivery I have ever made.

"Maureen is pretty cold," said Gordon, bringing me back to reality. "She sure has been one super child. Not a peep out of her in four hours and nothing for her to even play with in the station wagon. Too bad she was too shy to go in the house with Mrs. Ring when she asked her."

"She's a lot like her father," I replied with half a grin.

Without being called, but with great trepidation, I was at the Ring's farm early the next morning, even before Mr. Ring left for work. Roany was back at her stanchion in the barn contentedly eating hay. Her eyes were bright, her temperature normal, her incision clean and dry.



"Don't expect much milk from her for awhile," I told Mr. Ring.

"She's almost up to full production this morning," replied Mr. Ring. "She's going to be fine. It's just too bad we lost her calf, but mother here is going to be great."

I wished I could share his confidence.

Daily, for the following ten days, I visited this very special patient. I pumped Roany so full of antibiotics I thought she would float away. Incredibly, she never looked back. She was up to her normal milk production by the third day and never missed eating one strand of hay or one grain of feed. The anticipated infection never happened; her temperature never rose above normal; the incision never wept.

I suppose I was the only thing that wept. I cried from gratitude on the tenth day after the surgery when I removed the sutures and saw Roany for the last time. I couldn't explain how or why but I was humbly grateful this case had turned out so well.

This whole experience was a tremendous lesson for me during my early years in practice. Although I realized my error in technique, that caesarian section gave an unbelievable boost to my confidence. No longer did I want to run and hide behind my mother's skirt and peek out at the real world. It no longer bothered me that the closest veterinarian was thirty-three miles away or that the nearest laboratory was three hundred miles away.

I grew up a lot that cool, cloudy, March day in 1954 on the manure pile. However, no matter how smoothly or easily my practice went along, there were always cases that burst my bubble of euphoria and placed me face to face with reality.

In the years that followed, I travelled the fourteen miles to the Ring's farm many times to treat other animals. Roany bore several calves after her caesarian, with no further problems. Eventually, the hard work and long hours got to Mr. Ring and he sold all his livestock and became an orderly at the Kelowna General Hospital.

Many years after I performed my 'miraculous' piece of surgery on Roany, I met Mr. Ring in the hospital when I was admitted for surgery on my knee. Mr. Ring stood at the foot of my bed telling me, as he had often done before, that I was the best and most attentive veterinarian ever and that my barnside manner was second to none.

"I've never had anyone take better care of my animals," Mr. Ring offered. "Remember how often you came to see that cow you did the caesarian on? Every day, until you removed the stitches, you came to see her and you only charged me \$35.00. I'm sure you never charged for any of those follow-up calls you made. I told every farmer I knew how good and how reasonable your charges were."

"Mr. Ring," I said, "it is almost exactly, to the day, twenty-three years since I did that caesarian on your big red cow. I think the moment of truth has come for both of us. I have a long story to tell you about that particular piece of surgery. "When I was a student in university, our surgery professor always told us to make a bold incision . . ."



## OKANAGAN SUMMER SCHOOL OF THE ARTS, PART 2

by Jean Webber

The history of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts was written in 1981 as a part of the celebration of the 21st Anniversary of the School. Publication was a joint undertaking of the Anniversary Committee of Okanagan Summer School of the Arts and of Okanagan Historical Society. The first half of the history appeared in the **46th Report** (pages 239 - 260). The history is completed below. Footnotes, bibliography and appendices including lists of Board Members may be found in Okanagan Summer School of the Arts separate printing which is entitled **Venture**.

Editor

Mrs. Margaret Colby served as Administrative Director for the 1964 School, attending to the summer school work along with her duties as Director of Adult Education for the Penticton School Board. Mrs. Colby addressed the problems of registration and office procedure as well as emphasizing the importance of evaluating the School's efforts in various directions. For example, she questioned registrants as to where they had seen advertisements for the School and noted that by far the greatest response had come from two advertisements in the *Vancouver Sun*. No response had come from ads in *The Seattle P.I.*, *Writer's Digest*, *Saturday Review*, and *B.C. Teacher*. For future advertising she recommended two ads in each of the following: *Vancouver Sun*, the Victoria papers, *Edmonton Journal*, and *Calgary Herald*. Mrs. Colby declined to serve again as Director. The School's term being in July meant that she must go without any real holiday as in August she must begin preparing for adult education courses to be given the coming winter. An interesting feature of the 1964 School was the production of the Mozart operetta under the direction of Mr. Millard Foster. The cast consisted of 18 youngsters supported by adults back stage.

During 1965 and 1966 the Summer School was under the direction of Mrs. Mavis Bjornson. Again in the annual reports there is evidence that Mrs. Bjornson was ready to stand back and evaluate the success of the School and to pin-point the type of student who was finding the School congenial. In her 1965 report she paid tribute to her office assistant, Mrs. Millard Foster "whose efficiency and work beyond the call of duty made things so much easier for me, and whose sense of humour so often came out at the right moment to put things in their proper perspective." Although the annual report for 1966 is good-humoured and uncomplaining it is clear that the administrative director's job was indeed gruelling. The report stated:

During the actual operation of the Summer School it is very difficult to evaluate the overall picture. There is such a steady stream of people through the office with problems to be listened to, schedules to be straightened out, paper work to be done and the legion of small things that need to be settled to keep the maximum number of people happy.

Complaints during the 1966 session were often related to problems arising from the renovations being carried out in the building. Mrs. Bjornson found herself trying to manage a school of 767 with the same office help as the previous year when registrations had been 550. In her report she paid tribute to



the "Auxiliary, the members of which drove, baked, stuffed envelopes, helped with registration and so on."

During the years of peak registration, Mrs. Rosemary Holmes-Smith of Oliver was Administrative Director. Mrs. Holmes-Smith had been owner-manager of Fine Art Enterprises, a company which dealt in prints and original paintings. Thus she brought to the OSSA position a serious interest in the arts, business experience, and some knowledge of the expectation of artists. She and her husband had previously served on the Board of Directors of OSSA, David Holmes-Smith being Treasurer for several years. In 1967 the family moved up to Penticton for the month of July and David Holmes-Smith and both their young people registered in courses. A committed family! The registration of 867 in 1967 and of 840 in 1968 strained the resources of the School to the utmost, even with the use of the Community Arts Centre as well as School Board properties. There were misunderstandings with members of the Penticton School Board, but there is ample evidence that the School was exhilarating. Mrs. Holmes-Smith was not intimidated by the huge school. To-day she remembers the summers as "exciting." It was the period of "happenings" and the School had its happenings in the gym at which the various disciplines co-operated to create a feast of the arts. The beauty and comfort of the Penticton summer were exploited. On one evening students gathered at the Schwenk home. Ballet dancers performed at the cliff's edge with the sunset for a backdrop while a group of potters, not far away, fired their raku pots. Another evening a group gathered at Summerland for a party at which all conversation had to be in French (French was being taught at the School that year.) Mrs. Holmes-Smith pays tribute to the Board of Directors who were very supportive, many of them spending hours at the school. The atmosphere was stimulating and attractive. In the *Penticton Herald Vacation Guide* for 1968 Brian Kieran paid tribute to Mrs. Holmes-Smith when he wrote that she was "also responsible for the continued expansion of the school."<sup>25</sup> It is interesting to note that the 1968 School was officially opened by Bruce Howard M.P. Mr. Howard had served on the OSSA Board as Secretary for several years prior to being elected to Parliament.

Mrs. Holmes-Smith showed no inclination to gloss over administrative deficiencies for in her 1967 report she wrote:

Our major problems in the overall running of the school stemmed from two things:

- (1) The physical spread and layout of the school facilities with attendant locked-door situation that occurred last year, and
- (2) The lack of communication between instructors, convenors, and administration.

As a result of (1) the instructors did not get together enough and there was not enough contact between the various departments. In effect there was a lack of cohesion and singleness of purpose. As a result of (2) the problems were more far-reaching, and ranged from lack of financial control to simply bad administration.

Mrs. Holmes-Smith recommended cutting course offerings back from 20 to 12, limiting the curriculum to the pure arts and seeking only the serious student rather than catering to the holidaymaker. She recommended that the hostel be limited to 125. Bethel Steele reported 160 in the hostel in 1968.<sup>26</sup> Again, after the 1968 School Mrs. Holmes-Smith brought up the matter of limiting the enrolment and spoke against dissipating the energies and the finances of the School in extra concerts. She wrote:



Our first duty is towards the best instruction for our students and anything that impairs this function should be avoided.

It was her view that first class instructors warranted first class students. In her 1968 report she spoke of "our highly-qualified instructors with a student body of exceptional ability." Mr. Franklin White's ballet classes are an excellent example. Two of his Vancouver students came to the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts for the session and then went on to professional schools in the autumn: Nadine Tomlinson had been accepted by the Robert Joffrey Ballet Company in New York<sup>27</sup> and Valerie Clarke was accepted by the Royal Ballet School in London, England.<sup>28</sup>

Another recommendation of the Administrative Director was that some courses be extended to 4 weeks because 3 weeks were not sufficient for the realization of artistic goals. A minute for the Board Meeting of 19 November 1968 reads:

Dr. Yates moved, seconded by Mrs. Oliver that the session be extended to 4 weeks. After much discussion the motion was defeated.

The program committee and finance committee will discuss this suggestion further.

In the spring of 1969 the *Penticton Herald* published a substantial article on the Summer School in which it quoted Mrs. Holmes-Smith as saying:

The School is almost at capacity. Integration rather than expansion, and quality rather than quantity may be the future policy.<sup>29</sup>

The *Penticton Herald*, under the heading "Okanagan Summer School Seeks to be Year-Round" stated:

The Okanagan Summer School of the Arts is now in its 10th season with the directors continuing to stress growth in quality and looking forward to eventually establishing a year-round school.<sup>30</sup>

Looking back, Rosemary Holmes-Smith believes that the Summer School was at a point where it might well have taken off and become a truly prestigious school. However the implications of such a development were improved facilities and equipment. Provisions for the hostel, for one thing, were scarcely equal to the demands put upon them. Rosemary, herself, although she saw great possibilities, felt that she could not continue as Administrative Director. Her children were at an age when she wanted to spend the summer with them. All July of 1968 was taken up with the school. Often it was midnight before a function was finished and all buildings were securely locked. Then she would start off for Oliver, knowing that she must be in her office again before nine the next morning.<sup>31</sup> In December 1968 she asked to be relieved of her position "for personal reasons" but offered to stay on, on a monthly basis until a replacement could be found and initiated. In January she made a promotional trip to Kamloops and on 17 March she was back in Kamloops with her successor, Mrs. Edythe Chapman. Arrangements were made for both of them to be in Vernon 25 March.

Mrs. Edythe Chapman became Administrative Director officially on 1 April 1969 and served for three schools. She found her first year "traumatic," according to her report to the Annual Meeting. Added to the usual challenges was the fact that inflation was becoming noticeable. She said:

As you all know costs have sky-rocketed in nearly every instance this year — food, supplies, transport, etc. One could go on indefinitely.

Some courses had not paid their way in spite of efforts to increase their en-



rolment early in the season when registration was lagging. Mrs. Chapman's conclusion was:

I am of the opinion that we should merchandise for a season or so — give the public what they want instead of what they should have. The courses can always be re-instated if the need arises.

Mrs. Chapman's second year was hardly easier, but her final report shows her increasing understanding of the school in the wealth of specific detail which it contains. There was the usual hectic conversion of facilities for the Summer School. Keys were again a problem, keys to get into rooms and keys to lock rooms. On one occasion Mrs. Chapman found a lad "merrily running a band saw," no adult about. She also found that:

It is necessary to make constant classroom attendance checks, especially in the craft courses. People are inclined to drift in and try their hand, like it and stay, all without the benefit of registration.

The office, even with two people to help her necessitated "long, unscheduled hours." Like Mrs. Bjornson, she praised her staff for possessing "a sense of humour."

In the fall of 1968, with the prospect of the school's tenth anniversary in mind, Eva Cleland suggested that an appropriate way of marking the occasion might be the training of a first class band which would represent British Columbia at Expo 70 in Osaka, Japan. The idea was received with mixed feelings to be sure, but there was sufficient support to warrant its exploration. George Gay was among those who found the proposal "imaginative" and "exciting." Leonard Camplin was willing to undertake the artistic direction. On 15 April 1969 Mrs. Cleland reported to the Board:

- (a) A letter has been received from Japanese authorities indicating interest in the OSSA Concert Band.
- (b) Mrs. Chapman reported that many inquiries regarding the trip have been received.

It was decided that young people participating must be responsible for their own expenses, \$490 to cover "return jet travel and accommodation in Japan plus meals, except lunches, and transportation between Tokyo and Osaka."<sup>32</sup> Students took all manner of jobs to raise their fares and were often helped by the communities from which they came, the communities being 32 in number. Minutes for 20 January 1970 reported the formation of a Parents' Committee. A simple uniform which included flared trousers for the boys and jumpers for the girls and which could stand up to the rigours of travel in all weathers was designed by a group of four parents and purchased through a local store. A grant from the B.C. Cultural Fund covered the cost of the uniforms.

On 21 April Mrs. Cleland reported that \$4300 had been remitted to Jet-Away Tours, with whom 75 seats had been reserved for the flight out on 17 August and return 1 September. The party would be comprised of 55 band members and the escorting adults — the conductor and his assistants, the tour director, chaperones, business manager, two nurses, boys and girls counsellors, parents, and spouses. Each adult paid his full fare. Before their departure the OSSA Band was designated an official representative of Canada and of British Columbia as well as an official guest of the Japanese Government. All these honours included financial support. In all, the budget for the



trip amounted to over \$75,000. In planning the band, Captain Camplin felt that a membership of 55 would afford a desirable balance of instrumentation. Of the students registered in the 1969 band program about 45 indicated their interest in the Expo 70 trip. These were auditioned by Leonard Camplin and his assistant Errol Gay. Thirty-four were found to be satisfactorily qualified. The others were told that in 1970 they would be auditioned again and given first chance to qualify for the remaining places. A winter of concentrated effort was indicated and most responded and took their places in the band. To balance the instrumentation, band teachers throughout the province were notified of instrumentalists still needed and arrangements were made for auditions in the students' home-towns by Leonard Camplin during his tours with his army band. Failing this, students were invited to submit tapes of their playing. During the 1970 School Leonard Camplin was assisted again by Errol Gay and also by Miss Sigrid Ann Thors, who, on the trip, doubled as girls' counsellor.

There were other student bands from British Columbia at Expo 70, but none had gone through the rigorous weeding and selection from the entire province as had the OSSA Concert Band. In all the band played 13 concerts at Expo, which included concerts in the B.C. Pavilion, the Canadian and the Quebec Pavilions, as well as in the Japanese Pavilion. The Band was honoured, "because we sounded so good and looked so good," said Mr. Gay,<sup>33</sup> by being chosen to appear on the National TV Network of Japan. The concert program had a distinctively North American flavour, including works of Gershwin, Giannini, Rodgers as well as the Canadians B. Gimby (Canada - Centennial Song), R. Milneant, and arrangements by H. Cable. A selection based on folk music of Japan was included.

Band and string programs have been an important part of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts from its inception. Willem Bertsch initiated the latter and has been followed by such distinguished musicians as Dr. Hans-Karl Piltz, James Rickey, and, since 1973, Victoria Kereluk and the Purcell String Quartet. The band program was conducted by Prof. W. C. Welke and Mrs. Rachel Welke in 1961. Mrs. Welke returned to several summer schools after that. In 1963 W. Allen Fisher conducted the first Band Camp and Workshop. In 1965 Leonard Camplin taught at the School for the first time, returning the next year. It was a happy day for the Okanagan when OSSA brought Leonard Camplin to Penticton for during that first summer arrangements were made for him to conduct the struggling Okanagan Symphony, an organization which has not looked back since. In recent years the wind ensemble has been conducted by Jerome Summers and a group of musicians he has gathered about him.

One reason for the success of OSSA's music program has been its integration with the needs of the Okanagan Symphony and with the school band program throughout B.C. The School has been fortunate in having people on its Board who have strong associations with these groups. Another factor in the success of these programs has been the hostel for young people between the ages of 13 and 17. The "band camps" worked so well in 1963 that student accommodation has been offered every year since. The hostel operation must be credited with being one of the most satisfactory aspects of the school, thanks to the professionalism of those who have acted as staff as well as those who have overseen arrangements such as George Gay and Dave Swanson. The



Board's Personnel Committee in 1971 stated in their report: "We would encourage that the director of the hostel have a background in academic education."

The students slept in classrooms converted into dormitories. For several years beds were borrowed from the Canadian forces until the school invested in its own beds and foam mattresses. Meals were cooked at the school with the exception of one year when meals were contracted out, a procedure which proved unsatisfactory. The general plan was a friendly but firm hand, a minimum enrolment of 12 hours of classes each week, and interesting recreational activities in which each student was expected to participate — swimming, trips to local industries, horseback riding, sailing, discussions in the common room. On 15 July 1976 Mr. Danny Majors, the Hostel Director, reported that four recreational events had been scheduled for each day.

Of course the success of the hostel program has depended on the house-parents, cooks, counsellors, and recreational directors who have served for the summer sessions. A very special kind of person is needed: one who enjoys young people, who is equal to teenage energies, and, above all, one who knows how to be both firm and sympathetic. It is impossible to list all those who have made the hostels viable but a few of the gallant band are: Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lee, Mrs. E. Chamberlain, Mrs. Violet Rodger, Mrs. R. F. Raikes, Jan and Jennie Kordes, John and June Wallace, Ed Wilson, Dorothy Lamb, Sherry Workman, Anne Pearson, and Mrs. Richardson.

Naturally such an activity has not been without its problems. Some years students have reported not being able to get enough sleep. Pilfering was a complaint until Mr. R. Armstrong, who succeeded David Holmes-Smith as Treasurer, set up a student bank and managed it himself. In 1968 long distance calls amounting to \$178.85 were run up and not paid for. One year Bob Kingsmill, the potter, complained of the way in which some of those serving food spoke to the young people. Another year Mrs. Violet Rodger, house-mother, submitted a report protesting that not enough consideration was given the girls, who were very much in the majority, when recreational activities were planned. The young people were not without their champions! In 1971 there was a drug incident. The student responsible was identified, sent home, and the RCMP notified. One year a permissive housemother and recreational director made matters more difficult for everyone, but, considering the turbulence of the 60's the hostel was really quite remarkable. Parents could send their young people to OSSA with reasonable assurance that they would be well looked after. Some typical enrolments in the hostel are as follows: 1963, 10; 1966, 120; 1967, 135; 1968, 160; 1969, 100; 1970, 123; 1971, 85; 1976, 87. Generally costs have been carefully controlled and the hostel has done slightly better than break even each year.

Flushed with the success of the Expo 70 trip some felt that a B.C. tour for the Band might be arranged during the Centennial '71 celebrations. However, enthusiasm was not general enough in the face of the estimated cost of \$12,500. After some consideration the idea was dropped. Minutes of 4 November 1970 stated:

Mr. Gay felt in time a national Youth Band could be developed, centred in the West, comparable to the National Youth Orchestra. The same financial backing which supports the Orchestra might support the Band.

In his instructor's report for 1971, Leonard Camplin pointed out that, while



the school had an adequate number of qualified staff for the band program and good playing facilities, a program could not be truly successful unless there was "a minimum of 55 students offering balanced instrumentation and playing ability." He outlined practical steps which might be taken to achieve such an objective and finished with: "A gigantic test [sic] as this is acknowledged, however the rewards could be exciting." The idea was not pursued.

Those caught up in the Expo '70 project naturally found the 1970 School an exciting and fulfilling session. However, among those who were not involved there is evidence of some dissatisfaction. Some instructors complained of a lack of communication. Even Bev Harris who praised the school warmly and who obviously enjoyed his pottery classes complained of a discrepancy between the hours specified in his contract which were used as the basis of his pay, and those required of him in the school's timetable. Len Weaver wrote a long and thoughtful criticism in which he suggested that microphones, tape recorders, and record players should be easily accessible; classrooms should be open 15 minutes before classes were scheduled to begin. His report intimates that when he resisted the pressure to prepare students for performances he felt a threat that his classes might be cut another year. His answer was as follows:

The guitar courses appeal most heavily to youngsters from middle and lower income groups, both groups hardest hit by the economic conditions prevailing in B.C., and in Penticton particularly, at this time. The guitar classes in the preceding four years, due to their very heavy enrolment carried the expense for many other courses which were under-subscribed, but due to their "cultural impact" were continued. To not give the guitar classes a similar consideration would leave me with a very different impression of the professed aims of your school to that which I had heretofore.

SPIRIT: I have been involved in four of your ten years of operation, and I feel that my impression may be valid enough for your consideration. This year I noticed a considerable lack of effervescence which was so noticeable before. Some of this lack may be accounted for by the fact that the band students were too busy to partake of other courses. They are a high-powered lot whose absence was certainly felt in my classes, and I assume, in others. Some of the lack of spirit could possibly be accounted for by the present administrative arrangement which seemed to lack that close personal touch of years past. It may also be only a reflection of the general economic gloom affecting all B.C. at this time. I can only hope that in your deliberations you will again impart that bubbling spirit which was so evident in the earlier years.

Then Mr. Weaver finished with the gracious acknowledgement of the help given him by his convenor, Joan Wigen, which was quoted above.

During the summer of 1971, Mrs. Chapman served once more as Administrative Director, but for that year George Gay was hired during the course of the Summer School as Program Director. This is the first formal acknowledgement of the two aspects of running the school: the business and academic. George obviously had in mind the instructors' reports of the previous year. An account of his activities paints the picture of a hectic three weeks. Here is a small part of what he wrote:

I tried to see, even in passing, every instructor at least once a day . . . [to] forestall complaints.

Each morning I called in at the *Penticton Herald* to feed material . . .

Each morning I appeared for a 5 minute "slot" on Cal George's program on CKOK. Mr. Norman Audley, Penticton Park Supervisor, helped re carvers. I kept close contact with carvers' work and living conditions.

Four 'Ksan carvers were working on a totem pole at the bandshell.

In spite of George Gay's efforts George Norris, the sculptor, regretted that there was "very little opportunity to meet other instructors or Board Members



on a meaningful level." Mr. Norris queried the use of the term "community school" as applied to OSSA. He wrote:

This is not a true "Community School" as I understand the term. Direction of development of school into a true "community school" directly involved in the life of the town, adding zest and celebration, spirit and style to those areas of the community where the public congregate and into the public institutions — library, City Hall, Post Office, etc., the beach fronts and parks.

Commenting on the School's purpose and philosophy Mr. Norris said:

What are the objectives of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts? If the school is trying to run a summer camp with a subsidiary art program for the teenagers whose parents want to "keep them out of trouble" (and who can afford to send them) then the school is a success. If the school is attempting to bring to Penticton first rate artists in a wide range of artistic activities as instructors — then the school is a success. It is questionable, however, whether these two objectives are always compatible and in the latter case I wonder whether full use is made of the assembled talent in a way that serves the community-at-large or affords conditions for a cross-fertilizing of those creative minds. Creativity is a disease that is spread by contact and exposure. A much more experimental approach to the school would be desirable.

OSSA, which had had such an exciting conception and birth followed by a vigorous and happy childhood, was obviously suffering the pangs of adolescence. There is abundant evidence of soul-searching, of attempts at self-definition. On 16 July 1969 the Board Members had invited the instructors to a special meeting at which the future of the School was discussed — "the mid-session confrontation" as Bob Kingsmill called it. In his instructor's report for the year Mr. Kingsmill wrote:

The mid-session confrontation was a valid experience, in which valid questions were thrown into the ring, but the questions aren't mine to discuss, they are yours. What are you organizing, why, and where are you going?

The same year Jack Darcus proposed putting all the painting students into a single class to enable all to have more studio time in daylight hours.<sup>34</sup> Evenings could be devoted to seminar-discussions covering art history and the history of ideas related to the arts. Mr. Darcus favored the extension of the School to 4 or 5 weeks. He wrote:

I feel that OSSA offers a unique possibility for art education. The tremendous potential is evident and is exciting, its range can be extended, its subject matter deepened.

Michael Minot felt that the School had too many facets for one person to control it efficiently. Eric Nicol found most things about the School "good" except his teaching area which he termed "abominable (heat)." He felt the School should become "less academic, more involved with larger holiday scene." None of this ferment shows in the administrative reports at the years' end. In 1971 Mrs. Chapman wrote: "I thought the instructors were great. A competent co-operative lot. There were no unreasonable demands . . ." The same year George Gay wrote:

This was a rewarding Summer School - with a happy atmosphere generally, among both instructors and students. There were no major areas or incidents of complaint (except heat).

The operation of the School went smoothly and all signs point to a satisfactory financial situation.

The members of the Board were by no means unaware of the problems which the School was facing. Numerous committees were set up to examine procedure, draw up duties of officers and volunteers, to make recommenda-



tions about the future of the School. A document remains in the files which seems to belong to a period of about 1969. It begins:

Several outgoing members of this Board with a genuine concern over the future of this Summer School feel that some guidance and recommendations should be given to the new Board of Directors. We have discussed the operation and planning of the School at some length and make the following recommendations as firm directives ... The calibre of instructors is important but the calibre of student is even more so. We are not attracting the serious and professionally oriented student and it is embarrassing and detrimental to the image of the School to hire first rate and "name" instructors and then supply them with the "holiday" and "housewife" type of student ... We have spread ourselves too thin and are exhausting the time and talents of our staff and volunteers.

The document is precise about a number of matters and finally concludes with several "housekeeping matters":

- (a) Committee chairmen should come to Board meetings with definite recommendations based on serious study . . .
- (b) Correspondence of committee members and the Board members should be done through the office or at least copies should be supplied for the office file.

One would think that these last two recommendations should go without saying in an organization with the responsibilities of OSSA.

In September of 1970 the Board decided to establish job descriptions for Board Members. An Advisory Committee of past Board Members was suggested. The Minutes for 20 October report a discussion.

Mrs. Cleland mentioned that the philosophy of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts was to constantly explore courses and extend when feasible.

...

It was felt by Dr. Plecash that specific needs rather than permanent needs be met at this time. Mr. Swanson agreed that we study immediate needs.

In November 1970 three committees were established to examine and evaluate certain aspects of the School: a Personnel Committee, a Curriculum Committee, and a Promotion Committee. On 10 February 1971 the Personnel Committee presented a long and carefully prepared interim report which said in part:

In order to get a proper perspective of the Administrative functions of the Summer School it is necessary to review the overall development:

- (a) A voluntary phase in which all administrative participants gave of their time without remuneration, as this was the only method of keeping the school solvent in early years.
- (b) A second phase in which there was a small remuneration to certain administrative personnel to compensate for their time.
- (c) We have now entered into a third phase in which more professional help is required to carry on a more detailed operation. This has resulted in employing more personnel on a salaried basis.

It is the feeling of this committee that the school will continue to expand, and we feel that in order to do this it will be necessary to have more professional and administrative personnel working for the Summer School on a salaried basis and that the general administrative overall costs of the school will be increased. Many factors are responsible for this including a normal expanded growth of the school, a more departmentalized structure in the School, and the fact that we are now in a very competitive market. In order to attract good personnel both as students and teachers it will be important that this School operate at maximum administrative efficiency to ensure a happy student, teacher, and school relationship at a minimum cost.

When Mrs. Chapman resigned 19 October 1971, the Board appointed



Mrs. Carol Sather Executive Secretary, her duties to be part-time throughout the year. George Gay resigned from the Board and became Principal of the School, his paid period being the weeks just before, during and after the session. This was the beginning of a working partnership which was to last for some years, George working some summers in a paid position, others as a Board Member and volunteer. Carol was with the School under various titles — Administrative Director, Executive Secretary, Acting Principal, and Principal — until after the 1980 session. For one year she resigned to take a position as Director of Okanagan College for Summerland, but remained on the OSSA Board as Vice-Chairman, doing publicity write-ups and preparing the brochure and calendar for publication as a volunteer.

Mrs. Sather brought to the School not only the inherent interest of a person who had grown up in Penticton and attended the School as a child, but also the training in office management which her degree in Business Administration from the University of Calgary implied. It was she who introduced the forms and initiated the practice of pre-registration which did away with much of the confusion of the first days of classes. Both office procedures and office equipment were up-graded. Carol contrasts the present comfortable office at Leir House with her first office — a windowless basement room containing a filing cabinet, an old desk and a broken down typewriter. During the years she scrounged furniture, sometimes refinishing it herself, and talked friends into building shelves, etc. In addition to managing the office, Carol assisted with the preparation of budgets, participated in the recruiting of staff and instructors, surveyed the artistic needs of the community, and participated in Board meetings. She assisted with all phases of promotion and publicity including radio, TV, and newspaper interviews in the Valley and on longer trips which took her as far as Alberta. Then, of course, there was the setting up and managing the actual summer school, a job which saw her at the School generally from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m. each day.<sup>35</sup> It would appear that support staff, at least during the year, was not always as plentiful as it might have been for on 18 May 1977 we find this Minute:

Mr. Stevenson brought up the question as to who was doing the typing in the office. It was pointed out to him that Carol has been performing secretarial duties as well as promotional and principalship.

Mrs. Ivy Mason, who served the school as convenor for most of its years of existence and was perhaps better able than anyone else to assess the general atmosphere during the session, said that few people appreciate the contribution which Ms. Sather made to the school.<sup>36</sup>

The Board Minutes for 27 September 1972 include the report of a Principal's Committee which dealt with four questions:

1. Should we work to keep the OSSA in existence in some form?
2. Should OSSA work, without prejudice, on the location of a campus of the Okanagan Regional College in Penticton?
3. Should there be discussion with the Naramata Centre re a liaison or co-operative program?
4. Should the OSSA program continue much as it has been, or should there be a shift in emphasis?

The answers to the first three questions were a resounding "Yes." No answer had been arrived at for the fourth question and there is no record of a subsequent meeting to discuss it in reports which are extant.



In July of 1973, Mr. Allan Hammond of the Glenbow Foundation visited the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts. A report of his visit and his impressions of the School are to be found in the Minutes of 27 July. It read:

Dr. Barry welcomed Mr. Allan Hammond of the Glenbow Foundation.

Mr. Hammond said he was delighted to come to the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts. Mr. Gay took him around the school and visited and saw the classes in action. Mr. Hammond also had a chance to look over our scrap books and commented on how active the group has been over the years.

Some of Mr. Hammond's comments from his observation of the school are as follows:

- everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves - both instructors and students were relaxed and happy.
- George has tremendous energy and enthusiasm — maybe too much of your working power is in one place here.
- I think your objectives should be more clearly defined. If you are giving the people artistic and craft courses for three weeks in the summer and that is all — this is perfectly valid if this is what you want. However, if this is to be a unique school then the OSSA must be different from all the other summer schools being run.
- where is this organization going to be 25 years from now? You have to know what you are selling.
- you are spread over too much territory as to what you are trying to do artistically — is this your purpose?
- you have to have a unique product to receive special grants. You have to know what you are selling.
- you have to specialize!

Dr. Barry thanked Mr. Hammond for his comments and stated that the Board is certainly going to take a good look at the school's objectives.

Just as with the teen-ager whose days embrace the joys of being as well as the troubles of growing up, so with the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts. Even while successive Boards agonized over the present and the future, school sessions went on and there was much satisfaction to be found in them. The 1971 session was distinguished by a special Centennial project — the carving of an 8-foot totem pole by four 'Ksan carvers who worked for 10 days in the park adjacent to the Bandshell. Bleachers were set up for the convenience of those who came to watch the work in progress. Today the totem pole stands in Penticton's City Hall. This special project was made possible by a special grant of \$1500 from the Koerner Foundation. From its earliest years OSSA had hoped to offer courses of interest to our native peoples. In 1962 Adolph Schwenk was exploring ways of contacting native students.<sup>37</sup> In 1965 there were seven or eight native students, among them Fred Stelkia who attended on a scholarship supplied by the Oliver Rotary Club. In 1966 fifteen students attended under the sponsorship of the Department of Indian Affairs. In 1973 the Northwest Territorial Government sent two Eskimos, Celina and Simon Iraqui of Frobisher Bay, to take the course in wildlife drawing. The trip was Celina's first to the south and she was fascinated by our trees.

An examination of the annual brochures of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts indicates that approximately 775 courses have been offered in the School's 21 years. Counting courses is a rather imprecise way of judging the activity. Art courses are often divided into levels while music workshops show as single courses although instruction is given in a number of instruments. Private lessons don't show. The early choral productions don't appear



in the course list at all. However, even an imperfect list gives us some idea of what has gone on. Here it is:

Music		Visual Arts	
Strings	35	Painting	79
Wind, Brass Band	53	Drawing	31
Percussion	9	Sculpture	18
Piano	49	Print Making	6
Voice	38	Pottery, Ceramic Sulpt.	95
Guitar		Design, Art Apprec.	12
Folk Sing.	67	Stitchery, Weaving	
Theory, Apprec.	4	Macrame	20
		Batik, Tie Dyeing	20
		Decoupage	3
		Creative Crafts	30
<b>Creative Writing</b>		Puppetry	6
Journalism	32	Photography	11
		Ikebana	4
<b>Dance</b>			
Ballet	18		
Character Scottish	8	French	13
Modern	30		
Creative	6	Science Seminars	6
<b>Drama</b>			
Directing, Acting,		Film Use, Mass Comm.	4
Stage Craft	64		

Some courses appeared in the calendar for several years only, such as the Science Seminars offered in co-operation with UNESCO. French courses were popular in the years 1964-67. Some courses like Ikebana (Japanese flower-arranging) depended on the availability of a certain teacher and within a few years satisfied a naturally limited demand. Other courses have had a vogue, such as Batik from 1965-1971. One tends to conclude that most of those who wished to learn the techniques had done so by that time. Classical ballet may have suffered from the fact that in the 1960's Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Farrally began to teach at Banff during the summer. It would not have been unnatural for their students in the Okanagan to follow them there. Creative Writing appears to have been a course dependent on having a well-known instructor.

Drama courses have had an uneven history at OSSA. Under gifted teachers a certain amount of excitement has been generated but there seems to have been little continuity from year to year. Bethel Steele of Kelowna asked in 1961: "Where were all the Little Theatre people in the Valley?"<sup>38</sup> In 1963 Paddy Malcolm English was at the School, serving as stage director and producer for the *Forest Prince*. She had asked for \$30 a week plus free tuition for her children! She never returned to the School. Was an opportunity lost there? Minutes for 17 November 1970 record Mrs. Cleland as stating that the theatre course needed the backing of local groups and recommended that a contract not be offered until they had been contacted. It is possible that three weeks is too short a period in which to achieve effective goals in a theatre course, especially if that course is to be built around a production. Ken Pauli who taught drama in 1969 and 1970 favoured a four-week school in which drama would be integrated with other disciplines such as dance. Minutes for 22 July 1971 mention a panel consisting of Eric Nicol, George Ryga, Tom Kerr and



George Wilson who discussed just what OSSA might do to serve the cause of drama. Unfortunately no record of the ideas expressed seems to have remained. In 1972, when Kenneth Dyba's open course was on the point of cancellation for lack of enrolment, a member of the local drama club managed to persuade 10 students to enroll with the agreement that each would pay \$20, the other \$11 being made up from OSSA's bursary fund. Mr. Dyba has left recommendations for OSSA drama courses. They include: the early appointment of staff so that a program could be carefully prepared; the adjudication of students based on an audition piece which each would bring to the session; integration of drama with other disciplines — for example, with Creative Writing or with Band in the case of a musical. Mr. Dyba finished his report with:

In summation, I feel there is a good foundation to build on. **BUT** as is usually the situation with summer schools, feeling is rather transitory: and I think the School Must Zero in on specific objectives, at least as far as Drama is concerned. Involve instructor(s) in the course(s) in plenty of time, explore the points listed and work towards some specific long-range objectives . . .

Courses in the visual arts have always gone over very well. And no wonder with the broad base of interested practitioners of varying degrees of skill in the Valley. The same situation applies to pottery. Certainly, our climate and topography encourage these arts. Between 1973 and 1980 many students, both amateur and professional, have come to OSSA to take advantage of the Wildlife Drawing courses offered by Clarence Tillenius and his assistants. The generous co-operation of Mr. Ed Lacey of the Okanagan Game Farm has made these courses of exceptional value. Some instructors, in their reports, show an effort to get beyond the conception of art merely as a skill. Tom Burrows wrote in 1971:

You can't teach a discipline in 3 weeks but you can inspire people towards opening their creative stores.

Mention was made above to Jack Darcus' proposal to have seminar-discussions dealing with art history and the history of ideas. In his 1972 Instructor's Report he stated:

This course running concurrently with the practical course would allow for a tremendous increase in the depth of the program offered. I believe it would appeal to an adult and experienced student as well as be beneficial for the younger ones. This would also be an area for teachers to exchange ideas and could function successfully as an open forum for discussion about the arts.

Jack Darcus favored a longer period for the School. In pottery, the time factor appears to be even more crucial. Three weeks barely allows time for the making and glazing of a pot because of the drying period required before the first firing.<sup>39</sup> There is persistent interest in giving credit-bearing courses in art, perhaps in conjunction with Okanagan College. An example of co-operation with one of our formal colleges was the inclusion in 1980 of Anne Barry's course in Print Making, the Emily Carr College of Art furnishing the instructor and their printmobile workshop under its outreach program.

Of all the courses presented at the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts none has had more continuity than the music courses. No doubt the success of the music program is largely due to the informed interest of certain individuals dedicated to the school from its inception. The Board has always understood the specific needs in the Okanagan and has been in close contact



with those who would take advantage of the School's courses. Early in the history of the Summer School it was pointed out that musical development must depend on good winter programs and those involved in OSSA have worked hard to build and encourage private and public teaching programs in music throughout the year in all parts of the Valley. Nor can the School's music program be divorced from the development of the Okanagan Symphony Orchestra. For example, Dr. Bob Woodley, Mrs. Elsa Fisher, and Mr. Wilf Phillips, all Vernon members of the Okanagan Symphony Orchestra, have attended the 2-week workshops of the Purcell String Quartet each summer since 1973. Dr. Woodley describes the classes as "invaluable, a source of inspiration and strength for string players in the Valley." He commends the personal attention given each student and just wishes that the School had wider recognition for the work it is doing. Musicians who have been brought to Penticton to teach at the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts include Jan Rubes, Willem Bertsch, Cortland Hultberg, Leonard Camplin, Hans-Karl Piltz, Mme. Johanna Janisch, Phyllis Schuldt, Lincoln Alexander, Len Weaver, Arthur Loesser, and, in recent years, Margarita Noye, Vance Hoy, Alan Rinchart, Victoria Kereluk with Ian Hampton, Sydney Humphreys, Philippe Etter and Bryan King of the New Purcell String Quartet, David Mills as well as Jerome Summers.

The glory of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts has been its Instructors. In the early years the School leaned rather heavily upon their names to attract students and to sell the arts, names like those of Lister Sinclair, W. O. Mitchell, Wilfred Watson, George Jonas, Susan Douglas, Paul St. Pierre, Anthony Holland, Roy Kiyooka, John Robert Colombo. The School brochures tended to make the most of the credits of its teachers, to the point where, in 1971, Rex Calhoun asked in his final report, "Tone down my credits." Early instructors in their enthusiasm for the idea of the school were willing to come for very modest sums and to give generously of their time. Since then honoraria have increased, but they are by no means princely even now. Instructors have not only taught their classes conscientiously, but have often participated in concerts or readings, offered thoughtful opinions relative to the School's future welfare, and taken on jobs in the interest of the School. David Watmough prepared a submission to the Canada Council in 1968 and in 1973 Ben Metcalfe was trying to set up a CBC program on the School.<sup>40</sup> The School has also drawn upon the services of local artists and craftsmen such as Frances Hatfield, Hugo Redivo, George Ryga, Robert Kingsmill, Tom Kerr, Toni Onley, P. M. Ritchie, Marion Grigsby. On 19 November, 1968, Mrs. Rendina Hamilton, Chairman of the Program Committee, recommended, "Local instructors of high calibre should be used when feasible." A list of instructors year by year is appended. Their qualifications include training and degrees in various provinces of Canada, in Washington, New York, and California, in Holland, England, Scotland, Hungary, Austria, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, and Cuba. Schools represented include the Sorbonne, the Julliard, the Royal College of Music in London. All this richness was brought to our doorstep in the Okanagan because a few courageous, hard-working people had the vision to establish a Summer School of the Arts in 1960!

When asked recently what he regarded as the most pressing problem of the School through the years, George Gay paused for a moment and then



answered, "Money."<sup>41</sup> The principle generally accepted has been to have the fees paid by the students cover instructors' honoraria, their travel expenses, and the cost of materials for each course. This has meant, at times, the cancellation of courses when registration failed to reach a viable number. In 1972, for example, contracts for three instructors were bought out or reduced. Money for administration, promotion, and publicity had to be found. Grants have been forthcoming from the City of Penticton, from UBC, from the Provincial Government, from The Canada Council, the Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation, the Vancouver Foundation, and from local organizations and individual citizens. During the first years, concert receipts often added to the School's revenue. The more recent counterpart of these receipts are the fees paid by the CBC for recorded faculty concerts. In 1980 these amounted to \$1400, a substantial addition to OSSA revenues. A noteworthy contribution has been the use of school facilities belonging to School District #15, the rental value of which was estimated in 1980 to be \$8,500.<sup>42</sup>

Bursaries have been a very important tool in the financing of OSSA. At first, assigning a bursary was the responsibility of the donor. Minutes for 4 December 1962 stated:

*Scholarships* - The Summer School does not give them. Every person must pay a fee. However, our policy should continue in having such scholarships underwritten by some person or agency in the community.

Community organizations have proved generous in their support. Some, like the Vernon Community Arts Council, have underwritten the expenses of local teen-agers who showed promise in the arts and who were just at that age when they wished to explore the depth of their commitment. In 1961, the Kelowna School Band raised \$1500 to finance the attendance of band members to the Band Festival and Workshop conducted at OSSA by Professor Walter C. Welke, "the dean of band conducting in the Pacific Northwest." In 1965, the Summer School brochure stated that a limited number of bursaries and scholarships were available. The brochure for 1967 acknowledged scholarships furnished by 39 service clubs, Parent-Teacher Associations, businesses, and individuals in Penticton, Summerland, Vernon, Powell River, Quesnel as well as by the Alberta Government. Minutes for 22 September 1970 stated:

Dr. Barry reported that 31 persons and organizations from Penticton donated to the bursary fund and 22 persons and organizations from outside of Penticton. The total donations were \$3,718.00.

These donations had resulted from personal contacts and from 100 letters sent out to Valley organizations before 17 March. By 1970, bursaries were being used to help deserving youngsters who would not otherwise be able to attend the School, to attract students to worthy courses which were on the point of foundering for lack of sufficient enrolment, and to subsidize bus transportation from Osoyoos, Oliver, Summerland, and Kelowna. Minutes for 20 January 1970 stated:

The Bursary Fund is divided into three parts: a General Bursary; Specific Bursary; and Transportation Fund.

In her Administrative Director's Report for 1970, Mrs. Chapman reported a falling off of registrations from Oliver and Osoyoos when prospective students learned that bus service was not available that year.

In recent years an Undistributed Bursary Fund has been established and the interest from this fund used each year. In addition to the moneys placed



in this fund by OSSA and contributed by the Vancouver Foundation in support of a vocal program, there are two memorial funds: one established in honour of Mr. Joe Winkelaar and the other in honour of Mr. John Coe.<sup>43</sup> Mr. Winkelaar had served on the OSSA Board where his keen mind and level judgment was appreciated.<sup>44</sup> He was respected in the community for his good works, his activities in the Knights of Columbus, and his service as Alderman. His sudden death shortly after his election as Mayor of Penticton in 1979 was deeply felt in the community. Mr. John Coe, orchardist, Rotarian, Anglican, Alderman was "one of Penticton's great citizens."<sup>45</sup>

Mr. Coe served on the Board of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts for 16 years, taking on the Chairmanship in 1976 when morale was at a low point.<sup>46</sup>

The support of the British Columbia Provincial Government has grown since the establishment of the British Columbia Cultural Fund. By 1980, the grant had risen to \$19,000. The Cultural Fund grant has made possible a growing professionalism in the administration of the School. As early as 1960, Mrs. Kitty Wilson was speaking of the need for hired secretarial help.<sup>47</sup> But on a budget of \$6,000 where was money to be found? By 1966, the budget had risen to \$25,000. Mrs. Howard was Treasurer and she believed that a budget of this size warranted a paid accountant. Minutes of 26 September 1966 recorded:

With this report, Mrs. Howard tendered her resignation as Treasurer, pointing out that the amount of money now handled is in the neighbourhood of \$25,000.00. The task of Treasurer has become too arduous, Mrs. Howard advised considering this a paid position. Mrs. Howard said that she would be glad to serve on the Board in another capacity.

At the same meeting, Mr. Howard, who was at that time Secretary of the Penticton Chamber of Commerce and was Secretary of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts, recommended the appointment of a skilled professional to handle promotion, a person who was capable of assessing the most effective means of obtaining students. Mr. Howard believed that the School had only scratched the surface of a vast market. However, it was some time before the Board felt it could hire the professional help recommended by the Howards.

At a Board Meeting 8 October 1975 the Chairman, Mr. R. L. Gordon spoke of the need for "better control of finances." At that time accounting and cheque-writing responsibilities were divided among paid office staff and the volunteer Treasurer who sat on the Board. On 23 October 1975 Mr. Gordon stated:

... we can't, as I see it, go on the way we have been. We should take definite steps to be included in some way under Okanagan College; we should have more innovative programs and better paid instructors . . .

Our recruiting methods are wasteful and ineffective.

During 1975 Mr. Harold Myers came onto staff and has, since that time, served the School as Registrar-Treasurer. Mr. Myers' experience in business and knowledge of accountancy have been invaluable to the school. Minutes for 23 October 1975 stated:

From now to January 1 J. H. Myers in addition to his duties as treasurer and registrar be responsible for the office routine as required and that Ms. Sather be engaged to assist when necessary in disposing of the correspondence.

Mr. Myers was instructed to get a bound minute book and affix therein last



year's minutes. Mr. Myers was to learn that not only had the financial report and report of the Annual General Meeting for 1975 not been filed with the Registrar of Companies, but that for some years this matter had been overlooked. To be reinstated the School was asked to submit Financial Statements and AGM Minutes for the years 1970-75. Finally, on 16 December 1976 Mr. Myers was able to write the Registrar of Companies in Victoria:

I am enclosing minutes of the Annual General Meetings for the years 1970-1975 as requested. It took considerable time to locate copies for the years 1970 to 1972. However, one of the Directors found a set amongst her records.

One of the problems of volunteer organizations is the care of records, especially when there is no fixed office or when there are frequent moves. Not only are there considerable lacunae in the minutes, correspondence, and reports of OSSA, but also a well-kept pressbook disappeared when the custodian died and a relative came from some distance to tidy up her affairs. However, since 1975 all minutes have been fastened into permanent bound books.

Harold Myers was born in England, started school in Texas, but soon moved with his parents to Edmonton, Alberta. In 1948 he came to Penticton from Vancouver to manage E. B. Horsman and Sons. Mr. Myers' interest in post-secondary education goes back some years. He was a member of the Southern Interior Junior College Society, an organization which pre-dated the MacDonald Report. He was at that first public meeting held in the interest of a Summer School of the Arts on 5 February 1960. At the time of his appointment as Registrar-Treasurer, Mr. Myers was serving as a Director on the OSSA Board. Like so many others who have worked on behalf of the Summer School, Harold's service goes far beyond what one usually expects from a salaried employee. Harold Myers believes that it is very important to analyse the market that the School is appealing to. When OSSA began in 1960 it was unique. Now there are other schools catering to those interested in the arts. Just what is OSSA's place? Penticton's holiday atmosphere and climate are wonderful assets, but the School has suffered from a lack of year-round facilities and dorms. At present, it is operating on a year to year basis.<sup>48</sup>

Since 1976 expenditures have been shown in the Annual Financial Statement under the headings of Administration, Promotion, and Instruction. This would appear to be a step in the direction of clarifying just where moneys are going. Increased revenue has helped in many ways but certainly a larger budget does not lessen the need for constant vigilance. If anything, more care is needed. The difference between a financially satisfactory year and a near disaster is not very great. The Board of Directors has proved itself responsible and minutes which have to do with reminding all those concerned that expenditure must be within the budget and properly authorized, indicate the attention given such matters. Dependence on grants about which there is always some doubt does not make planning easy. Probably one answer to financial insecurity is to have a larger percentage of the budget come from corporate and private sources.<sup>49</sup> The designation on 20 December 1979 of \$100 to allow 10 Board Members to attend the John Fisher seminar for "Volunteer Organizations," which was jointly sponsored by Okanagan College the Ministry of the Provincial Secretary and Government Services, Cultural Services Branch, seems to have been a wise provision. The advice of experts like Fisher is essential in today's sophisticated and competitive conditions. Nor, with regard to finances, should the importance of annual membership dues be over-



looked. A broad base of dues paying members is proof to funding organizations of true community support, a fact stressed by Mr. Geoff Croes who has served on the Board of OSSA and is President of the Penticton and District Community Arts Council, and is presently on the Arts Board for British Columbia.<sup>50</sup> Planning for the registration of new members and the re-registration of old members has been done with varying degrees of efficiency by different Boards. Without that body of members OSSA is hardly a community organization. It is little but a self-perpetuating clique.

Mr. Rory McIvor, Administrator of the Penticton Library and for two years Chairman of OSSA Board of Directors, sees Volunteerism as both the strength and the weakness of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts. On the positive side, Mr. McIvor lists, first, the close contacts the School has maintained with the City Council and with the School Board. (Because he has been a member of the School Board, Mr. McIvor has seen this co-operation from both sides.) He says lines have always been open thanks to the high quality maintained in the conduct of the School and the financial responsibility accepted by the Board. On the negative side, Mr. McIvor speaks of the difficulty of getting volunteers for any activity today, and especially volunteers who will accept the commitment needed to learn and then to serve in office. He sees the School as needing more professional help than in the past.<sup>51</sup> An interesting example of community support for OSSA is the granting of temporary cards by the Penticton Library for OSSA students and their families. OSSA has no library of its own.

G. Manser and R. H. Cass, in their book *Voluntarism at the Crossroads*, list eight criteria established by the National Information Bureau for voluntary organizations,<sup>52</sup> the standards demanded by the Council of Better Business Bureaus,<sup>53</sup> and a list of five criteria of their own.<sup>54</sup> By all of these the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts comes out very well, with the exception, perhaps, of Manser and Cass's requirement of goal setting which is stated as follows:

Adherence to established goals, purposes and objectives. This assumes that the organization has gone through a process of establishing, reassessing, and testing what it is in business to do, and that it is attempting to do it.<sup>55</sup>

If the heady questions as to direction or goals so frequently asked at the beginning of the seventies have been answered, it is by default rather than with deliberation. In his report for 1972, the Principal spoke of a special committee which was working on the direction of OSSA. Minutes of 17 May 1979 record the B.C. Cultural Fund's request for a three-year projection of the budget, a circumstance which draws attention to the need for specific goals. The Board meeting 26 July 1979 heard a letter from Mrs. Jane Rundle in which she stated:

That she would be pleased to act as Chairman of the Nominating Committee provided the Board can supply her with information on: short/long term goals, positions and qualifications to be met in choosing Board Members; role of Nominations Committee re policy familiarization and responsibilities; deadlines for nominations.

It was decided that the answer be given verbally. The Chairman of the Board reported to the AGM 25 October 1979 that "a step towards definition of short and long term objectives of the Summer School" had been taken. Was he referring to the committee re-organization which had been worked out by the Chairman Bert Kinsey and Board Members, Mr. Geoff Croes, and Mr. Bill



Christensen and accepted by the Board? The old committees of Administration, Finance, Program, Hostel, Promotion, Bursaries, Accommodation, and Auxiliary were thereby re-organized under three main committees: Curriculum, Student Services, and General Affairs. The proposal stated:

We emphasize that this re-structuring does not imply any change in the nature of the school or in its policies. We do believe, however, that it will be necessary to consider carefully the long-range philosophy under which the school operates, the long-term and short-term plans that would follow from such a philosophy and the consequent policy implications. Such an ongoing effort can, in our opinion, only be effective if the Board's committee structure is made more efficient.

A well-laid plan to arrive at a definition of goals could be a stimulating, even exciting exercise!

When the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts was first being formed the panel from the University of British Columbia stated that UBC's support depended upon the School being regional in nature. An effort was made to have representatives from other Valley centres and to stimulate interest in the various communities. During 1962 Board Meetings were moved about: the 1 May meeting was held in West Summerland; the 31 May meeting in Vernon; and the 5 June meeting in Oliver. For a typical list of out-of-town Board Members we might look at those for 1963:

Naramata	Mrs. G. Clough
Summerland	Mrs. G. Noel; alt. Mrs. Marjorie Croil
Vernon	Mr. J. Kidston, Miss J. Topham-Brown
Kelowna	Mr. Keith Davidson, Mrs. Lamoureux
Oliver	Mr. David Holmes-Smith
Okanagan Falls	Mrs. E. Philpott
Keremeos	Mrs. J. Young
Cawston	Mr. James Dawson

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kidston served for a number of years, driving the miles between Vernon and Penticton at their own expense. An examination of even this one annual list calls to mind a considerable contribution to the committee work from out-of-town Board Members: Mrs. Clough, among other duties, served for some years as Program Convenor, one of the central tasks of the School; Mrs. Croil was the first Publicity Chairman; David Holmes-Smith served as Treasurer; Mrs. Philpott was active in a number of capacities. Still there is a good deal of truth in George Gay's statement 4 November 1970:

Ten Directors are elected from other centres apart from Penticton, although the Penticton representatives carry the load. Outside representatives cannot be feasibly added to committees; their main value is in liaison, information, and bursary activity.

It may be time to re-examine the regional aspect of the School, to broaden its base of support, and perhaps to consider running courses in other centres, especially if some kind of working relationship is established with Okanagan College.

What is the relationship of OSSA to Okanagan College? Nothing, officially. But those involved in the Summer School have always been interested in the development of the College. Minutes of 14 October 1969 record the Board's attention being drawn to the Regional College Referendum to be put during the local elections in December. Minutes for 27 September 1972 record the determination of OSSA to "work, without prejudice, on the location of a campus of Okanagan College in Penticton." In 1973 OSSA presented a



brief concerning its views on Okanagan College. On 4 March 1975 George Gay reported on a meeting he had had with R. R. Jeffels, the new Principal of Okanagan College. In recent years, the School has been fortunate in having on its Board Mr. Bill Christensen, Regional Director South Okanagan for Okanagan College. (Mr. Christensen has recently become Dean of Academic and Applied Studies for the College.)

Mr. Christensen believes that the strength of the Summer School is in its grass-roots involvement. From this comes its spontaneity and its freedom from snobbishness and elitism. The School opens its doors to everybody and anybody. Mr. Christensen recognizes the problems which arise from depending on volunteers who often lack the needed management expertise. Good management has become extremely important now that funding agencies are becoming tighter with their moneys. The right balance between volunteer and professional workers is a must. He believes that relationships with the College should be "close and informal." He emphasizes the flexibility possible in an organization like OSSA, but impossible in a college. ("Responsible freedom" is the term Manser and Cass use.)<sup>56</sup> Mr. Christensen opposes OSSA's attempting to offer credit courses because this would involve them with academic regulatory bodies and the School would lose its right to plan its course content and select its teachers. He believes that credit courses could be offered by working in conjunction with the College, the College taking all responsibility for the course and OSSA offering the milieu.<sup>57</sup> Mr. Christensen's views seem to agree with those of Canada's National Advisory Council on Voluntary Action and with Schindler-Rainman and Lippitt who, respectively, make the following statements:

Voluntary activity is, if nothing else, an evolving dynamic activity which should not be locked into any system of rigid categories.<sup>58</sup>

And in the face of the rate and complexity of change, there is a tendency to become dependent on the experts. This antivoluntarism trend must be counteracted. The experts, because of the necessary specialization of their training and orientation, cannot be expected to provide the wide perspective necessary for innovative social problem solving.<sup>59</sup>

The Okanagan Summer School of the Arts has suffered from not having a home of its own. Each year has required strenuous conversion from regular school to summer school space including dormitories. Mrs. Chapman wrote in her 1969 report:

There is no use in re-iterating that we need permanent quarters, everyone knows it is difficult living out of a suitcase.

Federal and Provincial Government student work programs brought very welcome assistance in later years but the basic problem remained. Then, too, there was always the state of the equipment which had served the regular student body until a few days before Summer School got under way. Reports are full of complaints about kilns, potter's wheels, sewing machines, and band instruments not working properly. Frances Hatfield said that she soon learned that she must take her tools to school at the beginning of each term in which she taught.<sup>60</sup>

Successive Boards have tried to find a permanent home for the School. In 1962, Dr. Barr looked into using a floor of the Incola Hotel for a dormitory. On 19 January 1971 a committee was struck to work on the possibility of using the Penty Building. In 1972, there was interest in the old Post Office Build-



ing. However, nothing came of these efforts. It is to be hoped that when Okanagan College builds on its Penticton campus that the buildings may be such that they can be used for Summer School purposes.

Besides the obvious advantage of physical comfort and convenience which a place of one's own affords there are two other important aspects of having a recognized home. The first is in the symbolic importance which the real estate assumes in the minds of the surrounding community. Buildings are a presence which cannot be ignored. Without them an institution must work hard to establish itself as an entity in the public consciousness. The second advantage of the home place is the cohesion it brings to the school and its activities. People mix and meet, not just in individual classes, but as a whole school. Lacking a unique space, other measures must be taken to achieve a sense of community. Perhaps the greatest contribution made to the school by that extraordinary social committee and auxiliary in the sixties was in establishing a feeling of unity. The formal opening luncheon which in recent years has been hosted by Mr. and Mrs. G. Rowland and by Dr. and Mrs. Arnold Beichman is very valuable as are more informal social affairs. The cafeteria is another meeting place. Efforts to serve the food attractively and to make the dining rooms interesting and pleasant places are very important. Concerts are a meeting-place and those who have taught or studied in the visual arts courses have remarked on how much they enjoyed the music produced by those working in the performing arts department and how they have regretted the evening schedules which have prevented their attendance. Some years there have been wonderful opportunities for inter-disciplinary co-operation in special projects.

The objective of the citizens founding the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts in 1959 was to establish a school comparable to the Banff School of Fine Arts. The ambition persisted. In his remarks at the opening luncheon of the School in 1973, Frank Laird praised OSSA as "being second only to Banff." The subject of Mr. Laird's remark was brought up at the Board Meeting of 13 July 1973. The minutes read:

The Board discussed this matter in length and it was felt that this was not an intentional slight.

On 10 July 1979 an article appeared in the Penticton Herald under the by-line of Sonni Bone regarding the visit of David Leighton, Director of the Banff School of Fine Arts. The article said in part:

David Leighton, Director of the Banff School of Fine Arts, does not think the Banff School is a good model for what the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts should be.

Mr. Leighton spent the weekend in Penticton after being invited here to discuss the local summer school and to offer his help and advice.

Banff is a very small community — approximately 3,500 people. We don't have the population that exists in the Okanagan. That means people have to come to Banff and stay and that is very expensive. I think for that reason alone, we have had to follow a very different path than in the Okanagan School. In order to exist we have had to concentrate on a very advanced level international market whereas here you have a much larger local base and it is a community operation.

"It seems to me that the logical development here would be based on the community — here and up the lake," said Mr. Leighton.

At Banff we have cut off the beginner's level — for example, there are 25 courses offered in Calgary for beginning painters so why would we offer another. We must bring in the world's greatest.



On the other hand, here in the Okanagan you have an incredible place for a family summer. You have a lot of families registering for your courses. That is something we can't have where we are.

The other thing that flows from what we have done at Banff is that our place is extremely expensive to run . . . We spend more simply auditioning our students than the entire budget for the Okanagan Summer School.

We get a great deal of our operating expenses from the Alberta government and from our own earnings as a conference centre.

In the summer of 1981, the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts is celebrating its twenty-first anniversary. In actuality, the 1981 session will be the twenty-second session of OSSA. The School is one of the oldest summer schools of the arts based on a community organization. George Gay estimates that some 200 instructors have taught at OSSA. Estimating total enrollment in student-days (i.e., one student spending one day at the School) brings us to the figure of 88,200. Translated into money spent in the community for board, lodging, fees and other expenses, 88,200 student days imply approximately \$1,774,000.00. A commendable accomplishment! But such statistics give no idea of the part that OSSA has had in raising standards of performance and discrimination in the arts; in giving the opportunity to young people to find out what the artistic community has to offer them and to assess their own place in that community; and in bringing inspiration and enlargement to the lives of thousands of men, women and children.

It is usually deemed appropriate at coming-of-age celebrations to make at least a few remarks on the future possibilities of the subject of the celebrations. What are the prospects of the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts? Our society has changed in twenty-one years. Canadians, with regard to aesthetic matters, are more sophisticated than they were in 1960. Good education in the arts is part of the curriculum in many, although not all, of our public schools. Training is available in adult education classes, regional colleges, art schools, and out-reach programs like that of the Emily Carr College of Art. Since the early sixties other summer schools of the arts have been established. In these circumstances, OSSA could not have survived had not the idea or ideas underlying the School been fundamentally sound. Consciousness raising and the initiation of the young are valid artistic and educational objectives — "opening the creative stores" as Tom Burrows termed it in 1971. We would hope that OSSA's door will remain open to "anybody and everybody," to the ordinary family.

But the Okanagan Summer School of the Arts has been doing much more than giving the relatively untrained their first taste of painting or music. Serious practitioners have found substance each year in OSSA classes. One would hope that, in the future, ways may be found to integrate the School's accomplishment into exciting and stimulating programs and projects, the kind which make a school much more than the sum of its parts. The exhilaration of the late sixties and the promise are possible today. The appointment of Mr. Roger Sparkes, who is professionally trained and experienced in adult education, appears to be a good move, for besides understanding administration and comprehending what the arts are all about, today's administrator must be a resource person, well up on the needs of the larger community, on what resources are available, and on what areas are being adequately filled by other institutions. However, the Administrator cannot do the job alone. The support of the community is a must: its interest and enthusiasm; its human



resources and its financial contributions; above all, a Board of Directors in which each member is committed, informed, imaginative, courageous and active.

Never have the arts been more necessary than they are now. Far more than a pleasant pastime or a decoration added to life, the arts are life. They are quality in living, thinking, feeling; a means of discovery; a way to insight. In our turbulent times in which change is deep and often alarming, men need every avenue there is for understanding themselves and their society and for expressing their own feelings about what is going on. OSSA's availability, openness, standards, and demonstrated durability indicate a unique role for the School.

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Several families of Hungarian and Austrian blood, most of whom were born in Canada, with the rest claiming naturalization, endeavoured to land from the S.S. Sicamous at Kelowna this week, but were forcefully held on the boat by a party of ex-soldiers and other citizens of that city. The families claimed to have purchased land in the Kelowna area, but despite the assistance of the RNWMP, they finally decided to return to Weyburn, Saskatchewan.

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1919

*The Summerland Review*

A very interesting experiment is being carried out in Kelowna on the raising of silkworms. Silkworm eggs were brought out from Italy in February of this year and kept in a cool temperature until April 5. The eggs were hatched on April 13 and the worms have since been fed on mulberry leaves. Three distinct species of silkworms are being used for the experiment; those which produce white, pale yellow and dark yellow silk respectively. The future of silk production depends entirely on the supply of mulberry leaves available. Mulberry trees do well in this district, but a very large quantity would be required before the growing of silk could become an industry here.

"Glimpses of the Past" - 1925

*The Summerland Review*



# OBITUARIES

Previously it has been the custom of the Okanagan Historical Report to present the names of those who have died in a three or four line obituary. However, it is felt that several lines were hardly adequate to tell of the contribution most of these people have made to our communities. Therefore your Editorial Committee has decided to present only the names with the dates of death. For those who have made a distinct contribution to the preservation of our heritage, we shall include a brief tribute in the section "*Tributes and Biographies*," dwelling mainly on such contributions. As for those who have played a significant role in other respects we do hope that family or friends will take the time to prepare biographies. A very good example of such an appreciation is the article which Mr. Grev Rowland wrote about his old friend R. J. McDougall, which appears elsewhere in this volume.

Editor

## *We Shall Miss Them*

- ARMSTRONG, JOSEPH CLINTON — June 4, 1982  
 ATKINSON, ARNOLD — August 30, 1982  
 BAGNALL, RICHARD GUY PEARSE - February 2, 1983  
 BANKS, MURIEL — November 24, 1982  
 BASRAM, UDHAM KAUR — July 22, 1982  
 BEAMES, REV. WILLIAM STANLEY — March 23, 1982  
 BEAMS, GERTRUDE ELIZABETH — May 16, 1983  
 BELL, JOHN WILLIAM STALLARD — May 23, 1982  
 BEST, JUNE — December 26, 1982  
 BIAGIONI, ROSE MARY — February 10, 1982  
 BLAGBORNE, KENNETH MERRILL — July 19, 1982  
 BOLTON, GEORGE WILSON (Jim) — March 27, 1981  
 BOOTHE, KENNETH LLOYD — April 5, 1982  
 BORTON, ANNIE SOPHIA — September 19, 1981  
 BRISTOW, BERTHA — February 24, 1982  
 BURNELL, DAISY ANNA — May 17, 1982  
 BURY, ROBERT GWYNNE — June 23, 1982  
 BUTLER, GERTRUDE — July 13, 1982  
 CAMPBELL-BROWN, HUGH IVIE — February 25, 1982  
 CARTER, KATHLEEN — May 14, 1982  
 CASORSO, MARY ELIZABETH — April 15, 1983  
 CHARLES, JAMES VERNON (Vern) — March 16, 1982  
 CLARK, TILLA J. — May 8, 1981  
 CLARKE, ARTHUR RANDALL — June 2, 1982  
 COLCLOUGH, FRANK — March 10, 1981  
 COLTER, LESTER WILLIAM — December 30, 1982



- CONROY, MARY MARGARET** — December 5, 1982  
**COWIE, WILLIAM HERMAN** — July 14, 1982  
**COX, EVELYN (KENNEY)** — February 26, 1983  
**CRANE, CHARLES GRIFFITHS** — January 27, 1982  
**CRISTIE, HELEN CATHERINE (Gunn)** — April 15, 1983  
**CRUICKSHANK, RALPH FORBES** — December 29, 1982  
**CUMINE, ADAM** — July 27, 1982  
**CUTHBERT, ROBERT LOVAT DUFF** — November 7, 1981  
**DAFOE, VAN RENSSELAER KING** — September 15, 1981  
**DANIELS, MICHAEL FRANCIS (FRANK)** — October 2, 1981  
**DEANS, ROBERT BRUCE** — October 1, 1982  
**DeHART, CHRISTINE STEWART** — July 18, 1982  
**DeMARA, MONTY** — November 16, 1982  
**DICKEN, NELLIE ORCA** — January 26, 1982  
**DUGGAN, THOMAS CHARLES** — October 27, 1982  
**DUNSDON, MARY** — October 17, 1982  
**EVANS, GERTRUDE MARY** — August 21, 1981  
**FAIRWEATHER, BERTHA** — June 5, 1982  
**FARMER, VIOLET** — November 5, 1982  
**FERGUSON, "Queenie" HILDA** — January 24, 1983  
**FINN, MORRIS WILLIAM** — January 21, 1983  
**FLEMING, ELIZA JANE** — June 12, 1982  
**FOREMAN, ETHEL LOUISE** — December 12, 1982  
**FOREMAN, H. MERVYN** — July 11, 1982  
**FOULIS, ROBERT HENRY** — March 4, 1983  
**GABRIEL, MATILDA** — October 5, 1981  
**GABRIEL, SAMUEL JOHN** — November 18, 1982  
**GALBRAITH, JESSIE BERNICE** — OCTOBER 22, 1982  
**GLEN, ARCHIBALD PAUL** — October 9, 1982  
**GOODLAND, WALTER FREDERICK** — November 25, 1982  
**GRIFFITHS, JOHN** — July 5, 1982  
**HAKER, ADA MARY** — November 12, 1982  
**HARDY, ARCHIBALD WALTER (Sonny)** — July 19, 1982  
**HAWLEY, HOWARD RUSSELL** — July 10, 1982  
**HAYHURST, CLIFFORD** — April 19, 1983  
**HENNIKER, J. E. P. (Jock)** — November 7, 1982  
**HINCKESMAN, C. HENRY** — March 11, 1982  
**HOLDER, ELLEN (Nelly)** — December 24, 1982  
**HOLITZKI, PAUL JOHN** — July 12, 1982  
**HOLLER, ANTON (Tony)** — June 26, 1982  
**HOWARD, ARTHUR RAYMOND** — January 4, 1983  
**JACKSON, JOSEPH** — December 6, 1982  
**JACKSON, OLIVER** — October 18, 1982  
**JACQUES-REECE, HATTIE** — May 13, 1983  
**JONES, MRS. ART** — May, 1983  
**JONES, DAVID** — November 12, 1982  
**KERRY, LESLIE LORD** — March 25, 1983



- KITLEY, MARJORIE GRACE — September 29, 1982  
 LECKIE, DAVID RUSSELL — January 12, 1983  
 LOCKHART, DAPHNE PATRICIA (nee Hassen) — December 29, 1982  
 LOCKWOOD, EDWIN NASH — December 26, 1982  
 LOYST, MARY ELIZA — December 23, 1982  
 LUXON, CHARLES — June 15, 1982  
 McCALL WINNIFRED — July 24, 1982  
 McDOUGALL, ROBERT JOHNSTONE — October 4, 1982  
 MCIVER, BERNARD JOSEPH — December 10, 1982  
 MacKENZIE, DONALD JAMES — January 31, 1983  
 McKENZIE, FREDERICK KENNETH — March 2, 1983  
 MARSHALL, LEWIS ELWYN — April 17, 1983  
 MATHESON, FLETA GRACE — November 1, 1982  
 MAXWELL, MARGARET (nee Young) — February 6, 1983  
 MELVIN, GEORGE HENRY — March 4, 1983  
 MILLER, LLOYD ANDERSON — November 7, 1981  
 MITCHELL, JAMES HARPER — October 14, 1982  
 MORGAN, ANITA — December 31, 1982  
 MORRISON, WILLIAM ALEXANDER — July 11, 1982  
 MURRELL, EDITH MAY LOUISE — November 22, 1982  
 MUTRIE, HELEN (Mrs. Gordon Mutrie) — April 23, 1983  
 NETHERTON, DR. WILLIAM JOHN — December 17, 1982  
 NEWTON, LOUIS VICTOR — September 21, 1982  
 OAKES, FRANK — July 6, 1982  
 O'KEEFE, ULAL MORRIS — December 29, 1982  
 Olich, MARIE ANN — November 14, 1982  
 OSWELL, LT. COL. GORDON C. — January 5, 1983  
 PRYCE, EDITH MAUD — September, 1981  
 RAINCOCK, WILLIAM O. — March 7, 1983  
 RAITT, CHARLES K. — July 17, 1982  
 RAMPONE, EMMA DELEMA — June 14, 1983  
 RAYMER, ALICE — January 7, 1983  
 READING, LEWIS (Lou) — November 6, 1982  
 REDSTONE, CHARLES TALMAGE (Tom) — November 4, 1982  
 REICKE, CHARLES K. — July 17, 1982  
 REICKE, ETHEL ALMA — November 20, 1981  
 REID, ELIZABETH — October 13, 1982  
 RITCHIE, AGNES CALDWELL — November 22, 1982  
 RITCHIE, JANE RONALD — August 17, 1981  
 ROBB, ARCHIE JOHN — February 15, 1982  
 ROBINSON, GEORGE FREDRICK — December 24, 1982  
 RYALL, MARJORIE BLANCHE (Madge) — January 20, 1983  
 SANDEMAN-ALLEN, ROBERT DOUGLAS — December 23, 1982  
 SANDEMAN, ROBERT DOUGLAS — December 20, 1982  
 SAUNDERS, DONALD EDWARD — May 8, 1983  
 SCHOCH, MARJORIE — November 26, 1982  
 SHAW, NELLIE PEARL — November 15, 1982  
 SHUTTLEWORTH, THOMAS — December 12, 1982  
 SIDNEY, WILLIAM — March 1, 1983  
 SINCLAIR, LILLIAN — November 9, 1982



- SMITH, REV. CANON LORIN AMBROSE - November 11, 1982  
 SMITH, WALLACE J. — November 25, 1982  
 SMITHERAM, HENRY ARTHUR — March 14, 1982  
 STEWART, EVA — January 18, 1982  
 STEWART, SHIRLEY ELLEN (nee Gray) — April 27, 1983  
 TAVENDER, WESLEY — February 14, 1982  
 TAYLOR, NORMA (nee Hill) — October 29, 1982  
 TAYLOR, ROBERT HENRY — May 7, 1982  
 TERBASKET, MARY CARMELITA — December 6, 1981  
 TIDBALL, ALBERT EDWARD (Bert) — 1981  
 TOOMBS, GORDON — May 21, 1982  
 TYACKE, GEORGE LAURENCE — May 5, 1983  
 WATERMAN, FREDRIC CHARLES — November 15, 1982  
 WELDER, MARTIN — December 22, 1982  
 WRIGHT, MARGARET — May 5, 1982  
 YAMABE, ROBERT KIYOSHI — May 25, 1982
- 

*Death be not proud, though some have called thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
 For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow  
 Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,  
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;  
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.  
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,  
 And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,  
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?  
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.*

*John Donne  
 17th Century*



# **BUSINESS AND ACTIVITIES OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

## **NOTICE**

of

## **ANNUAL MEETING**

of the

## **Okanagan Historical Society 1984**

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting  
of the Okanagan Historical Society  
will be held

11:00 A.M.

**SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1984**

IN

**ENDERBY**

• *ALL MEMBERS ARE WELCOME* •



**MINUTES OF THE 58th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE  
OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY HELD IN THE  
CAPRI HOTEL AT KELOWNA**

May 1st, 1983

President Ron Robey called the meeting to order at 11:00 a.m., welcoming 117 members and guests including the 70 who would attend the business session completed after lunch.

A minute of silence was observed in memory of those who had died since the last annual meeting.

1. **NOTICE OF CALL** was read by the secretary. Agenda was presented by the chairman.
2. **MINUTES OF THE 57th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** were corrected by the secretary as follows: at call to order after "welcoming" delete "all"; after guests delete "and" and insert "including". Moved by H. Weatherill, seconded by C. MacNaughton that the minutes be adopted as amended. Carried.
3. **BUSINESS ARISING FROM THE MINUTES:** Nil.
4. **CORRESPONDENCE:** Read and filed on motion by J. Armstrong, seconded by S. Land.
5. **REPORTS OF OFFICERS.**

These will be printed in the 47th Report of the Society and were delivered by the named officers:

President ..... Ron Robey

Secretary ..... Bob Marriage

Treasurer ..... Jack Armstrong for Lee Christensen, absent

Moved by J. Armstrong, seconded by V. Wilson that the Treasurer's Report be accepted and that he be sent a letter expressing appreciation of the many years of service he has given the Society. Carried.

Editor ..... Jean Webber

6. **REPORTS OF BRANCHES AND SPECIAL COMMITTEES:**

These will be printed in the 47th Report.

Pandosy Mission Committee ..... read by Bob Marriage for  
Walter Anderson, absent.

Historic Trails Committee ..... Victor Wilson

Mr. Wilson said that Bruce Morgernstern of Penticton, unable to be present has agreed to chair this committee. A special report by Mr. Morgernstern is addendum to minutes.

Moved by E. Icton, seconded by H. Harvey that the committee reports be accepted. Carried.

Branches:

Salmon Arm ..... Helenita Harvey

Armstrong-Enderby ..... Jack Armstrong

Vernon ..... Doug Scott

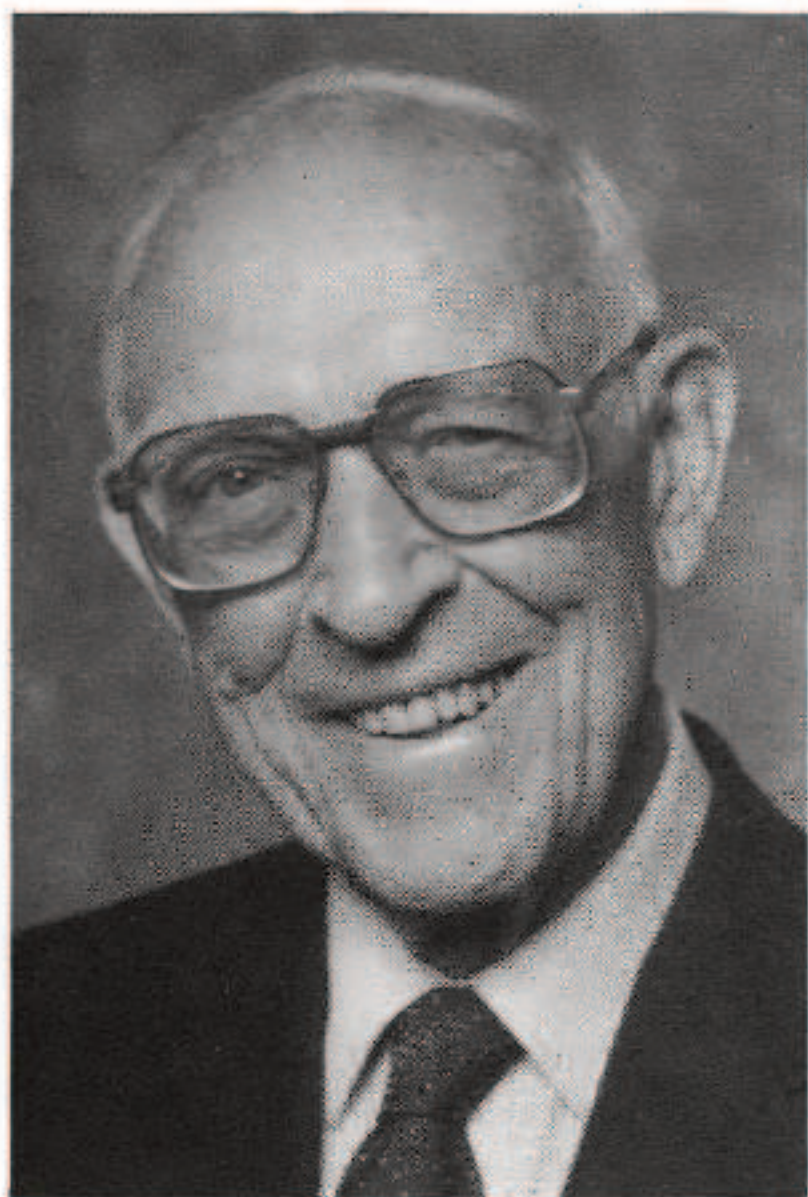
Oliver-Osoyoos ..... Ernie Icton

Penticton ..... Dave MacDonald

Kelowna ..... Dick Hall

Moved by H. Cochrane, seconded by J. Biollo that the Branch Reports be accepted. Carried.





Hugh Cleland, Penticton  
Life Member Elected May, 1983



Dorothy (Dolly) Waterman, Osoyoos  
Elected Life Member May, 1983



Mary Gartrell Orr  
President of Okanagan Historical Society  
1983 - 1984



### LUNCH INTERMISSION 1:00 p.m.

A Civic Welcome was offered by Alderman Ben Lee of Kelowna who was also called upon to make the official presentation of the recent A.A.S.L.H. Award to the Society. Carol Abernathy presented the Essay Award to Steven Svenson whose article concerning a pioneer farm property appears in the 46th Report. An appropriate door prize, a picture of the first Kettle Valley passenger train arriving in Penticton was won by Peter Tassie. Life Memberships were presented to Hugh Cleland and Dolly Waterman. "Land Between the Lakes" was the subject of a slide presentation by Doug Cox. Votes of thanks were moved by Tilman Nahm and Dorothy Zoellner.

7. **UNFINISHED BUSINESS:** It was suggested that a letter of appreciation be sent to the Ministry of Highways in view of the restoration work which has been done on the old railway bridge in use on the secondary road west of Keremeos. The matter was called to the attention of Highways first in 1979.

8. **NEW BUSINESS:** B. Wilson spoke of the work being done at the Museum Archives in Kelowna on preparation of a linear index to Reports 1 thru' 46 and the indexing of "Ogopogo's Vigil" and other historical publications. Letters of appreciation are being sent to Eric Johnson and Fred Coe for their voluntary work in this regard. Mr. Wilson also voiced the opinion that Society members should feel obligated to speak out on the subject of efforts to protect and further preserve the SS Sicamous.

9. **ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS TO THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL:**

Past President Jack Armstrong, chairman of nominations committee presented a complete slate of officers which after the customary call three times for further nominations for each position were declared elected by acclamation as follows:

President .....	Mary Orr
1st Vice-President .....	Ernie Icton
2nd Vice-President .....	Frank Pells
Secretary .....	Bob Marriage
Treasurer .....	Jim Green

Ron Robey assumes duties of immediate Past President.

Directors at Large: Walter Anderson (Pandosy Mission) and Bruce Morgernstern (Historic Trails).

Branch Directors to the Parent Body: Elected by the Branches:

Armstrong-Enderby .....	Jessie Ann Gamble, Craig McKechnie
Vernon .....	Peter Tassie, Lucy McCormick
Kelowna .....	Hume Powley, Tilman Nahm
Penticton .....	Mollie Broderick, Angeline Waterman
Oliver-Osoyoos .....	Carleton MacNaughton, Don Corbishley

10. **PARENT BODY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:**

Elected by branches as chairmen of their editorial committees: Dolly Waterman, Angie Waterman, Brian Wilson, Beryl Wamboldt, Ruby Lidstone, Helenita Harvey.



11. **ELECTION OF AUDITOR:** Moved by V. Wilson, seconded by P. Bell that the past president contact Lett, Trickey & Co. concerning audit of the accounts. Carried.
12. **COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS:** the meeting concurred in the suggestion that these resolutions follow the usual format, S. Land offering special thanks to the past president.
13. **SETTING DATE AND PLACE OF NEXT ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING:** the Armstrong-Enderby Branch will host the meeting in Enderby, first Sunday of May, 1984.  
Fields Days this year — see stapled footnote.
14. **ADJOURNMENT.** 4:45 p.m.

R. F. Marriage  
Secretary

**Add:** Special report by Bruce Morgernstern re: Cascade Wilderness Trails. This material was obtained from a letter from Mr. Morgernstern and condensed by the secretary to be included as this addendum.

"An Advisory Committee has been formed under the auspices of the forestry service. I have written a letter on behalf of the Okanagan Historical Society regarding this committee.

A letter has been written to Mel Turner on behalf of the Okanagan Historical Society regarding a gravel pit operation at Snass Creek where the Hope and Dewdney Trails intersect.

O.S.P.S. hopes for two definite studies and one indefinite this year. These studies are hoped to re-inforce the O.S.P.S. position of trail and wilderness preservation.

A forest ecology study done by Dr. Kimmins if possible and a cost benefit analysis if possible by Dr. Haley is in the works. O.S.P.S. would like Dr. Pierce to participate in these studies if possible. First indications are that this might be possible.

A tourist benefit study has been discussed but nothing is concrete as yet.

These studies if done will be under the auspices of the O.S.P.S.: NOT the Advisory Committee.

Lots of these studies and other obligations are going to have a severe strain on the O.S.P.S. funds. The O.S.P.S. is going to be asking for financial and moral support from others to continue their work.

Can they count on the Okanagan Historical Society?"

## PRESIDENT'S REPORT TO THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1982 was another successful year for the Okanagan Historical Society. This will be borne out by the various Branch and Committee Reports.

The Annual Meeting was held on May 2, 1982 at the Okanagan Falls Community Centre. This was one of the best attended A.G.M's ever. 188 members and guests sat down to the luncheon. It was a challenge to caterers,



the Okanagan Falls Women's Institute. They were expecting 150. The Hon. Jim Hewitt M.L.A. was guest speaker. He outlined heritage projects in other parts of B.C. and urged continuing efforts to preserve our heritage. Several members of the Boundary Historical Society attended. They invited members of the O.H.S. to attend their Field Day in Midway.

Soon after the 1982 A.G.M. — Hume Powley, Chairman of the Pandosy Mission resigned due to pressure of other business. On May 23, 1982 a Special Meeting was held and Dr. Walter Anderson was elected to replace Hume as chairman. The operation format of the Mission was revised. It will now be operated by the Kelowna Branch, with Presidents of the Local Branches as ex-officio members.

Members of the Executive and Branches attended the Boundary Historical Society Field Day at Midway on June 12th. They visited historical sites at Midway and at Ferry, Washington.

An Executive Meeting was held at the home of Dick Hall, President of the Kelowna Branch on July 18, 1982. There were 24 members present.

A letter was received from Miss Muriel Campbell of Kamloops, inquiring if the O.H.S. was interested in acquiring a set of O.H.S. reports 1 - 45 which were part of her father's estate. The Treasurer was instructed to contact Miss Campbell and offer to purchase the set.

The Editor, Carol Abernathy reported on the progress of the 46th Report. Carol stated she wished to relinquish her position of Editor and recommended Mrs. B. (Jean) Webber. On motion by Vic Wilson Mrs. Webber was confirmed as editor. She will prepare and edit the 47th Report.

Brian Wilson was appointed to chair a Committee to look into the matter of indexing the O.H.S. Reports and articles and the defraying of the cost of doing so.

On August 21, 1982 members of your Executive attended the official opening of the Keremeos Grist Mill.

In September 21, 1982 we received notice from the American Association for State and Local History Headquarters in Nashville, Tennessee, that we had been awarded an "Award of Merit" at their Hartford, Connecticut Annual Meeting.

3000 copies of the 46th Report were printed and went out to the Branches by November 1, 1982.

The quality of this Report again points out the dedication of the Editorial Committees and Editor Carol and the production manager Vic. My sincere thanks go to them all.

26 members attended an executive meeting on February 13, 1982 at the Kelowna Health Unit Annex.

Brian Wilson reported back on the indexing of the O.H.S. reports. Brian described the card index of the reports compiled by the Penticton Museum. It was suggested that this index be made available in printed form. Brian estimated it would cost approximately \$700.00 to type the index. It was moved and passed that the cost of this typing be funded by grants from the Local Branches. Authority was given Brian to negotiate with the Penticton Museum to obtain access to the card index. He was instructed to contact the Cultural Services Branch of the Provincial Secretary's Ministry re Grants available for the printing of the index in book form.

Lee Christensen reported that he had received the Burt Campbell collec-



tion of O.H.S. Reports from Miss Muriel Campbell. The Campbell Family have donated the collection to the Parent Body of the O.H.S. It was agreed that the Burt Campbell Collection be made available to the editor for reference purposes.

Victor Wilson, Production Manager, and Lee Christensen, Treasurer have asked to be relieved of their duties.

Victor Wilson moved that the price quoted by the Wayside Press of Vernon for the printing of the 47th Report be accepted.

Dick Hall reported that owing to the uncertainty of the opening of the Okanagan Lake Resort that the A.G.M. will be changed to the Capri Hotel in Kelowna.

The Vernon Branch has offered to host the 1985 A.G.M. This will be our 60th Anniversary. The Local Branches are asked to assist the incoming executive and Vernon Branch with ideas to observe this occasion.

The Pandosy Mission Committee has had a very successful year as will be shown in Dr. Anderson's Report.

The Trails Committee have had a very trying and some what disappointing year as their report will show.

I have attempted to attend the Local Meetings but owing to ill health I was unable to attend the Penticton and Kelowna Meetings. All Local Meetings have been well attended. That interest is growing is seen in the increasing numbers of new faces at these meetings.

I thank the Executive, Local Branches, and their members for the support and assistance they have given me in my term of office. In particular I thank our Past Editor, Carol, Production Manager, Vic and last but not least Lee, our Treasurer. It is these three who have carried the work load in the year to year business of our organization. Their successors will have large shoes to fill.

I thank you all for the support of O.H.S.

Respectfully submitted,  
Ronald Robey

### **REPORT OF THE SECRETARY TO THE 58th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY HELD IN KELOWNA - MAY 1st, 1983**

The minutes of the 57th Annual General Meeting held in the community centre at Okanagan Falls on the 2nd of May, 1982 together with reports by officers, committee chairmen and branch presidents are printed in the Society's 46th Report commencing at page 185.

The minutes of Executive Council meetings held on the 18th of July, 1982 and the 13th of February, 1983 have been circulated. A news release is sent to the various media in the Valley after these meetings and after the annual general meeting. As called for by your complimentary resolutions letters of appreciation are sent to the media and to various business establishments handling the Annual Report with no commission. Such items as dinner tickets are often handled in like manner to the advantage of the Society. Routine correspondence has been conducted.

My association with President Ron Robey and other members of the Ex-



ecutive has been most enjoyable and I look forward to working with them or their successors in whatever capacity I can in the future.

Respectfully submitted,  
R. F. Marriage, Secretary

**TREASURER'S REPORT TO THE OKANAGAN HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY'S ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, MAY 1st, 1983  
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS  
FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1982**

	1982 \$	1981 \$
<b>RECEIPTS</b>		
Memberships and sales by:		
Armstrong-Enderby .....	670.00	1,753.00
Kelowna .....	3,557.50	2,738.00
Oliver-Osoyoos .....	762.50	735.00
Penticton .....	2,374.50	1,659.50
Vernon .....	2,827.75	1,645.25
Treasurer .....	<u>1,425.52</u>	<u>1,249.46</u>
	11,617.77	9,780.21
Donation - Guy Bagnall .....		5,000.00
Exchange - U.S. funds .....	21.26	17.61
Term deposit interest		
General .....	936.66	1,034.40
Bagnall Trust .....	<u>1,072.56</u>	
	<u>13,648.25</u>	<u>15,832.22</u>
<b>DISBURSEMENTS</b>		
Annual meeting .....	62.07	136.15
Essay prize .....	150.00	150.00
Honoraria .....	200.00	200.00
Memberships and subscriptions .....	15.00	36.00
Miscellaneous .....	10.00	1.50
Postage and stationery .....	511.22	198.99
Printing .....	11,620.94	10,698.23
Storage and insurance .....	<u>430.44</u>	<u>250.07</u>
	<u>12,999.67</u>	<u>11,670.94</u>
<b>EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER DISBURSEMENTS .....</b>	648.58	4,161.28
<b>CASH ON HAND BEGINNING OF YEAR .....</b>	<u>9,453.80</u>	<u>5,292.52</u>
<b>CASH ON HAND END OF YEAR .....</b>	<u>10,102.38</u>	<u>9,453.80</u>
<b>REPRESENTED BY</b>		
Bank of Montreal - current account .....	229.82	453.80
Bank of Montreal - term deposits .....	<u>9,872.56</u>	<u>9,000.00</u>
	<u>10,102.38</u>	<u>9,453.80</u>

Respectfully submitted,  
S. L. Christensen, Treasurer  
Fred K. McKenzie, C.A.



**OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS  
FROM JANUARY 1, 1983 TO MARCH 31, 1983**

**RECEIPTS**

Membership and sales by		
Armstrong-Enderby .....	255.00	
Kelowna .....	360.00	
Oliver-Osoyoos .....	784.50	
Penticton .....	275.00	
Vernon .....	711.50	
Treasurer .....	387.37	
	<u>2773.37</u>	
Exchange - U.S. funds .....	12.13	
Term deposit interest .....	74.96	
	<u>2,860.46</u>	2,860.46

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Postage and stationery .....	62.13	
Printing .....	83.77	
Editorial workshop (Okanagan College) .....	25.00	
	<u>170.90</u>	<u>170.90</u>

**EXCESS OF RECEIPTS OVER DISBURSEMENTS .....** 2,689.56

**BANK BALANCE DECEMBER 31, 1982 .....** 10,102.38  
12,791.94

**BANK BALANCES - Bank of Montreal - Vernon**

Current account .....	219.38	
Term deposits - General .....	<u>6,500.00</u>	
	6,719.38	6,719.38
Term deposit - Bagnall Fund .....		<u>6,072.56</u>
		12,791.94

Respectfully submitted,  
S. L. Christensen - Treasurer

**INVENTORY OF REPORTS**

On hand December 31, 1982 Branches and Treasurer

No.		No.	
1-5 .....	34	40 .....	467
6 .....	72	41 .....	422
7-10 .....	16	42 .....	49
11 .....	611	43 .....	347
12 .....	601	44 .....	1251
27 .....	3	45 .....	1220
31 .....	51	46 .....	1494
32 .....	56	Father Pat .....	298
35 .....	8		
36 .....	3		
37 .....	4		
39 .....	3		



## EDITOR'S REPORT

As I have not yet been in office for one year my report must be brief. The former editor, Miss Carol Abernathy, has taken pains to help me understand the responsibilities of the editor as well as techniques which have proved useful in the past. Carol and I had two meetings, one at her home in the Coldstream and one at our home in Osoyoos.

Material for the 47th Report is now beginning to come in thanks to the efforts of the Branch Editorial Committees. I am pleased to report that Mrs. Dorothy Zoellner of Kelowna has consented to serve as Assistant Editor.

On March 19 we held a very successful Writers' Workshop at Okanagan College, Kelowna. Over 40 attended coming from as far away as Salmon Arm and Osoyoos. Three table officers of the Parent Body present were: Mr. Ron Robey, Mrs. Mary Orr, and Mr. Bob Marriage. The morning session was conducted by Mr. Duane Thomson of Penticton, a former editor for O.H.S. Duane, who is presently completing his doctoral dissertation on Okanagan History prior to World War I, encouraged writers to see their particular items of local history in the context of provincial, national and even world economic and political trends. During the afternoon Mrs. Anna Cail of Vernon and Mr. Bernard Webber of Osoyoos dealt with matters relating to style and composition. Victor Wilson spoke of the need for members to consider future directions which our report might take. Discussions throughout the day were enlivened by contributions from those attending.

May I emphasize that, to achieve an interesting and balanced report, we need to have on hand more articles than we can publish in any one edition. Reminiscences, if well written, give the colour of former times. However, we should be making far greater use of documents: letters, diaries, newspaper files and Municipal Council Minutes.

Jean Webber, Editor

### REPORT OF THE FATHER PANDOSY MISSION COMMITTEE 1983

The past year has been a satisfactory one at the Mission with no major problems arising.

A large new Catholic Church — Saint Charles Garnier — has been built directly to the north of the Mission property and is now in full use. This will no doubt bring more people to visit the Mission. Benvoulin Road has become a very busy connecting road and I am sure this is increasing the number of visitors at the Mission.

The water supply to the caretaker's cabin continues to give trouble but this is being dealt with at the present time, and I hope the problem will be solved.

In September, 1982, we were awarded a Grant of \$5,000.00 by the B.C. Heritage Trust. They have sent us \$2,000.00 and \$1,735.00 was used to replace the roofs on the Brother's house and the caretaker's cabin with new shake roofs. These two buildings are now in good condition except for some



rot taking place in the bottom logs at the back of the Brother's house. This will need some work in the near future.

The Provincial Secretary, Hon. James Chabot, wrote Bishop Doyle (who owns the Mission property) proposing provincial designation of the Mission as a Provincial Heritage Site. The Bishop is agreeable to this and I presume the request — order-in-council, has been passed, but I have heard nothing further about it. It is planned to have a ceremony of designation at the Mission about the middle of July with the President of the O.H.S., Bishop Doyle and a representative of the Government present, followed by a picnic. As far as I know, no date has been set, but there will be, probably before the event, and the branches will be notified.

The Bishop plans to extend our lease to cover an additional two acres to the east of the present property. As there is no cost to us involved in this, we have agreed to this change. The Bishop was having his lawyer draw up a new lease, but so far I have not seen it. I think the problem is that the new boundaries of the Mission property would cross several property lines which makes it difficult to give a legal description to the property.

The Heritage Conservation Branch had an expert in log work, Mr. Ken Scobic, examine the Chapel and the Root House, last fall. Mr. Scobic has submitted a report on the two buildings in which he states that to do a proper restoration job would cost \$12,500 for the Chapel and \$16,500 for the Root Cellar. Mr. Ralph Gilette, architect for the Heritage Conservation Branch has recommended that we try to do the work on the Chapel first, as this is the more important heritage building. We have accordingly submitted an application for a Grant of \$7,500.00 to the B.C. Heritage Trust for work on the Chapel. With \$3,000.00 left from the 1982 Grant, some voluntary work, and some other money that could be made available, I think the work on the Chapel could be completed this year, if the Heritage Trust will provide the requested grant. I have been told that it will be considered at the April meeting. One of the greatest problems facing our Committee is what to do about the large quantity of antique farm vehicles at the Mission. These are fortunately now all under cover but are in a bad state of disrepair. They need a great deal of work done on them to put them in a proper state for display. We have applied for a NEED Grant of \$15,085 under the Federal New Employment Expansion and Development Program, to employ two workmen and a foreman for sixteen weeks to carry out this restoration program. I believe it is very probable that this application will be approved and if this work is done, it will be a real step forward at the Mission.

We have also applied for a Grant of \$2,625.81 under the Provincial 1982 Summer Youth Employment Program. This would enable us to employ two students, six hours a day, five days a week, from June 26 to September 10th. By overlapping hours and days of work, we can have a tourist guide at the Mission all day, every day, all summer. this program will cost us nothing and will be a great improvement in the tourist service at the Mission.

At the time of writing this report (April 11, 1983) we have not received decisions on our applications, but they should all be available by the time of the Annual Meeting.

I would like to thank all the members of our committee for their strong



support during the past year, and look forward to developments in the coming year.

Respectfully submitted,  
Walter F. Anderson, Chairman

**PANDOSY MISSION COMMITTEE  
OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
FINANCIAL STATEMENT - December 31, 1982**

**RECEIPTS**

Donations at Mission .....	797.54	
Sales of Historical Reports for O.H.S. ....	80.00	
Donations in Memory of Mr. L. Piddoche .....	660.00	
Donation from I.O.D.E. ....	100.00	
Transfer from Term Deposit .....	1,500.00	
Interest from Term Deposit .....	59.08	
Grant from Heritage Trust .....	<u>2,000.00</u>	
	5,196.62	
Cash in Bank January 1, 1982 .....	207.32	
	<u>          </u>	<u>5,403.94</u>

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Insurance - Whillis-Harding .....	178.00	
West Kootenay Power & Light .....	556.81	
Bank Service Charge .....	2.00	
Clean Buildings at Mission .....	186.00	
Guide/Helpers at Mission .....	550.38	
Sale of Historical Reports returned to O.H.S. ....	80.00	
Repair Roofs of Mission Buildings .....	1,732.50	
Supplies for Mission (gas, etc.) .....	<u>21.15</u>	
	3,306.84	
Cash in Bank December 31, 1982 .....	<u>2,184.09</u>	
	5,490.93	
Less O/S Cheques .....	86.99	
	<u>          </u>	<u>5,403.94</u>

I have examined the vouchers and records of the Okanagan Historical Society Pandosy Mission Committee, and in my opinion the financial affairs of the Committee are in good order.

W. F. Anderson, Committee Chairman  
D. S. Buckland, Auditor

**CASCADE TRAILS COMMITTEE REPORT FOR 1982**

On August 4, 1982 the ELUC Committee of the Provincial Cabinet announced that the Cascade Wilderness was designated a Provincial Forest to be monitored and managed by the B.C. Forest Service. Their decision was based on the findings of the Cascade Study. Of the four options offered they chose the one they said received the greatest public support.



Provincial Forest designation apparently suggests multiple resource use of the area. In the course of providing for this integrated resource use; emphasis will be placed on protecting and managing the historic trails.

Given the track record of Forest Management to date there is little or NO hope that any historic trails could survive.

Once again we must accept a decision based on a partial study done in haste with no regard for our lasting values. The historic trails that held Canada together from sea to sea and opened this pioneering era of B.C. must now allow industrial extraction and devastation.

Will we never learn to protect our fragile and vanishing heritage?

Respectfully submitted,  
J. V. H. Wilson

### **SALMON ARM BRANCH** President's Report 1982

I am pleased to present this report of the activities of the Salmon Arm Museum during the year just past.

We have turned our regular monthly meeting of the Executive into a general meeting which is held on the 3rd Tuesday of each month. This experiment proved successful in attracting and involving others than the 10 members of the executive in our plans and their execution.

For the last few years we have presented theme exhibits arranged for the following summer. This past year our theme was Pioneer Livelihoods which 2,500 visitors came to see. We also have a display case in each of 3 Malls with appropriate seasonal displays in them which have been changed every 6 weeks to 3 months.

In 1982 our darkroom came into use. It has been a most welcome addition to our facilities and a source of joy to historical photo buffs.

The Downtown Improvement Association donated \$1,000.00 to the Museum in March for the promotion and production of a historical downtown Walkabout brochure requesting that it be ready for distribution by the first week in May. We managed to meet this deadline by dint of great effort and the co-operation of our printers. The Salmon Arm Observer.

The local Arts Council donated \$100.00 in aid of our ongoing interviewing of pioneers and transcribing the tapes. The Provincial Cultural Services Branch also donated \$100.00 towards this project contingent on our raising an equal amount.

During May we were informed of our acceptance as a branch of the Okanagan Historical Society. Also at this time we were informed that the B.C. Heritage Trust had approved a grant to cover the cost of hiring one student for the summer. We were instructed to place the emphasis of this grant on an inventory of heritage buildings. Kevin O'Neil accomplished this very capably concentrating on the downtown core. Our Museum was chosen as one of 30 applicants from over 300.

Two large photos in sepia of Alexander Avenue and a crowd watching a baseball game on the lakeshore in early days made by Brian Wilson of The Interior Photo Bank were presented to the new Pioneer Lodge.



The Credit Union Foundation through the Salmon Arm Savings and Credit Union presented the Museum Association with a \$900.00 cheque towards the purchase of an Audio-Visual Projector. By means of this we have offered shows on Salmon Arm's Beginnings and Western Immigration.

An important gift of an 18 foot inboard pleasure boat made to order in England for a Salmon Arm resident in the 1920s was made to the association by Mr. Robert Herring on behalf of his father, Cliff Herring, late of Squilax. We are happy to have this boat returned to this portion of the lake and will put it on display as soon as feasible.

Another important contribution has been made by the Bedford family consisting of numerous glass negatives made by photographers in our town in past days.

During July we were the fortunate recipients of a visit by the Canadian Conservation Institute's mobile laboratory from the National Museum in Ottawa. Both the Summer Student Employees and members of the Executive profited greatly from this visit. An invitation was extended to the public if they were interested in the preservation of antiques. The attendants' report was to take several months to return to us.

Members enjoyed a day's outing to Seymour Arm on the Phoebe Ann which also served as a farewell party for Mrs. Rebecca Murray and Mrs. Margaret Booth who have served us well on the Executive for several years.

In October we hosted the Insurance and Valuation Seminar conducted by Helen Tremaine of the training division of the Provincial museum. Registration was at the Salmon Arm Museum and the lectures took place in the Council Chamber of the District through the generosity of the Mayor and Council.

Our application for a Federal Winter Work Grant was approved and we will be allowed three workers for 25 weeks starting December 13th. Their main objective besides the regular duties will be to set up a card system for our acquisitions beginning with the extensive photographic collection. The system will be appropriate for future computerization.

The success of this Museum depends on a strong and active community support as well as a dedicated executive and I sincerely thank them for their support in the past year.

Respectfully submitted,  
H. Harvey

### **ARMSTRONG-ENDERBY BRANCH** President's Report 1983 AGM

This small group of 38 members keeps active and very much interested. Highlight of the year has been the affiliation with Salmon Arm and it is a pleasure to welcome members from the neighbouring city to the meetings.

On September 28th an overflow crowd gathered in the United Church Hall at Armstrong to hear Alec Reid of Victoria present an interesting commentary illustrated with 80 slides of the work of Charles William Holliday 1870 - 1955. The slides were supplemented by prints and paintings loaned by the Armstrong-Enderby members.



At this meeting Bill Whitehead and Jessie Ann Gamble had on display for sale copies of Armstrong's new book of the history of street names.

On April 19th the annual meeting was preceded by a delightful potluck supper in the Parish Hall, Enderby when some 40 persons were in attendance.

At this meeting it was decided to invite the Okanagan Historical Society to Enderby, May 7th, 1984 for their annual meeting.

A contribution was made for the indexing of the O.H.S. reports in the amount of \$125.00.

The program consisted of most interesting reminiscences from several senior citizens of the area.

Executive meetings of the parent body held in Kelowna have been well attended.

Over the year our branch has been instrumental in selling 324 reports and \$1,620.00 has been turned in to Treasurer Lee Christensen.

One student essay has been submitted to the editor and several submissions were left over from last year which may be used sometime again.

Obituaries are sent in from time to time. During the past year death has claimed four of our members — Dave Jones and Jim Sutherland of Enderby and Betty Becker and Cliff Hayhurst of Armstrong.

Respectfully submitted,  
Jack Armstrong

### VERNON BRANCH President's Report, May 1, 1983

At our Annual General Meeting on April 11, 1983, President Peter Tassie outlined the activities of the Vernon Branch during the past year. In addition to our usual Fall and Spring meetings, the Vernon Branch co-operated with the Kelowna and Armstrong-Enderby branches in bringing Mr. Alec Reid of Victoria to speak on the life and work of Charles W. Halliday. Mr. Halliday's book, *The Valley of Youth*, is familiar to many Okanagan residents, and Mr. Reid succeeded in re-creating an idyllic picture of the unspoiled valley as the author knew it.

During the past year the Branch initiated a newsletter to acquaint members with our various activities. Mrs. Beryl Wamboldt and the Editorial Committee have done much of the work of producing the Newsletter, and it has been well received. As the cost of mailing them individually to our members is beyond our finances, copies are distributed at meetings, but this leaves out members who do not attend, and we are hoping to find other ways of distributing the newsletter.

Regretfully, in the past year the Vernon Branch lost several of its members, including Guy Bagnall, a founding member of the Okanagan Historical Society, and George Melvin, who was very active in our Branch and in the Vernon Museum.

For the first time in many years our Branch has a reduced bank balance, due largely to increased costs of meetings, etc., and recently our annual membership fee was increased from \$1.00 to \$2.00.



Following the usual pattern of our Society, much of the Vernon Branch's work during the past year was done at the Committee level. The Editorial Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Beryl Wamboldt, promoted the writing of local articles for the Okanagan Historical Society Report, and assisted the main Editorial Committee in the selection and editing of these. The Phoning Committee under the chairman Eric Denison, called the members to remind them of each meeting. The Sales Committee arranges for the sale locally of the Society Reports, and this past year, under the able direction of Pat Bell, sales exceeded last year's. The Historical Trails Committee continued its efforts to preserve the Okanagan Brigade Trail on the West side of Okanagan Lake.

Respectfully submitted,  
Douglas Scott, President

### PENTICTON BRANCH President's Report

In the past year the general business of the branch has been carried on at executive meetings while general meetings were devoted largely to a program.

Three general meetings were held this year, the fall meeting on November 6, the winter meeting on January 20 and the annual meeting on March 24. At the fall meeting an interesting slide and lecture presentation on the life of David Douglas, noted botanist who travelled through the Okanagan in 1831 was given by Steve Cannings of Penticton. The January meeting was a special salute to Penticton's 75th Anniversary being celebrated this year. Mr. J. G. Harris, curator of the R. N. Atkinson Museum in Penticton, presented a slide show and talk on Penticton's history. At the March meeting Victor Wilson gave an excellent program on Okanagan Mountain Park dealing with the history, the flora and fauna, and the development of the area.

Five executive meetings were held during the year with excellent attendance. Representatives of the branch attended two parent body executive meetings.

In September, the branch entered a display in the Penticton Harvest and Grape Fiesta in the Peach Bowl. The slide show and exhibits drew much public attention. Copies of the O.H.S. Annual Reports were sold at the display.

The branch promoted the sale of books through displays in local shopping malls and through our regular distributors, Okanagan Books in Penticton and the Bookstore and Bazaar in Summerland.

The editorial committee submitted a number of articles for the 46th Annual Report and continued working actively during the year on articles for the 47th Report.

In summary, we feel that the branch has had a successful year.

Respectfully submitted,  
A. D. MacDonald, President



## OLIVER-OSOYOOS BRANCH

### President's Report 1982

During the past year our branch held our semi-annual meeting on November 8 when Ted Gane of Kaleden gave a most interesting program of slides of the Boundary area. At our annual meeting on March 28 Steve Cannings presented a delightful program on the Life of David Douglas complimented with slides of the flora, fauna and birds in the south Okanagan.

Our two executive meetings have been most productive and at present we are reviving interest in having the Fairview Cemetery declared a Heritage Site. However we have problems verifying the names and dates of death of the people buried there. Unfortunately, church records seem to be very sparse but we hope the Ministry of Consumer and Corporate Affairs will be successful in acquiring information from the Dept. of Vital Statistics, so that we may attain the ultimate goal of having a cairn erected with the names and dates on a bronze plaque. At present the land is overrun with knapweed and is unfit for cattle to pasture or to raise hay.

Our representatives attended the two Parent Body executive meetings and are happy to hear that Pandosy Mission is now a Heritage Site. We also look forward to the time when the Index of reports is completed and were pleased to donate the sum of \$200.00 towards the cost of the linear index. At present we are interested in getting slides made of old pictures of the Oliver, Osoyoos and Fairview areas and hope these will be the subject of future programs.

To commemorate Heritage Day on February 21, a letter of congratulations was sent to four members of the government when they announced that the Valhalla Wilderness was declared an Heritage area. We urged them to consider the Cascade Wilderness as one, too.

Some of our members attended the Writer's Workshop March 19 at the Kelowna Okanagan College and our Editorial Chairman, Dolly Waterman, informs us that a number of stories have been submitted this year. Unfortunately, about 13 obituaries have been submitted, too.

At present we have 58 members and during the year were proud and happy to have Jean Webber appointed the new Editor; also, that her husband agreed to be our representative on the Bagnall Fund. Thanks, Bernard.

Ivan Hunter has done a tremendous job of selling and distributing the Annual Reports and, of the 150 copies of the 46th Report, 37 were unsold at the end of March. We also had 137 old reports for sale at that time. Again, we wish to express our thanks and appreciation to Wight Insurance Agency and the Museum in Oliver and Jackson's, Imperial Books and the Museum in Osoyoos for their kind co-operation in handling sales.

Our annual Picnic will be held on June 12 when we meet at 11 a.m. at the Okanagan Museum along the old highway on the west side of the Okanagan River between Omak and Okanogan. We are also planning to attend the Boundary Annual Picnic on June 19 when we meet at 10 a.m. at the Arena in Grand Forks, then proceed to the north fork of the Granby River. We also look forward to the Annual O.H.S. Picnic and Official Opening of Pandosy Mission in July. My thanks to the Officers of our branch, as well as to the Parent Body Executive for their interest and co-operation.

Respectfully submitted,  
Ernie Icton



## KELOWNA BRANCH

### President's Report 1982 - 83

It gives me great pleasure to state the Kelowna Branch of the Okanagan Historical Society had another very successful year. We now have a membership of over 200 paid members.

The Kelowna Branch had 5 executive meetings and one general meeting during the past year.

Last May we represented the Society at Greenwood for the opening of the new museum and the dedication of the City Hall as a Heritage Site.

In June, Frank Pells took a few members on a tour of Brenda Mines at Peachland.

In July we had a general spring cleaning of the Pandosy Mission, ably assisted by a group from the Knights of Columbus. At the present time we are rebuilding the front fence of the Mission to make it more presentable to the visitors.

On September 30th Mr. Alec Reid of Victoria entertained the members at the Okanagan College Theatre in Kelowna to a slide show on the life and times of Charles William Holliday.

At the present time we are working with Miss Sheila Jackson in preserving the Jackson Museum. Next weekend we are packing all the Museum artifacts which will go into storage until the alterations are completed to the Laural Packinghouse.

We have just finished assisting Dr. Ban Ho of the National Museum of Man in Ottawa in compiling historic and archival material concerning Kelowna's Chinatown. All the material assembled in Kelowna will be available in future to the Okanagan Historical Society. This program employed 3 unemployed research workers under the Community Recovery program of the Federal Employment and Immigration Department and the Provincial Labour Ministry. Also in conjunction with this program we completed the complete microfilming of the Orchard City Record, one of Kelowna's earliest newspapers.

The Editorial Committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. Dorothy Zoellner has been very busy submitting articles for the next report.

During the year the Kelowna Branch sold 437 copies of the current report and 149 of the back issues. We had a special sale of reports in Orchard Park Mall the beginning of November which was extremely successful. Ogo-pogo's Vigil is showing very steady sales. Many thanks to Frank Pells and Rosemary King for all their efforts in making such a success of these books. Also a very special thanks to Mosaic Books, they are our most successful outlet in Kelowna.

On September 15th we assisted in the ceremony when the United Church Presbytery presented the old Benvoulin Church to the Kelowna Heritage Society for preservation and restoration.

Our Annual Meeting held on Monday, March 14th was very well attended and a huge success. Brian Wilson presented a program entitled "A tribute to Monty DeMara" showing the excellent slides Monty had taken over the past 30 years. It was a very masterful production and greatly appreciated by the DeMara family.



My very sincere thanks to all the Executive Committee for helping make the past year so successful.

Respectfully submitted,  
Richard H. Hall



President Ron Robey receiving the Award of Merit of the American Association for State and Local History from the hand of Alderman Ben Lee acting for the City of Kelowna. The Award was made to the Okanagan Historical Society for "more than 50 years of publishing Okanagan history and stimulating heritage preservation."



Some member of the Okanagan Historical Society Executive for 1983-84

Back row, left to right: Dave MacDonald, Frank Pells, Richard Hall, Ernie Icton, Jack Armstrong, Jessie Ann Gamble, Ron Robey. Front row, left to right: Beryl Wamboldt, Doug Scott, Jim Green, Mary Orr, Bob Marriage, Jean Webber, Lucy McCormick. Picture taken by Brian Wilson.



# MEMBERSHIP LIST 1982

## OKANAGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

All addresses are B.C. unless  
otherwise indicated.

### LIFE MEMBERS

Buckland, D. S., Okanagan Mission  
Berry, Mrs. A. E., Vernon  
Cameron, G. D., Kelowna  
Cawston, A. H., Keremeos  
Cleland, Hugh, Penticton  
Dewdney, Mrs. W. R., Penticton  
Fleming, The Reverend E., White Rock  
Cochrane, Mrs. Hilda, Vernon

Hatfield, H. R., Penticton  
Jamieson, J. E., Armstrong  
Lidstone, Mrs. Ruby, Enderby  
Lewis, Mrs. Dorothy, Osoyoos  
Ormsby, Dr. Margaret, Vernon  
Porteous, Major Hugh, Oliver  
Waterman, Miss Dolly, Osoyoos  
Wilson, Victor, Naramata

### INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS

Abernathy, Carol, Vernon  
Advocaat, Mrs. Bertha, Keremeos  
Akrigg, Mrs. Helen B., Vancouver  
Alexander, Dr. H. J., Vernon  
Allen, Mrs. A. W., Langley  
Allen, Fred A., Vernon  
Alton, Mrs. G. W., Prince Rupert  
Amor, Dorothy, Oliver  
Armour, Paul P., Salmon Arm  
Anderson, Clarke, Vernon  
Anderson, Gavan, Kelowna  
Anderson, G. E., Vernon  
Anderson, Ivo, Lavington  
Anderson, Jim, Kelowna  
Anderson, Robert I., Vernon  
Anderson, Dr. W. F., Kelowna  
Anderton, R. C., Kelowna  
Andres, Ruth and Jerry, Kelowna  
Andrews, George M., Vancouver  
Armstrong, Jack, Enderby  
Armstrong, Norman, Langley  
Armstrong, Twyla, Kelowna  
Arne, Anker, Vernon  
Arnel, Barbara, Kaleden  
Arnold, Gilbert N., Winfield  
Arnusch, Mrs. E. M. C., Beaverdell  
Apsey, James, Kelowna  
Apsey, Norman, Victoria  
Arthur, John, Kelowna  
Atkinson, Miss E. Louise, Summerland  
Auclair, Richard and Brenda, Vernon  
Axworthy, Mr. and Mrs. G., Penticton  
  
Bach, Mr. and Mrs. Paul, Kelowna  
Bailey, Mrs. C. B., Lethbridge, Alberta  
Baldwin, George, Edmonton, Alberta  
Balsillie, Donald G., Kelowna  
Banner, Rae, Vernon  
Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Ray G., Kelowna  
Barlee, Kathleen and Bill, Vancouver

Baron, Mr. and Mrs. John,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Barr, Mrs. E., Vernon  
Barr, Dr. Flora, Penticton  
Barr, Dr. H. P., Penticton  
Barry, Leslie R., North Vancouver  
Bartier, Bernard, Summerland  
Bartlett, L. R., Penticton  
Basham, Mr. and Mrs. J. N., Kelowna  
Bates, Mrs. Rena, Osoyoos  
Batten, Mrs. Marion, Osoyoos  
Battey, Gladys E., Vernon  
Bawtree, Mrs. Caroline, Enderby  
Bawtree, Miss F. J., Vernon  
Bayliss, G. W., Vernon  
Baynes, Mr. and Mrs. G. E.,  
West Vancouver  
Baziw, C., Vernon  
Beairsto, David K., Vernon  
Beckett, Bernice, Armstrong  
Bell, Mrs. F. C., North Vancouver  
Bell, John, Kelowna  
Bell, Kenneth, Armstrong  
Bell, Mrs. Pat, Vernon  
Belli-Bivar, Mrs. Ethel, Salmon Arm  
Bennett, Premier W. R., Victoria  
Benz, Jill, Vernon  
Bergen, Gary, Vernon  
Berger, Mark, Vancouver  
Berneau, Me. and Mrs. Hugh,  
Okanagan Centre  
Berry, Mrs. Alfred, Oliver  
Berry, David A., Vernon  
Berry, Eldred, Vancouver  
Berry, Gilbert, Winfield  
Berryman, C., Penticton  
Betke, Dorothy, Lumby  
Betker, Paul, Vernon  
Bidoski, Mrs. Merv, Vernon  
Bird, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. P., Kaleden



Black, Fraser, Kelowna  
 Blake, Les, Okanagan Centre  
 Bloom, Gordon, Vernon  
 Bockus, Lee D. G., Medicine Hat, Alberta  
 Bodnar, E. P., Westbank  
 Boone, Mrs. E., Oliver  
 Boone, Dr. J. A., Vancouver  
 Borkwood, John and Pat,  
     Pictou, Nova Scotia  
 Bowen, Mrs. Mary, Vernon  
 Boyce, Jim and Helen, Oliver  
 Boyer, Cedric M., Kelowna  
 Bradbury, Ed and Ivy, Peachland  
 Briscoe, Mrs. John, Sooke  
 Bristow, Charles and Verna, Vernon  
 Britch, Barbara, Lavington  
 Broderick, Mrs. Mollie, Okanagan Falls  
 Brooks, Andy, Vernon  
 Broome, Dr. R. A., Kelowna  
 Browing, Douglas C., Canoe  
 Brown, Mrs. George, West Vancouver,  
 Brown, John A., Summerland  
 Brown, R. R., Kelowna  
 Brown, Vi, Vernon  
 Brunelle, Glenda, Vernon  
 Bryan, Cliff, Kelowna  
 Bryan, Mrs. Elizabeth, Vancouver  
 Bubar, Charlie, Mara  
 Buckland, C. D., Kelowna  
 Buckland, J. H., Kelowna  
 Bull, Mary, Okanagan Mission  
 Bulman, Peter, Vernon  
 Burford, Ronald and Eileen, Vernon  
 Burkosky, R., Kelowna  
 Burns, R. E., Armstrong  
 Burrige, Mrs. L. A., Kelowna  
 Busink, John L., Oliver

Cail, Anna, Vernon  
 Caley, Hugh J., Vernon  
 Callens, Mrs. J. H., Mara  
 Camenzind, Mr. and Mrs. G., Vernon  
 Cameron, Mavis H., Vernon  
 Campbell, Mrs. Betty J., Vernon  
 Campbell, James F. I., Kelowna  
 Campbell, Miss Muriel, Kamloops  
 Campbell, Robert, Terrace  
 Campbell-Brown, Mary, Vernon  
 Cannings, Jean and Steve, Penticton  
 Cannon, Mrs. Margaret A., Abbotsford  
 Carbert, F. F., Enderby  
 Carey, C., Vernon  
 Carmichael, Donald A., Nelson  
 Carpenter, Bruce, Vernon  
 Carpenter, G. R., Vernon  
 Carr, Ethel, Vernon  
 Carruthers, W. R., Kelowna  
 Carter, George, Vernon  
 Carter, Mrs. R. A., Winfield  
 Casorso, V. R. and J. E., Oliver  
 Castonia, Mrs. Edna, Osoyoos

Cave, Dr. W. S., Vancouver  
 Cawston, Mrs. Verna B., Burnaby  
 Cawthorn, Ralph, Vernon  
 Chadburn, George W., Summerland  
 Chalmers, Mrs. Bill, Enderby  
 Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, Kelowna  
 Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall, Penticton  
 Chaplin, Darlene, Vernon  
 Chapman, Eric W., Kelowna  
 Chapman, Ian, Kelowna  
 Chapman, Kenneth D., Armstrong  
 Charlebois, Gerald, Vernon  
 Charles, Mr. and Mrs. W. D., Summerland  
 Charman, Mrs. Barbara, Westbank  
 Christensen, Don, Vernon  
 Christensen, Ken, Vernon  
 Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Vernon  
 Christensen, Rod, Armstrong  
 Christensen, V. T., Vernon  
 Clarke, Dr. David A., Kelowna  
 Clarke, G. Ben, Oliver  
 Clarke, H., Vernon  
 Clarke, K. D., Kelowna  
 Clarke, Margaret N., Vernon  
 Clarke, Robert, North Vancouver  
 Claxton, J. J., Burnaby  
 Clay, Mr. and Mrs. C. E., Penticton  
 Cleaver, Pat and Bill, Kelowna  
 Cleland, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh, Penticton  
 Clement, Clifford and Effie, Kelowna  
 Clement, Leslie G., Winfield  
 Clerke, Dr. A. S., Kelowna  
 Coates, L. P., Kamloops  
 Coe, F. J., Kelowna  
 Colcleugh, Murray, Penticton  
 Collins, Pat, Vernon  
 Colquhoun, Mrs. P., Vancouver  
 Cools, Adrienne, Vernon  
 Cooney, Christine, Vernon  
 Cooper, R. H., Kelowna  
 Cooper, Rose and Richard, Penticton  
 Corbishley, Mr. and Mrs. Don, Oliver  
 Corner, Mrs. D., Vernon  
 Coulter, Ed, Enderby  
 Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Verne, Peachland  
 Cowan, Walter, Vernon  
 Craig, Alexander, Vernon  
 Craig, Joan and Dave, Kelowna  
 Crerar, Winifred, Enderby  
 Cripps, Mr. and Mrs. J. N., Penticton  
 Crosby, Beryl C., Courtenay  
 Crowe, D. A. S., Parksville  
 Crozier, Mrs. A., Vernon  
 Crozman, Ray, Vernon  
 Cumine, Constance G., Oliver

Danal, Polly and Bill, Armstrong  
 Danby, Mr. and Mrs. Art, Oliver  
 Dando, Mrs. Barbara,  
     Johannesburg, South Africa  
 Daughtry, K. L., Vernon



Davies, Herbert and Ella, Armstrong  
D'Avila, Joseph M., Oliver  
Dawe, Arthur, Field  
Dawe, Gerald, Vernon  
Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold, Oliver  
Dayton, Fred, Aldergrove  
Deering, A. J., Falkland  
Deighton, Mrs. Molly, Oliver  
De Montreuil, Mrs. John, Kelowna  
Denison, Eric N., Vernon  
de Pfyffer, Robert L., Vernon  
Deuling, Mrs. Phyllis, Lumby  
Dewing, Mrs. G. Rae, Vernon  
Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C., Oliver  
Dillon, Buster and Edith, Kelowna  
Dimma, Dr. T., Oliver  
Dobbin, Doreen I., Westbank  
Dockstader, E. S., Armstrong  
Doe, Ernest, Salmon Arm  
Doeksen, Rijn and Bessie, Kelowna  
Doherty, Francis M., Vernon  
Donnelly, John, Vernon  
Doobay, Dr. M. B., Kelowna  
Doolan, Wilf, Armstrong  
Doty, E., Vernon  
Douglas, George T., Vernon  
Downey, Henry, Kelowna  
Downs, A., Surrey  
Drake, Dorothy E., Kelowna  
Driver, Mrs. G. W., Osoyoos  
Drought, May, Vernon  
Dubuc, Ed, Kelowna  
Duggan, Dorothy M., Burnaby  
Duncan, Mrs. A., Westbank  
Dunkley, Melvin and Nicolette, Armstrong  
Dunn, Mrs. Isabella, Vernon

Easton, Mrs. S. G., Victoria  
Edwards, Florence R., Prince George  
Elliot, D. F., Oyama  
Elliot, David G., Kelowna  
Elliot, G. Alan, Kelowna  
Ellis, Mrs. Cynthia A., Kelowna  
Ellison, Ken V., Oyama  
Embrey, William, Kelowna  
Oliver  
Esselmont, Mrs. Harriet, Victoria  
Estrabrooks, Mrs. R. H., Summerland  
Evans, Mr. and Mrs. A. C., Oliver  
Evans, Adelaide E., Penticton  
Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Dave, Oliver  
Evans, Eldred K., Enderby  
Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Oliver

Falconer, David, Riske Creek  
Falconer, George F., Vernon  
Farmer, J. P., Enderby  
Fee, H. R., Kelowna  
Fellichle, Fritz, Armstrong  
Fetterly, Gerald, Kelowna  
Fillmore, Don C., Kelowna

Fisher, Dr. and Mrs. D. V., Summerland  
Fleming, John, Vernon  
Fleming, Stuart, Vernon  
Fletcher, Jessie, Kelowna  
Folkard, William B., Montreal, Quebec  
Foord, Mrs. T. J., Vernon  
Ford, Barbara, Kelowna  
Ford, G. R. W., Kelowna  
Ford, Helen A., Ladner  
Forest, Lloyd, Kelowna  
Forty, Richard F. J., Oliver  
Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, Oliver  
Frank, Mr. and Mrs. John F., Oliver  
Frank, Randy J., Grand Forks  
Fraser, Mrs. Margaret, Vernon  
Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. W. B., Vernon  
Frederick, Bert, Enderby  
Fry, George, Kelowna  
Fulton, C. O., Vernon

Gabelman, Fritz K., Osoyoos  
Gagnon, Michele, Vernon  
Galpin, Albert M., Peachland  
Gamble, Jessie Anne, Armstrong  
Gard, F. J., Kelowna  
Garrish, Tim, Oliver  
Gartrell, Dr. Beverley, Vancouver  
Gates, Mrs. Caroline Janet, Armstrong  
Gawne, Len, Penticton  
Gee, Murray P., Vernon  
Gerling, Norman, Vernon  
Gibbard, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Penticton  
Gigliuk, George, Vernon  
Gillard, David A., Owen Sound, Ontario  
Gilmour, W. R., Vernon  
Gilroy, Alan J., Kelowna  
Glanville, J. B., Grand Forks  
Godwin W. I., Penticton  
Gole, Mrs. Grace, Keremeos  
Good, Marlene, Kelowna  
Goodfellow, Eric, Princeton  
Gore, Mrs. Fred, Kelowna  
Gore, Mrs. W. B., Westbank  
Gorman, Beryl E., Vernon  
Graham, F. K., Vernon  
Graham, Mrs. Marion, Victoria  
Grahame, Mrs. F., Vernon  
Grahame, Glenn G., Vancouver  
Grant, James, Vernon  
Gray, Earl, Vernon  
Gray, Mrs. Nettie, Victoria  
Greenaway, Dr. and Mrs. Lorne,  
Ottawa, Ontario  
Greenway, J. F., Kelowna  
Griffin, Mrs. B. D., Kelowna  
Griffin, Russell C., Vernon  
Grisdale, Alice, Vernon  
Guidi, Rudolph P., Oliver

Hall, Sue, Vernon  
Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. O., Kaleden



- Hamilton, William D., West Vancouver  
 Handcock, G. S., Enderby  
 Hankey, Mrs. Andrew, Lumby  
 Hannon, Enid, Vancouver  
 Hanson, Iver, Vernon  
 Hanson, Betty, Vernon  
 Harland, Dr. J., Kelowna  
 Harper, Jean, Pacoima, Calif.  
 Harrington, Ray, Enderby  
 Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Carl W., Penticton  
 Harris, Mrs. D. D., Oyama  
 Harris, Jean, Vernon  
 Harris, Joseph G., Penticton  
 Harris, Robert Charles, West Vancouver  
 Harrison, Margaret E., Vernon  
 Harrop, Mr. and Mrs. D., Vernon  
 Hartnell, Mrs. H. Margery, Vernon  
 Harvey, Mrs. Helenita, Salmon Arm  
 Harwood, Don and Jess, Vernon  
 Hassen, Mat S., Armstrong  
 Hassett, Terry, Vernon  
 Hatfield, Mrs. H. R., Penticton  
 Hawes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Armstrong  
 Hayes, Charles and Margaret,  
     Okanagan Falls  
 Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. J., Kelowna  
 Hayes, Robert M., Kelowna  
 Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin, Langley  
 Headington, Mrs. G., Lumby  
 Heavenor, James, Westbank  
 Heller, Victor, Vernon  
 Henderson, Dr. C. B., Kelowna  
 Henniker, Mrs. J. E., Vernon  
 Henselin, Darrel, Vernon  
 Hentschel, Guido, Vernon  
 Herbert, Mrs. Gladys E., Kelowna  
 Hereron, W. R., Kelowna  
 Heriot, Miss Joan, Vernon  
 Herman, Mrs. K., Kelowna  
 Hermiston, Rita, Summerland  
 Hiebert, A. J., Salmon Arm  
 Higgs, John, Lumby  
 Hill, E., Vernon  
 Hill, Medwin, Lumby  
 Hills, Don, Winfield  
 Hills, Mr. and Mrs. W. B., Penticton  
 Hobbs, Don, Sardis  
 Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Harry, Burnaby  
 Hodgson, Mrs. K., Kamloops  
 Hodgson, Lil, Vernon  
 Hodson, Ms. Darragh, Osoyoos  
 Holden, Claude and Barbara, Penticton  
 Holland, Molly, White Rock  
 Holmes, Mrs. M., Osoyoos  
 Hook, Arthur L., Oliver  
 Hooper, Vaughan, Kelowna  
 Hoover, Win, Osoyoos  
 Hopkins, Gordon, Armstrong  
 Hopps, Mr. and Mrs. E. K., Victoria  
 Howes, Mrs. Edna, 100 Mile House  
 Howrie, Mrs. D. P., Vernon  
 Hume, Jack P., North Vancouver  
 Humphrey, Agnes C., Vernon  
 Humphreys, Al, Vernon  
 Humphreys, Jean I., Vernon  
 Hunter, Elsie, Burnaby  
 Hunter, Margaret and Ivan, Oliver  
 Hunter, Winnifred R., Vernon  
 Husband, Mrs. D. M., Vernon  
 Hyslop, Tom, Vernon  
 Iceton, Mrs. Ernie, Oliver  
 Imbeau, Mrs. Paul, Enderby  
 Imready, D. M., Vancouver  
 Inkster, Dr. W. H., Vernon  
 Inman-Kane, Mrs. Margaret,  
     Pacific Palisades, California  
 Innis, Ross, Keremoes  
 Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. H.,  
     Queen Charlotte City  
 Istvan, Sara, Penticton  
 Iverson, Mrs. Alan, Victoria  
 Iverson, Robert M., Oliver  
 Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben, Vernon  
 Jackson, H. W., Vancouver  
 Jackson, Sheila K., Kelowna  
 Jackson, Sheilagh M., Winfield  
 Jacobs, Mona and Raymond, Vernon  
 James, George P., Castelgar  
 Jamieson, Allen, Salmon Arm  
 Jamieson, Eldie, Vernon  
 Jamieson, Herb, Vermilion, Alberta  
 Javorsky, Thomas J., Summerland  
 Jewell, Allan, Vernon  
 Jillett, Mr. and Mrs. W. H., Osoyoos  
 Johns, Miss N. E., Kelowna  
 Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob, Okanagan Falls  
 Johnson, Mrs. Dorothy, Okanagan Falls  
 Johnson, Eric F., Kelowna  
 Johnson, Mrs. Ida, Vernon  
 Johnson, Dr. T. G., Kelowna  
 Johnston, Edward B., Penticton  
 Johnston, Mona, Vernon  
 Johnston, Reid A., Vancouver  
 Jones, David G., Vernon  
 Jones, David, New Westminster  
 Jones, Peter O., Oliver  
 Joyce, Russ, Kelowna  
 Karpowich, John T., Mission  
 Karr, Gerry, Penticton  
 Kaseak, Mrs. Anna, Penticton  
 Kastelen, Dr. W. R., Penticton  
 Kelly, Mrs. Bernice, Kelowna  
 Kennedy, Mrs. Kathleen, Summerland  
 Kent, Bernie and Margaret, Kamloops  
 Kenyon, K. A., Okanagan Falls  
 Keryluke, Peter N., Peachland  
 Kesselring, Paul, Oliver  
 Kidston, Mr. and Mrs. J. R., Vernon  
 Kilgour, R. J., Penticton



Kilpatrick, Mrs. R. M., Vernon  
 King, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, Penticton  
 Kinlock, David F. B., Vernon  
 Klassen, Frank, Vernon  
 Klein, R., Lumby  
 Klohn, Lorna and Earle, Vancouver  
 Knorr, Louise, Vernon  
 Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. R., Vernon  
 Kobayashi, Matt, Okanagan Centre  
 Koenen, R. Kay, Honolulu, Hawaii  
 Koroscil, Paul M., Naramata  
 Koskimaki, Ray, Enderby  
 Koyama, Sax, Okanagan Centre  
 Kropinak, Lorraine, Kelowna  
 Kuilman, Dr. J., Den Haag, Holland  
 Ladner, Hugh G., Kelowna  
 Ladner, Mrs. Max, Vernon  
 Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. B., Penticton  
 Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. Ben, Oliver  
 Lambert, Jack, Keremeos  
 Lambert, Ken and Evelyn, Penticton  
 Land, Malcolm, Vernon  
 Land, Mr. and Mrs. Sid J.,  
     Okanagan Centre  
 Lander, Mr. and Mrs. Fred, Okanagan Falls  
 Landon, G. L., White Rock  
 Lang, Laurie, Cawston  
 Langridge, J. T., Penticton  
 Langstaff, John and Rose, Vernon  
 Langston, Victoria A., Lumby  
 Large, Mrs. Alice, Vernon  
 Law, Mr. and Mrs. C. F., Keremeos  
 Leahy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter M., Vernon  
 Leardo, Enio, Summerland  
 LeBlond, Mrs. B., Vernon  
 Leng, Frances, Vernon  
 Lider, Mrs. Shirley M., Vernon  
 Lindsay, David, Vernon  
 Lindsay, Ellis, Gabriola Island  
 Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. W. G.,  
     Okanagan Falls  
 Little, D. R., Kelowna  
 Little, George, Penticton  
 Little, Mary, Vernon  
 Little, Mrs. P. M., Vernon  
 Lockerby, Dorothy E., Vernon  
 Lodge, Terry, Vernon  
 Lorentz, Glenn, Vernon  
 Lumsden, Harry, Enderby  
 Lundy, Mr. and Mrs., Okanagan Falls

Mabee, Mr. and Mrs. G. E., Midway  
 Macdonell, D. Leslie, Victoria  
 Mackie, Patrick F., Vernon  
 Madryga, Marcia B., Kamloops  
 Mann, Albert H., Kelowna  
 Mann, Mrs. F., Vernon  
 Marshall, Bert, Enderby  
 Marshall, Fred, Kelowna  
 Marshall, George W., Naramata  
 Marshall, James, Summerland

Marriage, Robert F., Kelowna  
 Marriott, Frank, Vernon  
 Martin, Doug R., Kelowna  
 Martin, Earl and Shirley, Penticton  
 Martin, Russ L., Kelowna  
 Martindale, Diana, Salmon Arm  
 Marty, Marty and Steve, Kelowna  
 Mason, Gladys M., Vernon  
 Mathers, Mr. and Mrs. W. G., Penticton  
 May, Kathleen, Vernon  
 May, R. Ben, Penticton  
 Mayhead, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.,  
     Auckland, New Zealand  
 Maynard, Bill, Vernon  
 Megaw, Madeline, Vernon  
 Melanson, Louis, Vernon  
 Meldrum, R. M., Moscow, Idaho  
 Melling, Barbara, Eagle Bay  
 Melvin, Lorraine, Vernon  
 Menchiuns, A., Vernon  
 Middleton, W. D., Winfield  
 Midgley, T. N., Penticton  
 Miller, Aillean, Kelowna  
 Miller, Andre, Oliver  
 Miller, Sam, Kelowna  
 Mills, Monica, Armstrong  
 Minke, C., Vernon  
 Mitchell, Mrs. E. Frances, Oliver  
 Mitchell, George A., Princeton  
 Moffatt, Doug, Kelowna  
 Mohr, R. W., Vernon  
 Monford, Miss Zella, Kelowna  
 Moore, Eric, Penticton  
 Morgan, Cecil and Dorothy, Summerland  
 Morgenstern, Bruce and Pearl, Penticton  
 Morrice, Gwen, Vernon  
 Morrish, Shirley, Penticton  
 Morrison, John G., Vernon  
 Morrow, Dr. Donald, Kelowna  
 Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. H., Vernon  
 Munk, Robert, Vernon  
 Munn, A. R., Summerland  
 Munn, Russell and Helen, Tucson, Arizona  
 Murray, H. J., Vernon  
 Murray, Marjorie, Vancouver  
 Murray, Mrs. Neil, Oliver  
 Murray, Tessie, Kelowna  
 Murrell, Mrs. Holly, Rutland  
 Mushta, Don, Ellison

McBeth, Ruby L., Baldonnel  
 McCallum, A. F., Vernon  
 McCann, Leonard G., Vancouver  
 McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank,  
     Okanagan Falls  
 McConnell, Muriel, Armstrong  
 McCormick, Mrs. Lucy, Vernon  
 McCoubrey, Mrs. P. I., Winfield  
 McCuddy, Arthur H., Oliver  
 McCulloch, Vera, Vernon  
 MacDermott, Lorene, Penticton



- MacDonald, Dave and Elvie, Penticton  
 McDonald, Doris V., Osoyoos  
 McDonald, Mrs. Frank, Penticton  
 McDonald, Mrs. Y., Salmon Arm  
 McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. P. F.,  
     Okanagan Centre  
 McEwan, Don, Grindrod  
 McFarlane, Mrs. Robin, Calgary, Alberta  
 McHallam, R. V., Coquitlam  
 McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. R., Penticton  
 McIntyre, R. S., Vernon  
 MacKay, Phyllis, Vernon  
 McKeever, J. L., Vineland Station, Ont.  
 MacKenzie, Mrs. D. R., Maple Ridge  
 McKenzie, E. G., Enderby  
 MacKenzie, William A., Vernon  
 MacKenzie, W. J., Kelowna  
 McKim, J. Claude, Vernon  
 McLachlan, Mr. and Mrs. Joe, Summerland  
 MacLaren, Ian, Victoria  
 McLarty, Harold, Penticton  
 McLarty, James B., Kelowna  
 McLean, Mrs. John F., Vancouver  
 MacLean, R. P., Kelowna  
 McLean, Stan, Vernon  
 McLennan, Mrs. E. M., Oliver  
 McLeod, Mrs. Judy, Delta  
 McLeod, Mr. and Mrs. J. C., Rutland  
 MacLeod, Len, Vernon  
 McMechan, A. D., Summerland  
 McMechan, Paul, Lillooet  
 McMaster, Sheila, Salt Spring Island  
 MacNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. E. R., Sidney  
 MacNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. F. C., Oliver  
 MacNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B., Oliver  
 McNee, Mrs. William, Castlegar  
 MacNeil, Walker, Vernon  
 MacPherson, Alex E., Oliver  
 McQuillan, Mrs. S. A., Kelowna  
 McTaggart, Mrs. Dora I., Vernon  
 McWilliams, W., Comox
- Nash, Ronald F., Canoe  
 Naylor, Miss E. E., Victoria  
 Naylor, L. Reed, Okanagan Falls  
 Neave, Alice, Kelowna  
 Neave, J. Len, Edmonton, Alberta  
 Neave, Mrs. M. C., Kelowna  
 Nelson, Bob and Verna, Vernon  
 Nettleton, Cherry, Vernon  
 Neustaedter, Henry, Vernon  
 New, Mr. and Mrs. C. W., Oliver  
 Newlove, Susan M., Nelson  
 Newton, Jim and Betty, Summerland  
 Newton, Peter W., Kelowna  
 Niblock, Sgt. A. J., Kamloops  
 Nichols, Miss G., Vernon  
 Nicholson, Eva and Gordon, Penticton  
 Noble, E. Hope, Armstrong  
 Norman, E. Walton, Armstrong  
 Norris, Albert H., Kelowna
- O'Brien, F., Kelowna  
 O'Connell, Marvin, Peachland  
 O'Connor, Patrick, Vernon  
 Ogasawara, S. G., Vernon  
 Ogloff, Marion, Lumby  
 Olinick, Peter, Peachland  
 Oram, E. M., Vernon  
 Ormsby, Dr. Hugh, Toronto, Ontario  
 Orr, Mrs. Donald, Summerland  
 Osborn, C. D., Vernon  
 Overton, Mrs. Cyril G., Oliver  
 Painter, Michael F., Vancouver  
 Palfrey, Ernie, Vernon  
 Parson, M. J., Vernon  
 Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Keremeos  
 Partridge, Ivy M., Penticton  
 Patience, Edrie, Vernon  
 Patterson, Mrs. A. M., Eagle Bay  
 Paul, Mrs. Helen Mary, Vernon  
 Paynter, Henry O., Westbank  
 Pells, Frank J., Kelowna  
 Peter, Rob, Kelowna  
 Peterman, Arthur N., Oliver  
 Peters, Helen, Vernon  
 Peterson, Elmer, Salmon Arm  
 Peterson, Hjalmar, Salmon Arm  
 Peterson, Hubert, Salmon Arm  
 Petterson, Irene M., Kelowna  
 Phillips, Doris and Chris, Okanagan Centre  
 Phillips, Ivan E., Summerland  
 Phillips, Mrs. S. R., Vernon  
 Phillips, William, Vernon  
 Pickering, Berne, Westbank  
 Piddoche, Mary E., Kelowna  
 Pledge, Elizabeth, Enderby  
 Polichuk, Thomas, Vernon  
 Poole, Cele, Vernon  
 Porteous, Mrs. Hugh, Oliver  
 Porteous, Mrs. K. I., Penticton  
 Porteous, Orville H., Oliver  
 Porter, Ivy, East Kelowna  
 Postma, Jack, Oliver  
 Pottinger, Norman J., Peachland  
 Powley, Hume M., Kelowna  
 Powley, Rex and Day, Kelowna  
 Price, H. A., Vancouver  
 Price, Mr. and Mrs. Harry, Kelowna  
 Price, Rachel C., White Rock  
 Price, Ted, Vernon  
 Prosser, Susan V., Lumby  
 Pruesse, F. A., Oliver  
 Purvin-Good, Keith W., Kelowna
- Quesseth, Elizabeth, Vernon
- Raber, Joye and Howard, Vernon  
 Ramsden, John B., Kelowna  
 The R. C. Bishop of Nelson, Nelson  
 Reardon, Mr. and Mrs. L., Sechelt  
 Reekie, Julia, Vernon  
 Reichert, Kathy, Kelowna



Remington, Bryce, Vernon  
 Ruhmann, William, Lake Oswego, Oregon  
 Russell, Mrs. Les, Armstrong  
 Rice, Mrs. F. C., Vernon  
 Richter, Ina L., Brentwood Bay  
 Riley, Mrs. I. F., Victoria  
 Riley, Mr. and Mrs. J. F., Penticton  
 Rimell, Mrs. Amy, Enderby  
 Ritch, J. A., Kelowna  
 Ritchie, W. R., Caswton  
 Roadhouse, Mr. and Mrs. W. A., Penticton  
 Roberts, Dan E., Oliver  
 Roberts, Mike, Kelowna  
 Roberts, Mrs. Peter, Enderby  
 Robey, Mr. and Mrs. Ron, Vernon  
 Robinson, Isabel, Osoyoos  
 Roden, Carl, Kelowna  
 Roll, John, Kelowna  
 Romaine, J. Patrick, Armstrong  
 Roswell, W., Kelowna  
 Rottacker, Barbara, Vernon  
 Rowden, Tom, Kelowna  
 Rowland, G. J., Penticton  
 Roylance, Mrs. Mildred, Greenwood  
 Royle, Dr. N. D., Kelowna  
 Ryan, Mrs. E., Old Chelsea, Quebec  
 Ryman, Mr. and Mrs. G., Summerland

Sadler, Mrs. D. R., Langley  
 Salter, Kathleen, Surrey  
 Sargent, Willow D., Cherryville  
 Saunders, Mrs. J., Vernon  
 Scales, Mrs. M., Vernon  
 Scargill, Mrs. M. H., Victoria  
 Schoening, Albert, Penticton  
 Schweb, Patricia, Lumby  
 Scott, Douglas E., Vernon  
 Scott, Rae G., Vernon  
 Selody, Marjorie M., Falkland  
 Sengotta, Bill and Toni, Vernon  
 Sengotta, Gerald and Dorothy, Vernon  
 Sengotta, Grace and John, Vernon  
 Serhan, Carey, Kelowna  
 Serhan, Leona, Kelowna  
 Seright, Edna M., Vernon  
 Serrano, Anita, Vernon  
 Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. Eric, Oliver  
 Shannon, Harry A., Osoyoos  
 Shannon, Larry and Jan, Oliver  
 Shannon, R. J., Oliver  
 Shaw, John D., Penticton  
 Sheardown, Mr. and Mrs. H. R., Osoyoos  
 Shearman, V. Mae, Victoria  
 Shepherd, W. Harry, Vernon  
 Shepherd, C. P., Armstrong  
 Sheridan, Bob, Port Coquitlam  
 Shilvock, Winston A., Kelowna  
 Shingler, Mrs. Rose, Oliver  
 Shklov, Dr. and Mrs. N., Honolulu, Hawaii  
 Sigalet, Dirk, Vernon  
 Sigalet, Mrs. W. A., Vernon

Simmons, Marilyn, Oliver  
 Simpson, A. P., Vernon  
 Simpson, H. B., Kelowna  
 Slyhuis, John and Ruth, Summerland  
 Smith, A. T., Lions Bay  
 Smith, Mrs. Charles, Armstrong  
 Smith, Clare and Charlie, Kelowna  
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. D. V., Summerland  
 Smith, Mrs. E., Merritt  
 Smith, E. C., Oliver  
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A., Kelowna  
 Smith, Gordon D., Summerland  
 Smith, John A., Kelowna  
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John B., Armstrong  
 Smith, H. Neil, Abbotsford  
 Smith, S. R., Enderby  
 Smuin, Mr. and Mrs. L., Penticton  
 Somerset, H. A., Oyama  
 Souder, June, Vernon  
 Stamer, Helen, Vernon  
 Standquist, Arthur and Dorothy, Kelowna  
 Stannard, Mr. and Mrs. Phil, Penticton  
 Steele, Donald and Margaret, Penticton  
 Steuart, Francis and Iris, Summerland  
 Stevenson, Doris and Carl, Kelowna  
 Stewart, Lynette, Vernon  
 Stewart, Mrs. Norah K., Vernon  
 Stickland, Mrs. E., Enderby  
 Stoneburg, Mrs. Margaret, Princeton  
 Strachan, James, Summerland  
 Stranks, H., Vernon  
 Stubbs, A. H., Kelowna  
 Sugden, Bernice, Vernon  
 Sutherland, Mrs. Agnes, Oliver  
 Sutherland, Mrs. Lil, Enderby  
 Svenson, Stephen, Armstrong

Tait, Miss Doreen, Summerland  
 Tait, Eric M., Summerland  
 Tassie, Peter, Vernon  
 Thacker, J. Lindsay, Hope  
 Thom, Donald C., Ottawa, Ontario  
 Thom, Murray D., Winfield  
 Thomas, Gordon F., Kelowna  
 Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. R. C., Vancouver  
 Thompson, G. R., Okanagan Falls  
 Thorlakson, Margaret A., Vernon  
 Thorlakson, Mr. and Mrs. Solvi, Vernon  
 Thorneloe, F., East Kelowna  
 Thors, Sigrid-Ann, Vernon  
 Tidball, William, Kelowna  
 Tily, Ethelyn and Bill, Penticton  
 Tingley, Bedford A., Summerland  
 Tregear, Eugenie S., Victoria  
 Tripp, Brian M., Vernon  
 Trouiller, Lois, Vernon  
 Trueman, Lorne, Enderby  
 Tucker, Mrs. G. O., Nanaimo  
 Tulloch, Priscilla, Vernon  
 Turnbull, Eleanor, Merritt  
 Turner, David and Ruth, Perth, Ontario



- Turner, Irene M., Oyama  
 Turner, Richard G., Hedley  
 Turner, Tom, Quesnel  
 Tweed, T. A., Vernon  
 Tyhurst, E. Alan, Penticton  
  
 Van Ackeren, H. J., Kelowna  
 Viel, George, Vernon  
 Viel, Mr. and Mrs. Les, Vernon  
 Van Antwerp, J. T., Vernon  
  
 Waddington, Kathleen E., Vancouver  
 Walburn, Mr. and Mrs. H. G., Kelowna  
 Walker, Mrs. H., Vernon  
 Walker, Harvie L., Vancouver  
 Walker, W. John D., Victoria  
 Wallace, Mrs. Winnifred, Armstrong  
 Walsh, Mrs. Rita, Hope  
 Wamboldt, Beryl, Vernon  
 Ward, A., Kelowna  
 Ward, Mr. and Mrs. S. F., Vernon  
 Warren, Mr. and Mrs. A. M., Penticton  
 Warren, Derril T., Kelowna  
 Waterman, Angeline, Penticton  
 Waterman, Dorothy M., Osoyoos  
 Washington, George and Lona, Summerland  
 Watson, Frank, Lavington  
 Watson, J. W., Penticton  
 Wear, D. J., Armstrong  
 Weatherill, Miss A. G., Vernon  
 Weatherill, Bob, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Doris and Don, Vernon  
 Weatherill, Harry P., Osoyoos  
 Webber, Bernard and Jean, Osoyoos  
 Webster, Garth, Richmond  
 Webster, Mr. and Mrs. John L., Vernon  
 Weddell, E. A. H., Kamloops  
 Weddell, Edith R., Kelowna  
 Weddell, James M., Kelowna  
 Weddell, Jack S., Delta  
 Weddell, Michael, Barriere  
 Weed, Mrs. D., Vernon  
 Weeks, Charles B., Kelowna  
 Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. L. J., Penticton  
 Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Ron, Kelowna  
 Wejr, Stan, Enderby  
 Welch, Mrs. J., Enderby  
 Wernicke, Ann, Vernon  
 Whipple, David L., Creston  
  
 Whipple, Mrs. K. E., Oyama  
 Whitaker, Mrs. Grace, Summerland  
 White, Mrs. A., Oliver  
 White, Agnes, Penticton  
 White, George, Kelowna  
 White, Mildred, Vernon  
 White, Ronald, Kamloops  
 White, Dr. and Mrs. W. H., Christina Lake  
 White, Mrs. W. R., Enderby  
 Whitehead, Frank and Barb, Kelowna  
 Whitehead, Wm. J., Armstrong  
 Whitehead, Robert and Rachel, Kelowna  
 Whitham, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon,  
     Calgary, Alberta  
 Whiting, John E., Summerland  
 Whittaker, Mrs. Dorothy, Penticton  
 Whyte, Stuart, Nanaimo  
 Wight, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon, Oliver, B.C.  
 Wight, Mr. and Mrs. Laird, Osoyoos  
 Wilcox, J. C., Summerland  
 Willett, A. F. N., Kelowna  
 Willett, Harold, Kelowna  
 Wills, Lorraine, Vernon  
 Willson, Elaine, Coquitlam  
 Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., Vernon  
 Wilson, Earle B., Summerland  
 Wilson, Jack, Tappen  
 Wise, B. Anne, Vernon  
 Woiden, Carol, Vernon  
 Wolokoff, Elsie, Osoyoos  
 Woolliams, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. H.,  
     Salmon Arm  
 Woolliams, Mr. and Mrs. G. Ewart,  
     Summerland  
 Woolliams, Ms. Jane M., Edmonton, Alberta  
 Wostradowski, A. M., Kelowna  
 Wrest, Norman, Summerland  
 Wylie, Carl and Flora, Vernon  
  
 Yandel, Mrs. Anne, Vancouver  
 Yandel, Dr. M., Kelowna  
  
 Zielke, Harold, Sicamous  
 Zoellner, Mr. and Mrs. C. Reay,  
     Arden Hills, Minnesota  
 Zoellner, Mr. and Mrs. J. G.,  
     Ville St. Georges, Quebec  
 Zoellner, Mr. and Mrs. W. J., Kelowna

### INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS

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 British Columbia Provincial Archives,  
     Victoria  
 Resource Information Centre,  
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 The Library, Glenbow Alberta Institute  
     Calgary, Alberta  
  
 Kamloops Museum Association, Kamloops  
 National Exhibition Centre, Castlegar  
 The Keeper, Hudson's Bay Archives  
     Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 Vancouver City Archives, Vancouver  
 Vernon Board of Museum and Archives  
     Vernon  
 Wisconsin State Historical Society  
     Madison, Wisconsin



Westbank Indian Band Council, Westbank  
 Calgary Public Library, Calgary, Alberta  
 Burnaby Public Library, Burnaby  
 Harvard University Library,  
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 Greater Victoria Public Library, Victoria  
 Library Of Parliament, Ottawa  
 McGill University Library, Montreal, P.Q.  
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   Spokane, Washington  
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   Victoria  
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Vancouver Community College Library,  
   Vancouver  
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 University of British Columbia, Vancouver  
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 University of Windsor, Windsor, Ontario  
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 David Thompson University Centre, Nelson  
 Eastern Washington State College,  
   Cheney, Washington  
 The Muriel Ffloukes Learning Resources  
   Centre, Kelowna  
 Acquisitions - Serials, Genealogical Society  
   Salt Lake City, Utah  
 The Library, Hudson's Bay Co.,  
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 South Okanagan Union Board of Health  
   Kelowna  
 Kelowna Chamber of Commerce, Kelowna

#### INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERS

School District No. 14 (South Okanagan)  
   Osoyoos Secondary School, Osoyoos  
   South Okanagan Senior Secondary, Oliver  
 School District No. 15 (Penticton)  
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   O'Connell Elementary, Penticton  
   Penticton Sr. Secondary, Penticton  
   Penticton Elementary, Penticton  
   Nkwala Elementary, Penticton  
 School District No. 21 (Armstrong)  
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   Len W. Wood Elementary, Armstrong  
 School District No. 22 (Vernon)  
   Alexis Park Elementary, Vernon  
   Charles Bloom Secondary, Lumby

Beairsto Elementary, Vernon  
 BX Elementary, Vernon  
 Clarence Fulton Jr. Secondary, Vernon  
 J. W. Inglis Elementary, Lumby  
 Vernon Senior Secondary, Vernon  
 Kalamalka Jr. Secondary, Coldstream  
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   Bankhead Elementary, Kelowna  
   Kelowna Secondary Library, Kelowna  
   K.L.O. Secondary, Kelowna  
   Okanagan Mission Secondary, Kelowna  
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   A. L. Fortune Elementary, Enderby







